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W. S. Gilbert.
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BRITISH MUSEUM

Property Plot Act I

4 Chairs & 1 Stool - by each column

1 doz Opera Glasses distributed among Ladies & Gent.
— of Chorus ~~to~~ be discovered

4 Telescopes —— do —— do

3 Sets of Manacles to be put on Arac Seynthius & Guron on Prompt side

1 Pair of Handcuffs for King Gama (Prompt side)

A Respectful Operatic Per-Version

OF

TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS,"

IN THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED

PRINCESS IDA;

OR,

CASTLE ADAMANT.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT,

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Authors of "Trial by Jury," "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," &c., &c., &c.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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Produced at the Savoy Theatre, Saturday, January 5th, 1884, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

PRINCESS IDA;

OR,

CASTLE ADAMANT.

Dramatis Personae.

King Hildebrand	Mr. Rutland Barrington.
Hilarion (*his Son*)	Mr. H. Bracy.
Cyril, Florian (*Hilarion's Friends*)	Mr. Durward Lely. Mr. Chas. Ryley.
King Gama	Mr. George Grossmith.
Arac, Guron, Scythius (*his Sons*)	Mr. Richard Temple. Mr. Warwick Gray. Mr. Lugg.
Princess Ida (*Gama's Daughter*)	Miss Leonora Braham.
Lady Blanche (*Professor of Abstract Science*)	Miss Brandram.
Lady Psyche (*Professor of Humanities*) ..	Miss Kate Chard.
Melissa (*Lady Blanche's Daughter*) ..	Miss Jessie Bond.
Sacharissa, Chloe, Ada (*Girl Graduates*) ..	Miss Sybil Grey. Miss Heathcote. Miss Lilian Carr.

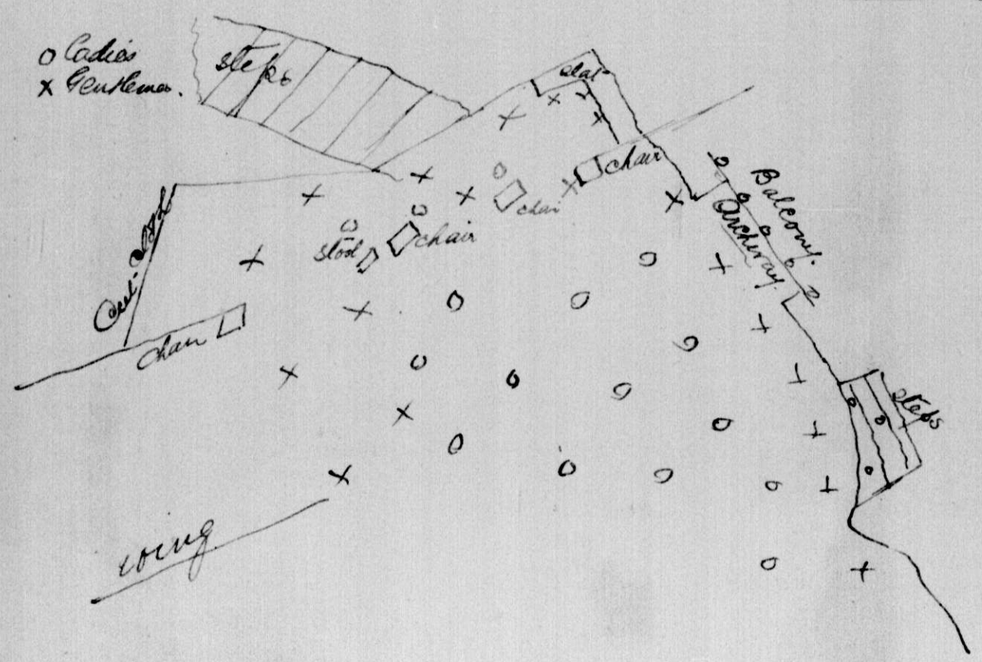
Soldiers, Courtiers, "Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough," &c.

Act I.—Pavilion in King Hildebrand's Palace (*Emden*).

Act II.—Gardens of Castle Adamant (*Hawes Craven*).

Act III.—Courtyard of Castle Adamant (*Emden*).

Four Chairs & Gothic Stool to be discovered



(1)
Chorus Ladies & Gent
Hildebrand Hilarion
Cyril & Florian
Arac Gurson & Scapstius

PRINCESS IDA.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Pavilion attached to* KING HILDEBRAND'S *Palace. Soldiers and Courtiers discovered looking out through opera glasses, telescopes, etc.,* FLORIAN *leading.*

CHORUS.

Balcony 5 Ladies
Steps 3 Ladies
Seat 3 Men
Wall 2 Men
R 6 Men
L 9 Men
Seat 3 Ladies
R 8 Ladies
L 5 Ladies

Search throughout the panorama
For a sign of royal Gama,
Who to-day should cross the water
With his fascinating daughter—
Ida is her name.

to one another

Some misfortune evidently
looking off R
Has detained them—consequently
Search throughout the panorama
For the daughter of King Gama,
Prince Hilarion's flame!

Enter Florian from Arch L

SOLO.

Ladies form Circle

FLOR. Will Prince Hilarion's hopes be sadly blighted? Florian C
ALL. Who can tell? down up
FLOR. Will Ida break the vows that she has plighted?
ALL. Who can tell? do
FLOR. Will she back out, and say she did not mean them?
ALL. Who can tell? do
FLOR. If so, there'll be the deuce to pay between them!

No. x.R. ALL. No no—we'll not despair, {12 ladies come forward
For Gama would not dare {& sing this to each other
To make a deadly foe
Of Hildebrand, and so,
all looking off Search throughout, &c. go back to original places

⁂ Ladies Curtsey Gentlemen bow. at Hildebrand.
Entrance from Circle Facing space L.
for ladies on balcony.

Chorus Circle Facing opening L
open

King

Flor. Cyril

Flor. looks off.

4 Circle

Ladies come down from Balcony to Circle at the end of each Command 4 Ladies bow. beginning at R then L. so that the whole 24 are occupied.

(Circle.

(2)

26

⁂ *Enter* KING HILDEBRAND, *with* CYRIL. L U E.

HILD. See you no sign of Gama? Hild L
B. FLOR. None, my liege! Cyr. L
C. HILD. It's very odd indeed. If Gama fail Flor R.
To put in an appearance at our Court
Before the sun has set in yonder west, Ladies come down C.
And fail to bring the Princess Ida here
Florian up C. To whom our son Hilarion was betrothed Ladies on balcony step
At the extremely early age of one,
turn to one another There's war between King Gama and ourselves! Come down then step in front of door
(*Aside to* CYRIL.) Oh Cyril, how I dread this interview
It's twenty years since he and I have met.
He was a twisted monster—all awry—
As though dame Nature, angry with her work,
Had crumpled it in fitful petulance! Florian at back looking off R

CYR. L But, sir, a twisted and ungainly trunk
Often bears goodly fruit. Perhaps he was
A kind, well-spoken gentleman?
HILD. C Oh, no!
For, adder-like, his sting lay in his tongue.
(His "sting" is present, though his "stung" is past.) Cyril bows.

up C. FLOR. (*looking through glass.*) But stay, my liege; o'er yonder
4 R C. mountain's brow to King
Comes a small body, bearing Gama's arms;
Cyril looks thro' Glass And now I look more closely at it, sir, Glass.
I see attached to it King Gama's legs;
From which I gather this corollary
That that small body must be Gama's own!

HILD. Ha! Is the Princess with him?
FLOR. (looking off thro' Glass) Well, my liege,
Unless her highness is full six feet high,
And wears mustachios too—and smokes cigars—
And rides *en cavalier* in coat of steel—
I do not think she is.
HILD. One never knows. Comes to Circle
⁂ 4 She's a strange girl, I've heard, and does odd things! ⁂ R.
Come, bustle there! all come down.
2 Curtsey R For Gama place the richest robes we own— Men Circle
2 " L For Gama place the coarsest prison dress—
2 " R For Gama let our best spare bed be aired— Ladies.
2 " L For Gama let our deepest dungeon yawn—
2 " R For Gama lay the costliest banquet out—
4 " C. For Gama place cold water and dry bread!
For as King Gama brings the Princess here,
Or brings her not, so shall King Gama have
Much more than everything—much less than nothing! ⁂ R & C.

⊗ Cyril & Florian dance 4 steps forward C and 4 back. Turn twice first to R then L then meet in ~~circle~~ centre & go once round one another & then change sides – Cyr. R. Fl. L

△ Ladies & Gentlemen swing right & left and set & turn through symphony.

Ladies take four steps forward & back till "Hip hip hurrah" then swing.

SONG AND CHORUS.

HILD. C. Now hearken to my strict command
On every hand, on every hand—
movement with the music on toes swing & sinking.

CHORUS.

To your command,
On every hand,
We dutifully bow! all bow.

HILD. If Gama bring the Princess here
Give him good cheer, give him good cheer.

CHORUS.

If she come here
We'll give him a cheer, waving hand-kerchiefs & caps.
And we will show you how.
Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!
⊗ We'll shout and sing swing.
Long live the King,
And his daughter, too, I trow!
Then shout ha! ha! hip, hip, hurrah!
For the fair Princess and her good papa,
Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah!
△ Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!

HILD. But if he fail to keep his troth, Ladies step back & forward.
Upon our oath, we'll trounce them both!

CHORUS.

He'll trounce them both, back.
Upon his oath.
As sure as quarter day!

HILD. We'll shut him up in a dungeon cell,
And toll his knell on a funeral bell. forward.

CHORUS.

From dungeon cell,
His funeral knell,
Shall strike him with dismay!
And we'll shout ha! ha! hip, hip, hurrah
Hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!

O Cyril & Florian turn twice to L & R. then four steps to centre & back, Cyril remains R. Florian crosses behind King to Cyril, takes his arm, & exits together L 2 E. preceded by King Hildebrand
Ladies Gentlemen swing & Dance off Nearest exits thro' Symphony.

Enter Hildebrand thro. 6 bars Symphony.

Hil.
Hil goes to Hildebrand

Hild

(2) King Gama
Mrs Grossmith
Mr Temple
Miss Gray

As up we string, swing
The faithless King,
In the old familiar way!
We'll shout ha! ha! hip, hip, hurrah!
As we make an end of her false papa.
Hip, hip, hurrah!
Hip, hip, hurrah! Dance set
Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah!

[Exeunt all King Cyril Cyr. Flo. Nearest Exits Last

Enter HILARION. King C. Thro Symphony.

R. U. E. RECIT.—HILARION.

To-day we meet, my baby bride and I—
But ah, my hopes are balanced by my fears!
What transmutations have been conjured by
The silent alchemy of twenty years!

BALLAD.—HILARION. C. Looks off R.

Ida was a twelvemonth old,
Twenty years ago!
I was twice her age, I'm told,
Twenty years ago!
Husband twice as old as wife
Argues ill for married life
Baleful prophecies were rife,
Twenty years ago! Turns up from L

Still, I was a tiny prince
Twenty years ago.
She has gained upon me, since
Twenty years ago.
Though she's twenty-one, it's true,
I am barely twenty-two—
False and foolish prophets you,
Twenty years ago! Turns up from L

Enter HILDEBRAND.

Shake hands

HIL. R Well, father, is there news for me at last? King L
HILD. L King Gama is in sight, but much I fear Hild R
With no Princess!

HIL. Alas, my liege, I've heard
That Princess Ida has forsworn the world,
And, with a band of women, shut herself
Within a lonely country house, and there
Devotes herself to stern philosophies! Goes to Column R.C.

Hil
R
×.

Hild
×
L

Two semicircles leaving C open all looking off R U E
through this Four men in armour on Terrace salute
King Gama and Arac, Guron, & Scyx: as they enter
Ladies curtsey as swords are brought down
Gentlemen bow - Knights then remain up Stage till the
last - bars of Sym: to Aracs song then march down to
footlights for Song - Sym: Arac Guron at end of Sym: Song turn up Stage
five paces & front

HILD. Then I should say the loss of such a wife coming down
Is one to which a reasonable man
Would easily be reconciled.

HIL. Oh, no!
Or I am not a reasonable man.
She *is* my wife—has been for twenty years!
(*Looking through glass.*) I think I see her now

HILD. Ha! let me look! looks off up Stage R

HIL. In my mind's eye, I mean—a blushing bride, comes down C
All bib and tucker, frill and furbelow!
How exquisite she looked, as she was borne,
Recumbent, in her foster-mother's arms!
How the bride wept—nor would be comforted
Until the hireling mother-for-the-nonce,
Administered refreshment in the vestry.
And I remember feeling much annoyed
That she should weep at marrying with me.
But then I thought, "These brides are all alike.
You cry at marrying me? How much more cause
You'd have to cry if it were broken off"
These were my thoughts; I kept them to myself,
For at that age I had not learnt to speak.

Hil: & Hild: retire up as Courtiers enter & go off L 2 E.

Enter Courtiers, with CYRIL *and* FLORIAN, *from Exit*

× CHORUS. From the distant panorama 2 semicircles
Come the sons of royal Gama. leaving C open
Who, to-day, should cross the water
With his fascinating daughter—
Ida is her name!

× *Enter* ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS.

SONG.—ARAC.

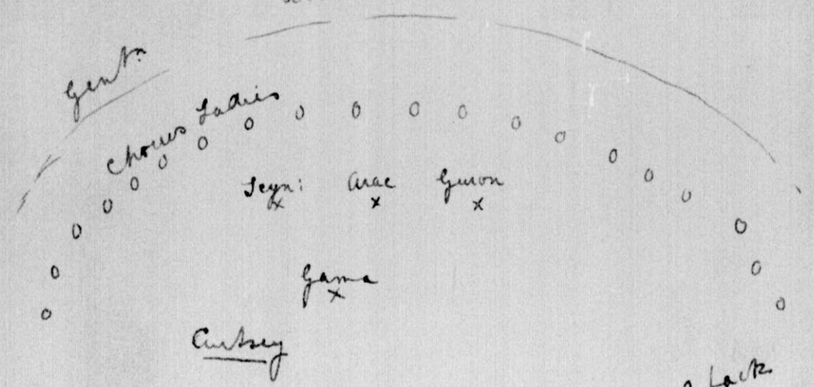
chorus circle Arac We are warriors three, Gur: R Arac C Scy: L
Sons of Gama, Rex,
Like most sons are we,
Masculine in sex.

ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
nod to one another Masculine in sex. Three nods to Audience

Last Ha! Ha! swords down Picture

All get to line at end of Vocal

Arrow



2 girls are at back

ARAC. Politics we bar,
They are not our bent;
On the whole we are
Not intelligent.

ALL THREE. Shake heads No, no,
Not intelligent. Three shakes of head to Audience

ARAC. But with doughty heart,
And with trusty blade
We can play our part—
Fighting is our trade. Arac takes attitude

ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
Fighting is our trade. Guron & Seyn: do the same

ALL THREE. Bold, and fierce, and strong, ha! ha Ladies crouch down in alarm
For a war we burn,
With its right or wrong, ha! ha! as they flourish swords
We have no concern.
Order comes to fight, ha! ha
Order is obeyed,
We are men of might, ha! ha All up swords down
Fighting is our trade.
Yes—yes,
Fighting is our trade, ha! ha
Fighting is our trade. Swords down

(At each "ha! ha!" swords are flourished as the last "ha! ha!" Swords down and Picture)

All rise

CHORUS. They are men of might, ha! ha
Order comes to fight, ha! ha!
Order is obeyed, ha! ha!
Fighting is their trade! They turn R-about + up stage + form at back during Gama's entrance C.

get up

R U E. *Enter* KING GAMA.

SONG.—GAMA. C All bow to Gama as he enters

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow creatures, I endeavour to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise;
I love my fellow creatures—I do all the good I can—
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

To compliments inflated I've a withering reply
And vanity I always do my best to mortify;
A charitable action I can skilfully dissect;
And interested motives I'm delighted to detect;

Enter King & Hil. Florian & Cyril x R
Hil above King

※ Re-Enter King Hild. L followed by Hil Florian & Cyril

Cyril Flo Gama Hild Hil

Cyril & Florian x R

King

Cyril Florian

Florian Cyr Gama Hild Hil

R L

BRITISH MUSEUM

I know everybody's income and what everybody earns;
And I carefully compare it with the income-tax returns;
But to benefit humanity however much I plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

Encore

I'm sure I'm no ascetic; I'm as pleasant as can be;
You'll always find me ready with a crushing repartee,
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer,
I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two;
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do. Ladies express horror
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!
And I can't think why!

※

C GAMA. So this is Castle Hildebrand? Well, well!
Dame Rumour whispered that the place was grand;
She told me that your taste was exquisite,
Superb, unparalleled!

L HILD. (*gratified.*) Oh, really, king!

GAMA. But she's a liar! Why, how old you've grown! Consternation
Hil comes down Is this Hilarion? Why, you've changed too— goes L
You were a singularly handsome child! goes up
R (*To* FLORIAN.) Are you a courtier? Come then, ply your trade,
Tell me some lies. How do you like your king?
Vile rumour says he's all but imbecile.
Now, that's not true?

FLO. My lord, we love our king
His wise remarks are valued by his court
As precious stones. turns up R to Cyril

GAMA. And for the self same cause,
Like precious stones, his sensible remarks
Derive their value from their scarcity! Ch. movements
Come now, be honest, tell the truth for once! Arac, Guron, & Sey. laugh
Both demurs Tell it of me. Come, come, I'll harm you not.
This leg is crooked—this foot is ill-designed—
This shoulder wears a hump! Come, out with it!
Look, here's my face! Now, am I not the worst
Of Nature's blunders? Florian goes R

#

R CYRIL. Nature never errs.
comes C. To those who know the workings of your mind,
Your face and figure, sir, suggest a book
Appropriately bound. Arac, Guron & Sey. threaten
The others laugh

Chorus Circle

Florian Cyril Gama Hild Hil

R L

All in lines

GAMA (*enraged.*) Why, harkye, sir,
How dare you bandy words with me?

CYRIL. No need,
To bandy aught that appertains to you. turns up to Florian R

R C GAMA (*furiously.*) Do you permit this, king?

L C HILD. We are in doubt coming down
Whether to treat you as an honoured guest,
Or as a traitor knave who plights his word.
And breaks it.

GAMA (*quickly.*) If the casting vote's with me,
I give it for the former!

HILD. We shall see.
By the terms of our contract, signed and sealed,
You're bound to bring the Princess here to-day:
Why is she not with you?

GAMA. Answer me this;
What think you of a wealthy purse-proud man,
Who, when he calls upon a starving friend,
Pulls out his gold and flourishes his notes,
And flashes diamonds in the pauper's eyes?
What name have you for such an one?

HILD. A snob.

GAMA. Just so. The girl has beauty, virtue, wit,
Grace, humour, wisdom, charity, and pluck.
Would it be kindly, think you, to parade.
These brilliant qualities before *your* eyes?
Oh no, King Hildebrand, I am no snob!

HILD. (*furiously*). Stop that tongue,
Or you shall lose the monkey head that holds it! Grac Gama + Cy theatre

GAMA. Bravo! your king deprives me of my head,
That he and I may meet on equal terms! X L suppressed laughter

L C HILD. Where is she now?

C GAMA. In Castle Adamant,
One of my many country houses.
She rules a woman's University,
With full a hundred girls, who learn of her.

R CYRIL. A hundred girls! A hundred ecstacies!

Hild comes down L

Flo Cyr Gama Hild Hil

GAMA. But no mere girls, my good young gentleman:
With all the college learning that you boast,
The youngest there will prove a match for *you*.

CYRIL. With all my heart, if she's the prettiest!
(*To* FLO.) Fancy, a hundred matches—all alight!—
That's if I strike them as I hope to do!

GAMA. Despair your hope; their hearts are dead to men.
He who desires to gain their favour must
Be qualified to strike their teeming brains,
And not their hearts. They're safety matches, sir,
And they light only on the knowledge box—
So *you've* no chance! Cyril bows & gets R

R — FLO. x R C Are there no males whatever in those walls?

Flo gets back R GAMA. None, gentlemen, excepting letter mails—
And they are driven (as males often are
In other large communities) by women.
Why, bless my heart, she's so particular
She'll scarcely suffer Dr. Watts's hymns—
And all the animals she owns are "hers"!
The ladies rise at cockcrow every morn—

CYRIL. Ah, then they have male poultry? (Chorus Ah!) all interested

GAMA. Not at all,
(*Confidentially.*) The crowing's done by an accomplished hen! (Oh!) Chorus disappointed

DUET.—GAMA AND HILDEBRAND.

GAMA. C Perhaps if you address the lady
Most politely, most politely—
Flatter and impress the lady,
Most politely, most politely—
Humbly beg and humbly sue—
She may deign to look on you,
But your doing you must do
Most politely, most politely! rub hands last time tow

ALL. Humbly beg and humbly sue, &c.

HILD. L C } to Hil } Go you, and inform the lady,
Most politely, most politely,
If she don't, we'll storm the lady,
Most politely, most politely! x R

* Two choristers come down - one leads Arac, Guron & Scyn: the others follow between them and Gama who brings up rear going round Stage R exit L U E - starting after four bars of Chorus on the words "hang you never fear" followed by Hildebrand. Cyril crosses L Chorus grouped about Stage

Flo Hil Cyr
× × ×
O kneeling seated kneeling

The Stool is placed R C. for Hilarion

(*To* Gama.) You'll remain as hostage here; all indicate Gama
Should Hilarion disappear,
We will hang you, never fear, guards come down as before
Most politely, most politely!

All. { He'll / I'll / You'll } remain as hostage here, &c.

Gama, Arac, Guron, *and* Scynthius *are marched off in custody,* L U E.
Hildebrand *following.*

* Recit.—Hilarion. C Cyr x L

Come, Cyril, Florian, our course is plain,
To-morrow morn fair Ida we'll engage;
But we will use no force her love to gain,
Nature has armed us for the war we wage! groups
form groups

Trio.—Hilarion, Cyril, *and* Florian.

O Hil. seated R C Expressive glances Hil: C
Shall be our lances, Cyril L
And pops of Sillery Flo: R
Our light artillery.
We'll storm their bowers
With scented showers
Of fairest flowers
That we can buy!

Chor. groups Oh dainty triolet!
Oh fragrant violet!
Oh gentle heigho-let
(Or little sigh)
On sweet urbanity,
Though mere inanity,
To touch their vanity
We will rely!

Cyr. When day is fading
With serenading
And such frivolity
We 'll prove our quality.
A sweet profusion
Of soft allusion
This bold intrusion
Shall justify.

Chor. Oh dainty triolet, &c. hands

Procession

Guards
Knights
Guard
Gama
Hild.

King Gama & Sons return handcuffed & Hild: re-enters

Guron Arac Scyn

Gama

As they come down men in armour (Guards) get in back

Flo Hil Cyn Guron Arac Scyn Gama Hild

Guron Arac Scyn

Knights stand obliquely for King Hild: verse

FLO. We'll charm their senses
With verbal fences,
With ballads amatory
And declamatory.
And little heeding
Their pretty pleading
Our love exceeding
We'll justify!

CHOR. Oh dainty triolet, &c

(*Re-enter* GAMA, ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS *heavily ironed.*)

Recit. All rise at end of Symphony & from circle

GAMA. Must we, till then, in prison cell be thrust?

HILD. You must!

GAMA. This seems unnecessarily severe!

ARAC, GURON, and SCYNTHIUS. Hear, hear! Coming down C.

TRIO—ARAC, GURON, AND SCYNTHIUS.

For a month to dwell
In a dungeon cell;
Growing thin and wizen
In a solitary prison,
Is a poor look out
For a soldier stout,
Who is longing for the rattle
Of a complicated battle—
For the rum-tum-tum business of drumming
Of the military drum,
And the guns that go boom! boom!

ALL. Boom! boom! boom! boom!
Rum-tummy-tummy-tum! do:
Boom! boom!

HILD. When Hilarion's bride
Has at length complied
With the just conditions
Of our requisitions,
You may go in haste
And indulge your taste
For the fascinating rattle
Of a complicated battle.

Eight bars before the end of of Vocal parts Guron Arac & Seys: & Gama exit as before with six chanters, and as Gama approaches back of Stage Ladies bow ironically & then all give a loud laugh pointing after them in derision - Sling Gama turns & shaks at them as Curtain falls - Hold R C for Picture

For the rum-tum tum,
Of the military drum, as before
And the guns that go boom! boom!

ALL. Boom-boom, &c.

ALL. But till that time { we'll / you'll } here remain,
And bail { they / we } will not entertain,
Should she { his / our } mandate disobey,
{ Our / Your } lives the penalty will pay!

(GAMA, ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS *are marched off.*)

Procession
2 Guards
3 Knights
2 Guards
Gama
2 Guards
Hild & Hil:

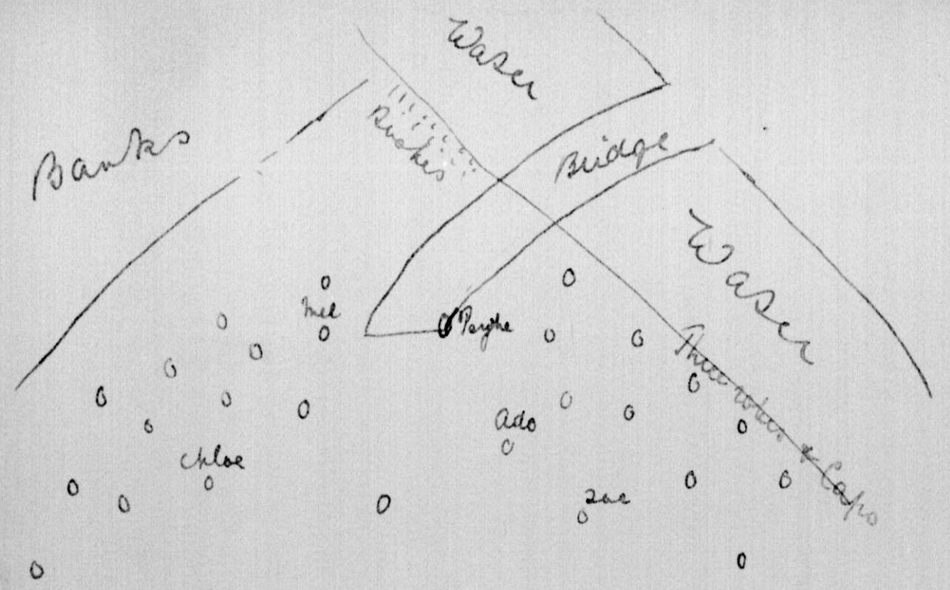
END OF ACT I.

Property & Lot Act II

12 Plates - 4 plates each extra Lady
6 Table cloths x 5 cloth do:
12 Knives & Forks 4 Knives & Forks do:
6 Dishes for meat 1 Dish do:
1 Practicable Pie
2 Practicable Fowls
3 " Loins of Lamb
6 Brass Flagons 1 Flagon each do:
12 Goblets 4 Goblets do:
6 Baskets to carry on head - 1 Basket each do:

} 3 Baskets on Prompt side & 3 Baskets on Op. side

26 Copy Books & Pencils 1 for each Lady - discovered
1 Cigar Case & cigars for Hilarion to be dropped by him on Stage
3 Hazel Sticks with line to be put on by daughters of the Plough
1 Small Book for Princess to read on 2nd Entr. R U E
10 Halberts for Chorus Gent.n L U E
10 do: do: do: R. Entrance



(1)
Chorus Ladies
Princess Ida. Psyche
Melissa + Lady Blanche

ACT II.

Gardens in Castle Adamant. A river runs across the back of the stage, crossed by a rustic bridge. Castle Adamant in the distance.

Girl graduates discovered seated at the feet of LADY PSYCHE.

CHORUS.

all seated

Towards the empyrean heights — arms raised & looking up
Of every kind of lore,
We've taken several easy flights,
And mean to take some more. — to each other
In trying to achieve success
No envy racks our heart, — hands to hearts
And all the knowledge we possess,
We mutually impart.

SOLO—MELISSA. (seated)

Pray what authors should she read
Who in Classics would succeed?

PSYCHE.

Rises

If you'd cross the Helicon, — all rise
You should read Anacreon,
Ovid's Metamorphoses,
Likewise Aristophanes,
And the works of Juvenal:
To Chloe
These are worth attention, all;
But, if you will be advised,
You will get them Bowdlerized! — goes to Jack:

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll do as we're advised, — to each other
We will get them Bowdlerized! — confidentially

use Symphony Chloe R

SOLO—SACHARISA. L

Pray you tell us, if you can,
What's the thing that's known as Man?

all ceased

PSYCHE.

MAN will swear and Man will storm— all look up
Man is not at all good form—
Man is of no kind of use—
Man's a donkey—Man's a goose—
Man is coarse and Man is plain—
Man is more or less insane—
Man's a ribald—Man's a rake,
Psyche gets back seat Man is Nature's sole mistake!

Chorus ceased with faces to Audience

CHORUS.

We'll a memorandum make—
All wise Man is Nature's sole mistake!

And thus to empyrean height
Of every kind of lore,
In search of wisdom's pure delight, Psy: retires up & sits during this.
Ambitiously we soar.
Enter Blanche In trying to achieve success
No envy racks our heart,
For all we know and all we guess,
We mutually impart!

RUE *Enter* LADY BLANCHE. *All stand up demurely.*

Psy: & Mel } seated

BLA. Attention, ladies, while I read to you
The Princess Ida's list of punishments.
The first is Sacharissa. She's expelled!

ALL. Expelled!

BLA. Expelled, because although she knew
No man of any kind may pass our walls,
She dared to bring a set of chessmen here! consternation

L SACH. (*crying*). I meant no harm; they're only men of wood! cries

BLA. They're men with whom you give each other mate, all assent
And that's enough! The next is Chloe.

R. CHLOE. Ah!

BLA. Chloe will lose three terms, for yesterday, all surprised
When looking through her drawing-book, I found
A sketch of a perambulator! all shocked

ALL (*horrified*). Oh!

Blanche R Psyche RC

All kneeling looking towards centre
Ladies on the steps of the banks sit

Trim lights on Princess always

Alice kneeling Mel kneeling Blanche standing Prin standing Ada kneeling Psy kneeling

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BLA. *Double* perambulator, shameless girl! (Oh!) all turn away
That's all at present. Now, attention, pray:
Your Principal the Princess comes to give
Her usual inaugural address
To those young ladies who joined yesterday. goes RC.

Enter the PRINCESS.

CHORUS.

Mighty maiden with a mission,
Paragon of common sense, hands clasped
Running fount of erudition,
Miracle of eloquence,
We are blind, and we would see;
We are bound, and would be free;
We are dumb, and we would talk; Princess enters over Bridge from L
We are lame, and we would walk.
Enter Mighty maiden with a mission—
Paragon of common sense;
Running fount of erudition—
Miracle of eloquence! heads down

PRIN. (*Recit.*) C } Minerva! hear me:
as fork of ships }

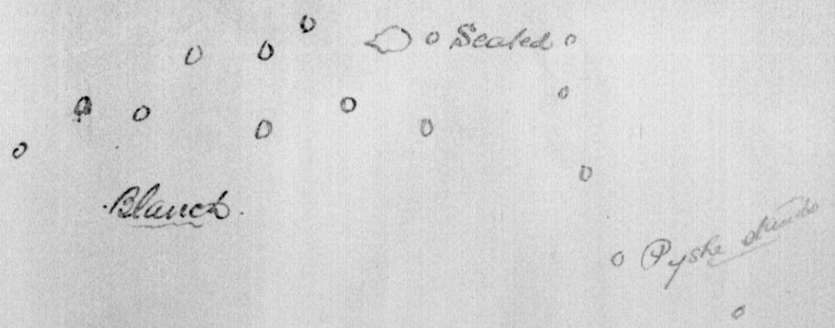
ARIA.

2 At this my call,
A fervent few
Have come to woo
The rays that from thee fall.

1 Oh, goddess wise
That lovest light,
Endow with sight
Their unillumined eyes.

all sit
Let fervent words and fervent thoughts be mine,
That I may lead them to thy sacred shrine! hands clasped

Psyche stands L
Women of Adamant, fair Neophytes—
Who thirst for such instruction as we give,
Attend, while I unfold a parable.
The elephant is mightier than Man,
Yet Man subdues him. Why? The elephant all lean forward
Is elephantine everywhere but here (*tapping her forehead*), all satisfied
And Man, whose brain is to the elephant's,
As Woman's brain to Man's—(that's rule of three)—
Conquers the foolish giant of the woods,
As Woman, in her turn, shall conquer Man



Ladies get up & form semicircle

(2) Mcprs Bracy Lely & Ryley

In Mathematics, Woman leads the way—
The narrow-minded pedant still believes
That two and two make four! Why we can prove,
We women—household drudges as we are—
That two and two make five—or three—or seven; all assent
Or five and twenty, if the case demands! all nod
Diplomacy? The wiliest diplomate
Is absolutely helpless in our hands,
He wheedles monarchs—woman wheedles him!
Logic? Why, tyrant Man himself admits
It 's waste of time to argue with a woman!
Then we excel in social qualities:
Though Man professes that he holds our sex
In utter scorn, I venture to believe
He'd rather spend the day with one of you, bow.
Than with five hundred of his fellow men! turn to one another.
In all things we excel. Believing this,
A hundred maidens here have sworn to place
Their feet upon his neck. If we succeed,
We'll treat him better than he treated us:
But if we fail, why then let hope fail too! bury heads in hands.
Let no one care a penny how she looks— raise heads.
Let red be worn with yellow—blue with green— assent to each other
Crimson with scarlet—violet with blue! all "violent blue"
Let all your things misfit, and you yourselves, then shudder
At inconvenient moments come undone! heads down
Let hair-pins lose their virtue: let the hook
Disdain the fascination of the eye—
The bashful button modestly evade "Oh"
The soft embraces of the button-hole!
Let old associations all dissolve, all look up expectantly
Let Swan secede from Edgar—Gask from Gask, oh!
Sewell from Cross—Lewis from Allenby! oh!
In other words—let Chaos come again!

(C) (*Coming down*) Who lectures in the Hall of Arts to-day? all get up.

BLA. (C) I, madam, on Abstract Philosophy.
There I propose considering, at length,
Three points—The Is, the Might Be, and the Must.
Whether the Is, from being actual fact,
Is more important than the vague Might Be,
Or the Might Be, from taking wider scope,
Is for that reason greater than the Is:
And lastly, how the Is and Might Be stand
Compared with the inevitable Must!

PRIN. (C) The subject's deep—how do you treat it, pray?

Pysche & Melissa Cast.

Φ Cross hands at exit

✕ The ladies exit in twos R U.E. Psy. & Mel Cast — Cross hands at exit Blanche watches them off. & sits at foot of bridge.

Cyril

Nil

Flor

Hilarion appears on wall at back L.C. seeing the coast clear beckons Cyril & Florian, the three climb over wall, cross bridge & come down stage on tiptoe

BLA. Madam, I take three possibilities, with great significance 23*
And strike a balance, then, between the three:
As thus: The Princess Ida Is our head, all assent
The Lady Psyche Might Be—Lady Blanche, all turns
Neglected Blanche, inevitably Must. Oh! turn in two's
Given these three hypotheses—to find
The actual betting against each of them!

PRIN. Your theme's ambitious: pray you bear in mind
Who highest soar fall farthest. Fare you well, turn
You and your pupils! Maidens, follow me.

✕ R U E. *Exeunt* PRINCESS *and* MAIDENS *singing refrain of chorus,* "*And thus to empyrean heights,*" *&c. Manet* LADY BLANCHE.

Stands C at foot of steps gets up

BLA. I should command here—I was born to rule,
But do I rule? I don't. Why? I don't know.
I shall some day. Not yet. I bide my time.
I once was Some One—and the Was Will Be.
The Present as we speak becomes the Past, Finger pointing
The Past repeats itself, and so is Future!
This sounds involved. It 's not. It 's right enough. goes L.C.

SONG.—LADY BLANCHE.

Come mighty Must!
Inevitable Shall!
In thee I trust.
Time weaves my coronal!
Go mocking Is!
Go disappointing Was!
That I am this
Ye are the cursed cause!
Yet humble second shall be first,
I ween;
And dead and buried be the curst
Has Been!

Encore

Oh weak Might Be!
Oh May, Might, Could, Would, Should! gets R.
How powerless ye
For evil or for good!
In every sense
Your moods I cheerless call,
Whate'er your tense
Ye are Imperfect, all!
Ye have deceived the trust that I've shown gets R
In ye!
Away! The Mighty Must alone
Shall be!

[*Exit* LADY BLANCHE.

Cyr. Hil. Flo.

R. C. L

Cyr. Hil. Flo.

R. C L.

Enter Hilarion, Cyril *and* Florian, *climbing over wall, and creeping cautiously among the trees and rocks at the back of the stage.* over bridge in order named.

Trio—Hilarian, Cyril, Florian.

Gently, gently,
Evidently
We are safe so far,
After scaling
Fence and paling.
Here, at last, we are!
In this college
Useful knowledge
Everywhere one finds,
And already
Growing steady,
We've enlarged our minds.

Cyril goes R.

Florian

Cyr. We've learnt that prickly cactus
Has the power to attract us
When we fall.

All. When we fall!

Hil. That nothing man unsettles
Like a bed of stinging nettles,
Short or tall.

All. Short or tall!

Flor. That bull-dogs feed on throttles—
That we don't like broken bottles
On a wall—

All. On a wall.

Hil. That spring-guns breathe defiance!
And that burglary's a science
After all!

All. After all.

L Recit.—Florian.

Hil. goes to Cyril.

A Woman's college! maddest folly going!
What can girls learn within its walls worth knowing?
I'll lay a crown (the Princess shall decide it)
I'll teach them twice as much in half-an-hour outside it

Hilarion.

Hush, scoffer; ere you sound your puny thunder,
List to their aims, and bow your head in wonder!
They intend to send a wire
To the moon—to the moon;
And they'll set the Thames on fire
Very soon—very soon;

coming C line

Hil. Cyr. Flo

Florian goes L. for Cloaks on Backs

Then they learn to make silk purses
With their rigs—with their rigs
From the ears of Lady Circe's
Piggy-wigs—piggy-wigs.
And weazels at their slumbers
They trepan—they trepan;
To get sunbeams from cucumbers,
They've a plan—they've a plan.
They've a firmly rooted notion
They can cross the Polar Ocean,
And they'll find Perpetual Motion,
If they can—if they can.

Flo

These are the phenomena
That every pretty domina
Hopes that we shall see
At this Universitee.

ALL. These are the phenomena
That every pretty domina
Hopes that we shall see
At this Universitee!

Cyril. xC.

xC. CYR. As for fashion, they forswear it, Arm on Shoulder.
So they say—so they say—
And the circle—they will square it
Some fine day—some fine day—
Then the little pigs they're teaching
For to fly—for to fly;
And the niggers they'll be bleaching,
By and bye—by and bye!
Each newly joined aspirant
To the clan—to the clan—
Must repudiate the tyrant
Known as Man—known as Man—
They mock at him and flout him,
For they do not care about him,
And they're "going to do without him"
If they can—if they can!

Hil. Cyr. Flo

Wink.

These are the phenomena
That every pretty domina
Hopes that we shall see
At this Universitee.

#1.

ALL. These are the phenomena, &c,

HIL. So that's the Princess Ida's castle! Well,
They must be lovely girls, indeed, if it requires
Such walls as those to keep intruders off! goes C. & Cyr RC

"But what are these" Florian takes up two robes from bank, handing them to Hil. Then takes up third for himself. — Hil: hands one to Cyril at "Let by them" all put on robes together taking time from Hil:

Hil. Cyr. Flo.

X. Cyril crosses C. after four bars of Symphony.

O Hil: dances round Cyril during 2nd Symp.

X End of Trio all dance & finish thus on last note.
Put on caps from bank L.

Princess

Flo + Hil + Cyr +

(3) Mrs. Bracland

CYR. R.C. To keep men off is only half their charge, (Florian takes robes.
And that the easier half. I much suspect
The object of these walls is not so much
To keep men off as keep the maidens in! (Laughs.

FLO. L.C. But what are these? [*Examining some Collegiate robes.*

HIL. (*Looking at them.*) Why, Academic robes, (takes robe.
Worn by the lady undergraduates,
When they matriculate. Let's try them on. [*They do so.* (throws cloak to Cyr.
Why, see,—we're covered to the very toes.
Three lovely lady undergraduates
Who, weary of the world and all its wooing—

FLO. And penitent for deeds there's no undoing—

CYR. Looked at askance by well-conducted maids—

ALL. Seek sanctuary in these classic shades! (arms crossed frowns.
(They burst into laughter.

Dance.

TRIO—HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

HIL. C. I am a maiden, cold and stately,
Heartless I, with a face divine.
What do I want with a heart, innately?
Every heart I meet is mine!

ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free,
Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

(*Dance.*)

X Cyril dances C.

CYR. C. I am a maiden frank and simple,
Brimming with joyous roguery;
Merriment lurks in every dimple,
Nobody breaks more hearts than I!

ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free,
Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

(*Dance.*)

O Cyril dances from C. to the Sibs.

FLO. I am a maiden coyly blushing,
Timid I as a startled hind;
Every suitor sets me flushing:
I am the maid that wins mankind!

ALL. Haughty, humble, coy, or free,
Little care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me!

Caps.

X R.U.E.

(*Enter the* PRINCESS *reading, She does not see them.*)

Princess (on Bank)

Hil Flo

Florian Hil

Cyril

Princess comes down from Bank during curtseying.

Princess

Hil Cyr Flo

(4)
Psyche

FLO. But who comes here? The Princess, as I live!
What shall we do?

HIL. (*aside*). Why, we must brave it out! goes up C.
(*Aloud*) Madam, accept our humblest reverence. Bus: Curtsey.

(*They bow, then suddenly recollecting themselves, curtsey.*)

PRIN. (*surprised*). We greet you, ladies. What would you with us?

HIL. (*aside*). What shall I say? (*Aloud.*) We are three students
ma'am,
Three well-born maids of liberal estate,
Who wish to join this University. Bus: bowing curtseying

(HILARION *and* FLORIAN *curtsey again.* CYRIL *bows extravagantly, then, being recalled to himself by* FLORIAN, *curtseys.*)

PRIN. If, as you say, you wish to join our ranks comes down R
And will subscribe to all our rules, 'tis well.

FLO. To all your rules we cheerfully subscribe.

PRIN. You say you're noblewomen. Well, you'll find
No sham degrees for noblewomen here.
You'll find no sizars here, or servitors,
Or other cruel distinctions, meant to draw
A line 'twixt rich and poor: you'll find no tufts
To mark nobility, except such tufts
As indicate nobility of brain.
As for your fellow-students, mark me well:
There are a hundred maids within these walls, Bus: Ch Cyril
All good, all learned, and all beautiful: express delight
They are prepared to love you: will you swear
To give the fulness of your love to them?

HIL. Upon our words and honours, ma'am, we will!

PRIN. But we go further: will you undertake
That you will never marry any man? Caugh Cyril.

FLO. Indeed we never will! crosses hands piously

PRIN. Consider well,
You must prefer our maids to all mankind!

HIL. To all mankind we much prefer your maids! Cyril X.

CYR. We should be dolts indeed, if we did not, going towards Princess
Seeing how fair— stopped by Hil.

HIL. (*aside to* CYRIL). Take care—that's rather strong!

PRIN. But have you left no lovers at your home
Who may pursue you here?

Princess turns down R & round to centre during Cyril's speech
Florian tries to restrain Cyril - as Princess turns up centre
Cyril bows & then curtseys to her -

X Hil X Princess Cyril X Florian X

At end of Quartette the three make extravagant gestures of admiration wish back to Audience - while her back is turned to them. when in middle of Bridge she turns round as if to kiss them - they suddenly check themselves & make very low curtsys until she off.

HIL. No, ~~madam~~ Mam, none.
We're homely ladies, as no doubt you see, curtseys
And we have never fished for lover's love.
We smile at girls who deck themselves with gems,
False hair, and meretricious ornament,
To chain the fleeting fancy of a man,
But do not imitate them. What we have
feel hair Of hair, is all our own. Our colour, too,
Unladylike, but not unwomanly,
Is Nature's handiwork, and man has learnt
To reckon Nature an impertinence.

PRIN. Well, beauty counts for naught within these walls;
If all you say is true, you'll spend with us pass
A happy, happy time! Hil kisses Prin hand & goes R.

CYR. If, as you say,
A hundred lovely maidens wait within,
Princess X To welcome us with smiles and open arms,
To Flo I think there's very little doubt we shall! Cyril bows & then curtsey

X QUARTETTE—PRINCESS, HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

PRIN. The world is but a broken toy,
Its pleasure hollow—false its joy,
Unreal its loveliest hue
Alas!
Its pains alone are true,
Alas!
Its pains alone are true.

HIL. The world is everything you say,
The world we think has had its day,
Its merriment is slow,
Alas!
We've tried it, and we know, cross hands
Alas!
We've tried it and we know.

TUTTI.

PRINCESS.	HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.
The world is but a broken toy,	The world is but a broken toy,
Its pleasures hollow—false its joy,	We freely give it up with joy,
Unreal its loveliest hue,	Unreal its loveliest hue,
Alas!	Alas!
Its pains alone are true,	We quite agree with you,
Alas!	Alas!
Its pains alone are true!	We quite agree with you!

over Bridge *Exit* PRINCESS. *The three gentlemen watch her off.* LADY PSYCHE *enters, and regards them with amazement.*

Cyr Psy Flo Hil

X Cyril Psy Hil Flo

(5) Melissa

Psyche exits R U E

25 Cyril R

Hil. I'faith, the plunge is taken, gentlemen!
For, willy-nilly, we are maidens now,
And maids against our will we must remain! Cyril x R
[*All laugh heartily.* Hil x R thro' laugh

Psy. (*Aside.*) These ladies are unseemly in their mirth.
(*The gentlemen see her, and, in confusion, resume their modest demeanour.*)

Flo. (*Aside.*) Here's a catastrophe, Hilarion!
This is my sister! She'll remember me,
Though years have passed since she and I have met!

X. **Hil.** (*aside to* Florian.) Then make a virtue of necessity,
And trust our secret to her gentle care.

going C. **Flor.** (*to* Psyche, *who has watched* Cyril *in amazement.*) Psyche,
Why, don't you know me? Florian!

Psy. (*amazed.*) Why, Florian!

Flor. My sister! (*embraces her.*)

Psy. Oh, my dear!
What are you doing here—and who are these?

Hil. I am that Prince Hilarion to whom
Your Princess is betrothed. I come to claim
Her plighted love. Your brother Florian
And Cyril, come to see me safely through. Cyril Cross

X. To Psyche **Psy.** The prince Hilarion? Cyril too? How strange!
My earliest playfellows!

Hil. goes C Why, let me look! Flo x L
Are you that learned little Psyche who
At school alarmed her mates because she called
A buttercup "ranunculus bulbosus?"

Cyr. Are you indeed that ~~Lady~~ Psyche, who "little"
At children's parties drove the conjuror wild,
Explaining all his tricks before he did them?

Hil. Are you that learned little Psyche, who
At dinner parties, brought into dessert,
Would tackle visitors with "You don't know
Who first determined longitude—I do—
Hipparchus 'twas—B.C. one sixty-three!"
Are you indeed that small phenomenon?

Psy. That small phenomenon indeed am I!
But gentlemen 'tis death to enter here:
We have all promised to renounce mankind! Oh

Flo. Renounce mankind? On what ground do you base
This senseless resolution?

Hil places
Case on bank L

Through sym: Hil: + Flo: sit L + Cyril R.
Cyril has of hiding his feet

Cyril (seated) Psyche Flo (seated) Hil

Psyche + Cyril turn up RC + Melissa comes over Bridge –

All coming down

PSY. Senseless? No.
We are all taught, and, being taught, believe
That Man, sprung from an Ape, is Ape at heart.

CYR. That's rather strong.

PSY. The truth is always strong.

SONG—LADY PSYCHE.

The Ape and the Lady.

A Lady fair, of lineage high,
Was loved by an Ape, in the days gone by—
The Maid was radiant as the sun,
The Ape was a most unsightly one—
So it would not do—
His scheme fell through,
For the Maid, when his love took formal shape,
Expressed such terror
At his monstrous error,
That he stammered an apology and made his 'scape,
The picture of a disconcerted Ape.

Turns up stage L
Theo: symphony

With a view to rise in the social scale,
He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail,
He grew moustachios, and he took his tub,
And he paid a guinea to a toilet club—
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through—
For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,
With golden tresses,
Like a real princess's,
While the Ape, despite his razor keen,
Was the apiest Ape that ever was seen!

Psy: takes Cyr: down stage

He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,
He crammed his feet into bright tight boots—
And to start in life on a bran new plan,
He christened himself Darwinian Man!
But it would not do,
The scheme fell through—

Hil + Flo rise + come down

Melissa looking on L.

For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey craved,
Was a radiant Being,
With a brain far-seeing—
While a Man, however well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

"And Darwinian man though"

(*During this* MELISSA *has entered unobserved: she looks on in amazement.*)

Psy Cyr Hil Mel Flo
o x o x
R L

O Psyche does some business with Hil: + Cyril

Cyr Psy Hil Mel Flo
x o x o x

Dance - Set round + down in line Hil dances by himself
All bob four times - Melissa twice to Hil: + twice to Flo
Psyche twice to Cyril + twice to Hil:
At "jump for joy" all swing right + left at repeat of "the truth is found"
Melissa, Hil + Psyche join hands + dance to footlights - the three
then break up stage and all five come down to the same
phrase - and break up + set round as before
at end of Quintette all dance off over bridge Psyche + Cyril
first - then Hil: - Flo: + Mel: last.

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(6) Lady Blanche

MEL. (*coming down*). Oh, Lady Psyche!

PSY. (*terrified*). What! you heard us then?
Oh, all is lost! (goes R)

MEL. Not so! I'll breathe no word!
(*Advancing in astonishment to* FLORIAN.)
How marvellously strange! and are you then
Indeed young men? Cyril shakes head

FLO. Well, yes, just now we are—
But hope by dint of study to become,
In course of time, young women. bowing

MEL. (*eagerly*). x to Flo No, no, no— Hil x c
Oh don't do that! Is this indeed a man?
I've often heard of them, but, till to-day,
Never set eyes on one. They told me men
Were hideous, idiotic and deformed!
They're quite as beautiful as women are!
As beautiful, they're infinitely more so!
O Touching his cheeks Their cheeks have not that pulpy softness which
One gets so weary of in womankind:
Their features are more marked—and—oh their chins!
How curious! (*Feeling his chin.*)

FLO. I fear it's rather rough.

MEL (*eagerly*). Oh don't apologise—I like it so! Takes his hands

QUINTETTE.—PSYCHE, MELISSA, HILARION, CYRIL, FLORIAN.

PSY. The woman of the wisest wit
May sometimes be mistaken, O!
In Ida's views, I must admit,
My faith is somewhat shaken, O!

CYR. On every other point than this,
Her learning is unshaken, O!
But Man's a theme with which she is
Entirely unacquainted, O!
—acquainted, O! (bob)
—acquainted, O! (bob)
Entirely unacquainted, O! (bob) (bob)

ALL. Then jump for joy and gaily bound,
The truth is found—the truth is found!
Set bells a-ringing through the air—
Ring here and there and everywhere—
And echo forth the joyous sound,
The truth is found—the truth is found! [*Dance.*

Blanche
0

Melissa
0

Encore

Come on thro' Sym:

MEL. My natural instinct teaches me
(And instinct is important, O!)
You're everything you ought to be,
And nothing that you oughtn't, O!

HIL. That fact was seen at once by you
In casual conversation, O!
Which is most creditable to
Your powers of observation, O!
—servation, O! (bob)
—servation, O! (bob)
Your powers of observation, O! (bob) (bob)

ALL. Then jump for joy, &c.

Exeunt PSYCHE, HILARION, CYRIL *and* FLORIAN. MELISSA *going.* Last one bridge *Enter* LADY BLANCHE. R U E

BLA. Melissa!

L C MEL. (*returning*) Mother! (waves Flo: off)

R C BLA. Here—a word with you.
Those are the three new students?

MEL. (*confused*) Yes they are.
They're charming girls.

BLA. Particularly so.
So graceful, and so very womanly!
So skilled in all a girl's accomplishments!

MEL. (*confused*) Yes—very skilled. aside (again waves Flo: off)

BLA. They sing so nicely too! Flo: off

MEL. They *do* sing nicely!

BLA. Two are Humph! It's very odd.
~~One is a~~ tenor~~, two are~~ and two baritones!

MEL. (*much agitated*) They've all got colds!

BLA. Colds! Bah! D'ye think I'm blind?
These "girls" are men disguised!

MEL. Oh no—indeed!
You wrong these gentlemen—I mean—why see,
Here is an *étui* dropped by one of them (*picking up an étui.*) dropped by Hil:
Containing scissors, needles and—

BLA. (*opening it*) Cigars!
Why these *are* men! And you knew this, you minx. turns away

Blanche Mel
0

Melissa Blanche
0 0

Blanche Melissa
0 0

(7)
Chorus Ladies
Extra Ladies
Princess Psyche
Hilarion & Cyril

Mel. Oh spare them—they are gentlemen indeed
The Prince Hilarion (married years ago
To Princess Ida) with two trusted friends!
Consider, mother, he's her husband now,
And has been, twenty years! Consider too, over shoulder
You're only second here—you should be first. going to Blanche
Assist the Prince's plan, and when he gains
The Princess Ida, why, you *will* be first.
You will design the fashions—think of that—
And always serve out all the punishments! Blanche gloats
The scheme is harmless, mother—wink at it!

Bla. (*aside.*) The prospect's tempting! Well, well, well, I'll try—
Though I've not winked at anything for years! goes L C
'Tis but one step towards my destiny—
crosses L The mighty Must! the inevitable Shall!

Duet.—Melissa and Lady Blanche. Both dance thro' sym.

Mel. Now wouldn't you like to rule the roast, advance
And guide this University? curtsey

Bla. I must agree dance
'Twould pleasant be.
(Sing hey a Proper Pride!)

Mel. And wouldn't you like to clear the coast advance
Of malice and perversity? curtsey

Bla. Without a doubt } stand
I'll bundle 'em out,
Sing hey, when I preside!

Both. Sing, hoity, toity! Sorry for some! advance to one another
Marry come up and { my / her } day will come!
Sing Proper Pride
Is the horse to ride,
And Happy-go-lucky, my Lady, O! × thro' sym.

× R C **Bla.** For years I've writhed beneath her sneers, } stand
Although a born Plantagenet!

× L C **Mel.** dance You're much to meek,
back Or you would speak.
(Sing hey, I'll say no more!)

Bla. Her elder I, by several years, } stand
Although you'd never imagine it.

Mel. Sing, so I've heard (look)
But never a word (look)
Have I ever believed ~~before~~! till now

Before the last four bars of Hymn: Blanche turns & catches Melissa grimacing - Melissa suddenly curtseys & Blanche exits RIE

Melissa Flo
o x

X Bell.

Ladies enter half over bridge L & half R U E so as to meet at bottom of steps & go once round stage from RC. & form semicircle & then groups.

Psy. & Cyr: Hil: & Princess last

Bridge

Hil Princess Chloe
x o o

Psy Cyr Ada
o x o

Flo Mel
x o

Blan Isa:
o o

BOTH. Sing, hoity toity! Sorry for some! - advance
Marry come up, {my / her} day will come! balance step
Sing, she shall learn
That a worm will turn. - R
Sing Happy-go-lucky, my Lady, O! curtsey on before
[*Exit* LADY BLANCHE. R

MEL. Saved for a time, at least!

Enter FLORIAN, *on tiptoe.* on Bridge

Foot of Bridge

FLO. (*whispering*). Melissa—come!

MEL. Oh, sir! you must away from this at once—
My mother guessed your sex! It was my fault—
I blushed and stammered so that she exclaimed,
"Can these be men?" Then, seeing this, "Why these ——"
"*Are men*," she would have added, but "*are men*"
Stuck in her throat! She keeps your secret, sir,
For reasons of her own—but fly from this
And take me with you—that is—no—not that! goes from him he follows her

FLO. I'll go, but not without you! (*bell*). Why, what's that?

MEL. The luncheon bell.

FLO. I'll wait for luncheon then! goes L with Melissa

Enter HILARION *with* PRINCESS, CYRIL *with* PSYCHE, LADY BLANCHE *and* LADIES. *Also* "*Daughters of the Plough*" *bearing luncheon, which they spread on the rocks.* & chorus ladies
Three "Daughters of the plough" R 1 E and Three L 1 E and go across stage to back.

CHORUS.

Merrily ring the luncheon bell!
Here in meadow of asphodel,
Feast we body and mind as well,
So merrily ring the luncheon bell!

SOLO.—BLANCHE. C

Hunger, I beg to state, luncheon served.
Is highly indelicate,
This is a fact profoundly true
So learn your appetites to subdue. goes L C

Princess & Hil cross bridge

ALL. Yes, yes,
We'll learn our appetites to subdue!

Cyril is served

Flo Jackanapes

Melissa

Blanche C

Psyche & Florinda
& Plough girls & R & L

Plough

P Plough

Hil Prince

Blanche

Peg Gill

Flor

Jack Melissa

Luncheon to be
heard this! chorus

SOLO.—CYRIL (*eating*). R C

Madam, your words so wise,
Nobody should despise,
Cursed with an appetite keen I am
And I'll subdue it—
And I'll subdue it—
And I'll subdue it with cold roast lamb! Blan: goes RC

ALL. Yes—yes—
We'll subdue it with cold roast lamb!

CHORUS. Merrily ring, &c.

PRIN. You say you know the court of Hildebrand?
There is a Prince there—I forget his name— all interested

HIL. Hilarion?

PRIN. Exactly—is he well?

HIL. If it be well to droop and pine and mope,
To sigh "Oh, Ida! Ida!" all day long,
"Ida! my love! my life! Oh come to me!" Princess shocked
If it be well, I say, to do all this,
Then Prince Hilarion is very well.

PRIN. He breathes *our* name? Well, it's a common one!
And is the booby comely?

HIL. Pretty well.
I've heard it said that if I dressed myself
In Prince Hilarion's clothes (supposing this Ladies shocked
Consisted with my maiden modesty), relieved
I might be taken for Hilarion's self. all look
But what is this to you or me, who think
Of all mankind with undisguised contempt? all nod

PRIN. Contempt? Why, damsel, when I think of man,
Contempt is not the word.

CYR. (*getting tipsy*). I'm sure of that,
Or if it is, it surely should not be! Ladies surprised

HIL. (*aside to* CYRIL). Be quiet, idiot, or they'll find us out

CYR. The Prince Hilarion's a goodly lad!

PRIN. *You* know him then? all eager

CYR. (*tipsily*). I rather think I do!
We are inseparables! rises (getting up)

PRIN. Why, what's this?
You love him then?

CYR. We do indeed—all three!

HIL. Madam, she jests! (*aside to* CYRIL) Remember where you are!

Hil standing

Hil Princess

standing Blanche Pay

Cyril

seated Chloe Dal:

standing Flo: Comel:

Hil x to Psyche

Blanche Pay Hil Princess

R Hil crosses to Flo

Kisses Blanche - horror

Blanche gets R - up stage

Princess astonished shocked

CYR. Jests? Not at all! Why, bless my heart alive,
You and Hilarion, when at the Court,
Rode the same horse!

PRIN. (*horrified*) Astride? all lean forward

CYR. Of course! Why not? Horrified
Wore the same clothes—and once or twice, I think,
Got tipsy in the same good company!

PRIN. Well, these are nice young ladies, on my word!

CYR. (*tipsy*). Don't you remember that old kissing-song
He'd sing to blushing Mistress Lalage,
The hostess of the Pigeons? Thus it ran:

SONG—CYRIL. C

(*During symphony* HILARION *and* FLORIAN *try to stop* CYRIL. *He shakes them off angrily.*)

Would you know the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame-a?
Eyes must be downcast and staid,
Cheeks must flush for shame-a!
She may neither dance nor sing,
But, demure in everything,
Hang her head in modest way,
With pouting lips that seem to say
"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,
Though I die of shame-a,"
Please you, that's the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame-a!

All seated

hide faces

all stop their ears
Cyril tries to kiss Psyche

Hil x L C to Florian
+ try to stop Cyril who
again repulses him roughly

Hil crosses to F to L

When a maid is bold and gay
With a tongue goes clang-a,
Flaunting it in brave array,
Maiden may go hang-a!
Sunflower gay and hollyhock
Never shall my garden stock;
Mine the blushing rose of May,
With pouting lips that seem to say,
"Oh, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,
Though I die for shame-a!"
Please you that's the kind of maid
Sets my heart a flame-a!

Blanche pass R kneels down

kisses Blanche by mistake

All up.
arms up repudiating him

PRIN. Infamous creature, get you hence away!

HILARION, *who has been with difficulty restrained by* FLORIAN *during this song, breaks from him and strikes* CYRIL *furiously on the breast.*

After Plunge into water

Psyche o Sach o

Cyr o Mel o

Blanche o Flo x

After rescue (Exit Melissa L)

Bla o Psy o Pun o Sac o Hil x Cyr x Flo x

* The 3 Daughters of the Plough R x to L Banks & get hazel sticks & lines

* Ladies on left of stage divide & groups down & form & four remain up Hil. x Cyr. x Flo x between them two daughters of the plough behind each having pinioned them with hazel sticks & lines.

(8) Chorus Gent.n Grace Furon & Psy: & King Hildebrand

HIL. Dog! there is something more to sing about! all startled

CYR. (*sobered*). Hilarion, are you mad?

PRIN. (*horrified*). Hilarion? Help!
Why these are men! Lost! lost! betrayed! undone!
[*Running on to bridge.*
Girls, get you hence! Man-monsters, if you dare
Approach one step, I—— Ah!
[*Loses her balance, and falls into the stream.* (all scream)

PSY. Oh! save her, sir!

BLA. It's useless, sir,—you'll only catch your death!
[HILARION *springs in.*

SACH. He catches her!

MEL. And now he lets her go!
Again she's in his grasp——

PSY. And now she's not.
He seizes her back hair!

BLA. (*not looking.*) And it comes off!

PSY. No, no! She's saved!—she's saved!—she's saved!—she's saved! (everybody)

(HILARION *is seen swimming with* PRINCESS *in one arm. The* PRINCESS *and he are brought to land.*)

Princess brought down by two Ladies

FINALE.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Oh! joy, our chief is saved,
And by Hilarion's hand;
The torrent fierce he braved,
And brought her safe to land!
For his intrusion we must own
This doughty deed may well atone!

PRIN. Stand forth ye three,
Whoe'er ye be,
And hearken to our stern decree! Cyril & Flo kneel

HIL., CYR, and FLO. Have mercy lady,—disregard your oaths!

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!
The man whose sacrilegious eyes
Invade our strict seclusion, dies. Daughters of the Plough come down
Arrest these coarse intruding spies!

(*They are arrested by the "Daughters of the Plough."*)

* All kneel

FLO., CYR., *and Ladies.* Have mercy lady—disregard your oaths!

PRIN. I know not mercy, men in women's clothes!

(CYRIL *and* FLORIAN *are bound.*)

Ada Chloe Daughters of the Plough

Chorus Psyche Hil

Blanche Princess

Cyr Flo

Jack Chorus

Chorus raise arms as "Have mercy"

× Hil: Flo: & Cyr: are marched off by daughters of the Plough

All the Ladies surround the Princess.

Princess gets R on Bank as Soldiers enter Tenors center R

Basses L

Soldiers

soldiers

Soldiers

Blanche

Psyche Sac.

Princess comes down RC

all scream as Hildebrand enters

SONG.—HILARION. C Ladies kneel

Whom thou hast chained must wear his chain,
Thou canst not set him free,
He wrestles with his bonds in vain
Who lives by loving thee!
If heart of stone for heart of fire,
Be all thou hast to give,
If dead to me my heart's desire,
Why should I wish to live? Chorus. "Have mercy" raise arms

No word of thine—no stern command
Can teach my heart to rove,
Then rather perish by thy hand,
Than live without thy love!
A loveless life apart from thee
Were hopeless slavery,
If kindly death will set me free,
Why should I fear to die? kneels

× *(He is bound by two of the attendants, and the three gentlemen are marched off.)*

ENTER MELISSA. on Bridge

Crash

MEL. Madam, without the castle walls all get up
An armed band
Demand admittance to our halls
For Hildebrand!

ALL. Oh horror! — Psyche x L

PRIN. Deny them! Half turn of crash
We will defy them! Two turns do:

ALL. Too late—too late!
The castle gate
Is battered by them!

some over walls. some L U E but all over things.

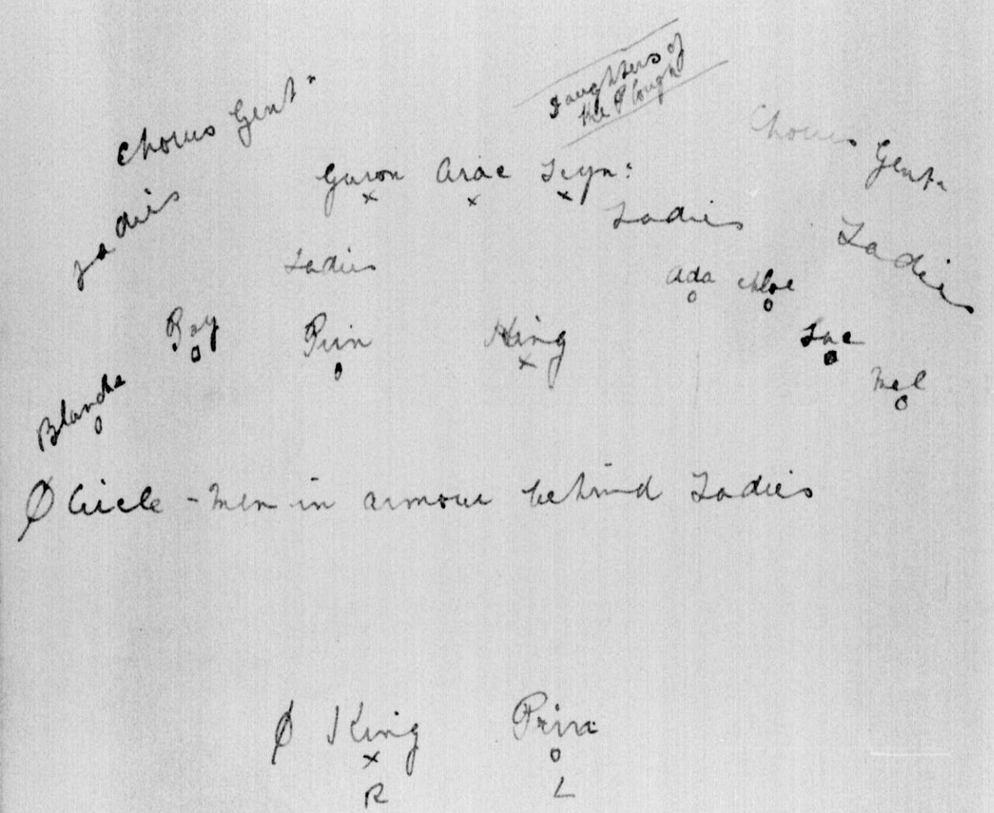
Crash

~~The gate yields.~~ HILDEBRAND *and* SOLDIERS *rush in.* ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS *are with them, but with their hands handcuffed.*

but still in chorus - Girls group C in mass - kneeling & waving their arms

ALL. (*Soldiers and Ladies*). Too late—too late,
The castle gate
Is battered by them!

p



ENSEMBLE.

GIRLS.	MEN.
Rend the air with wailing,	Walls and fences scaling,
Shed the shameful tear!	Promptly we appear;
Walls are unavailing,	Walls are unavailing,
Man has entered here!	We have entered here.
Shame and desecration	Female execration
Are his staunch allies,	Stifle if you're wise,
Let your lamentation	Stop your lamentation,
Echo to the skies!	Dry your pretty eyes!

RECIT.

PRIN. Audacious tyrant, do you dare
To beard a maiden in her lair?

KING. Since you enquire,
We've no desire
To beard a maiden here, or anywhere!

SOL. No no—we've no desire
To beard a maiden here, or anywhere!

SOLO—HILDEBRAND.

Some years ago
No doubt you know
(And if you don't I'll tell you so)
You gave your troth
Upon your oath
To Hilarion my son.
A vow you make
You must not break,
(If you think you may, it's a great mistake,)
For a bride's a bride
Though the knot were tied
At the early age of one!
And I'm a peppery kind of King,
Who's indisposed for parleying
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
And that's the long and the short of it!

ALL. For he's a peppery kind of King, &c.

HILD. If you decide
To pocket your pride
And let Hilarion claim his bride,
Why, well and good,
It's understood

Daughters of Plough on Bridge

Ladies get to sides

All are looking away from Cerise when the Trio is begun and are startled by it - + those in front of the Knights get to sides

Guron Arac Scyn:

Psyche Sheig

Blanch

Princess Jack

Mel

Psyche Blan Hild Princess Chloe Zoe

Mel

We'll let bygones go by—
But if you choose
To sulk in the blues
I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes.
I'll storm your walls,
And level your halls,
In the twinkling of an eye!
For I'm a peppery Potentate,
Who's little inclined his claim to bate,
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
And that's the long and the short of it.

TRIO.—ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS. swords down

We may remark, though nothing can
Dismay us,
That if you thwart this gentleman,
He'll slay us.
We don't fear death, of course—we're taught
To shame it;
But still upon the whole we thought
We'd name it.
(*To each other*) Yes, yes, better perhaps to name it. nod heads

Our interests we would not press
With chatter,
Three hulking brothers more or less
Don't matter; shrug shoulders
If you'd pooh-pooh this monarch's plan,
Pooh-pooh it,
But when he says he'll hang a man,
He'll do it.
(*To each other*) Yes, yes, devil doubt he'll do it. as before

L C. PRIN (*Recit.*) Be reassured, to arrour nor fear his anger blind,
His menaces are idle as the wind.
He dares not kill you—vengeance lurks behind! Princess goes

AR., GUR., SCYN. *We* rather think he dares, but never mind; pts Psyche
No, no,—never, never mind!

Listen

KING. Enough of parley—as a special boon—
We give you till to-morrow afternoon;
C Release Hilarion, then, and be his bride,
Or you'll incur the guilt of fratricide! # movement

Daughters of Plough on Bridge

Ladies get to sides

All are looking away from Cerise when the Trio is begun and are startled by it - & those in front of the Knights get to sides

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to armour

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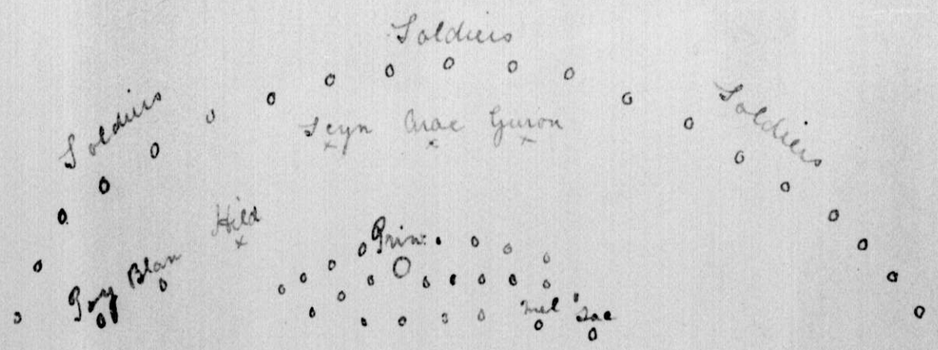
His menaces are idle as the wind.
He dares not kill you—vengeance lurks behind! Princess goes

AR., GUR., SCYN. We rather think he dares, but never mind; pts Psyche
No, no,—never, never mind!

Fissen

KING. Enough of parley—as a special boon—
We give you till to-morrow afternoon;
C Release Hilarion, then, and be his bride,
Or you'll incur the guilt of fratricide! # movement



All kneel (Ladies) round Princess at the very last note that they sing King & Princess defiant

BRITISH MUSEUM

ENSEMBLE.

PRINCESS.	THE OTHERS.
To yield at once to such a foe	Oh! yield at once, 'twere better so,
With shame were rife;	Than risk a strife!
So quick! away with him, although	And let the Prince Hilarion go—
He saved my life!	He saved thy life!
That he is fair, and strong, and tall,	Hilarion's fair, and strong, and tall—
Is very evident to all,	A worse misfortune might befal—
Yet I will die before I call	It's not so dreadful, after all,
Myself his wife!	To be his wife!

SOLO.—PRINCESS.

Though I am but a girl,
Defiance thus I hurl,
Our banners all all points
On outer wall
We fearlessly unfurl.

ALL. Though she is but a girl, &c.

PRINCESS.	THE OTHERS
That he is fair, &c.	Hilarion's fair, &c.

The PRINCESS *stands* C., *surrounded by girls kneeling. The* KING *and soldiers stand on built rocks at back and sides of stage. Picture.*

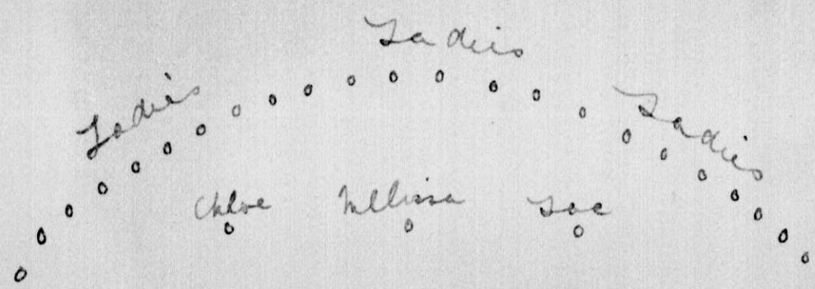
hands

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

Property Plot Act III

3 Bandages of Linen 18" Square for Tachaussa
Chloe & Ada at last entrance - for Finale
6 Fighting swords to be placed at the corner of Stage
LC (discovered)



All axes down

(1)
Chorus Ladies
Blanche Princess Melissa
Parzeka & Zacharissa

ACT III.

Scene.—*Outer Walls and Courtyard of Castle Adamant.* **Melissa, Sacharissa** *and ladies discovered, armed with battle axes.*

Chorus.

Death to the invader! arms up
Strike a deadly blow, make blow
As an old Crusader arms up
Struck his Paynim foe! make blow
Let our martial thunder
Fill his soul with wonder,
Tear his ranks asunder, arms thrown open
Lay the tyrant low! pointing down

Solo.—Melissa.

Thus our courage, all untarnished
We're instructed to display:
But to tell the truth unvarnished,
We are more inclined to say, all form two lines across stage
"Please you, do not hurt us."

All. "Do not hurt us, if it please you!" curtsey with hands primly together
Mel. "Please you let us be."
All. "Let us be—let us be!" as before
Mel. "Soldiers disconcert us."
All. "Disconcert us, if it please you!"
Mel. "Frightened maids are we."
All. "Maids are we—maids are we!" Break up

Melissa.

But 'twould be an error
To confess our terror,
So, in Ida's name,
Boldly we exclaim:

Mel Alve Psyche Prin Blan Sac

R C L

CHORUS.

Death to the invader action as before
Strike a deadly blow—
As an old Crusader
Struck his Paynim foe
Let our martial thunder
Fill his soul with wonder—
Tear his ranks asunder—
Lay the tyrant low! axes down
Mel: x R

X *Flourish.* *Enter* PRINCESS, *armed, attended by* BLANCHE *and* PSYCHE

PRIN. I like your spirit, girls! We have to meet
all alarmed Stern bearded warriors in fight to-day:
Wear naught but what is necessary to
Preserve your dignity before their eyes,
And give your limbs full play.

BLA. One moment, ma'am.
Here is a paradox we should not pass
Without enquiry. We are prone to say
"This thing is Needful—that, Superfluous"—
Yet they invariably co-exist!
We find the Needful comprehended in
The circle of the grand Superfluous,
Yet the Superfluous cannot be bought
Unless you're amply furnished with the Needful. all assent
These singular considerations are—

PRIN. Superfluous, yet not Needful—so you see
The terms may independently exist. up L
(*To Ladies.*) Women of Adamant, we have to show
That Woman, educated to the task,
Can meet Man, face to face, on his own ground,
And beat him there. Now let us set to work; all fortified
Where is our lady surgeon.

SAC. (coming forward) Madam, here! Sac: to Princess

PRIN. We shall require your skill to heal the wounds
Of those that fall. all much concerned

SAC. (*alarmed*). What, heal the wounded?

PRIN. Yes!

SAC. And cut off real live legs and arms?

PRIN. Of course!

SAC. I wouldn't do it for a thousand pounds! — all agree to this

PRIN. Why how is this? Are you faint-hearted, girl?
You've often cut them off in theory!

Chloe – to Soldiers

Chloe

Princess Blanche

Princess gives axe to Melissa – Exit in two lines – with curtsey – Princess x R – Melissa + Psyche last

SAC. In theory I'll cut them off again
With pleasure, and as often as you like,
But not in practice.

PRIN. Coward! get you hence, Sac! x L
I've craft enough for that, and courage too,
I'll do your work! My fusiliers, advance, are come forward
Why, you are armed with axes! Gilded toys! with Chloe RC
Where are your rifles, pray?

CHLOE. Why, please you, ma'am,
We left them in the armoury, for fear
That in the heat and turmoil of the fight,
They might go off!

PRIN. "They might!" Oh, craven souls!
Go off yourselves! Thank heaven, I have a heart
That quails not at the thought of meeting men;
x R *I* will discharge your rifles! Off with you! they go back
Where's my bandmistress?

Coming forward from LC. ADA. Please you, ma'am, the band
Do not feel well, and can't come out to-day!

PRIN. Why this is flat rebellion! I've no time
x L To talk to them just now. But, happily, Ada goes back
I can play several instruments at once,
And I will drown the shrieks of those that fall
With trumpet music, such as soldiers love!
How stand we with respect to gunpowder? x L
My Lady Psyche—you who superintend
Our lab'ratory—are you well prepared
To blow these bearded rascals into shreds?

PSY. R Why, madam—

PRIN. Well?

PSY. comes forward Let us try gentler means. all assent
We can dispense with fulminating grains
While we have eyes with which to flash our rage!
We can dispense with villainous saltpetre
While we have tongues with which to blow them up!
We can dispense, in short, with all the arts
That brutalize the practical polemist!

PRIN. (*contemptuously*). I never knew a more dispensing chemist!
Away, away—I'll meet these men alone
Since all my women have deserted me! Please you do not hurt us

Exeunt all but PRINCESS, *singing refrain of* "~~Death to the Invader~~," *pianissimo.* by gaze at back

PRIN. So fail my cherished plans—so fails my faith—
And with it hope, and all that comes of hope!

Ø Princess x C thro' symphony.

Chorus run on divide

Princess get L

Blanche enters R last

Enter 2 lines divide

Kneel Chloe Princess

Blanche
R

Enter Gama followed by Chloe

Chloe

Gama Princess
RC L

(2)
Ring Gama

Ø

SONG—PRINCESS.

I built upon a rock,
But ere Destruction's hand
Dealt equal lot
To Court and cot,
My rock had turned to sand!
Ah, faithless rock,
My simple faith to mock!

I leant upon an oak.
But in the hour of need,
Alack-a-day,
My trusted stay
Was but a bruised reed!
Ah, trait'rous oak
Thy worthlessness to cloke!

I drew a sword of steel,
But when to home and hearth
The battle's breath
Bore fire and death,
My sword was but a lath!
Ah, coward steel
That fear can unanneal! in two & divide

She sinks on a bank. L *Enter* CHLOE *and all the ladies.* Form semicircle kneeling

Kneels RC CHLOE C Madam, your father and your brothers claim
An audience!

PRIN. L C What do they do here?

CHLOE. They come
To fight for you! all implore Princess in action

PRIN. Admit them! all get up & express delight

BLA. R Infamous!

"Infamous" One's brothers, ma'am, are men!

PRIN. So I have heard
But all my women seem to fail me when
I need them most. In this emergency,
Even one's brothers may be turned to use Blan: goes off R 1E indignantly

(*Enter* GAMA, *quite pale and unnerved.*)

RC GAMA. My daughter!

L C PRIN. (kneels) Father! thou art free!

GAMA. Aye, free!
Free as a tethered ass! I come to thee
With words from Hildebrand. Those duly given, all anxious
I must return to black captivity.
I'm free so far.

× Princess × R
Princess Gama
O ×

Princess sits L ⊼ Put seat R for King Gama
at end of Song

(3)
Chorus Gents
Arac Gum Zeyn.
Hilarion. Cyril. Florian
+ King Hildebrand

PRIN. Your message.

GAMA. Hildebrand
Is loth to war with women. Pit my sons,
My three brave sons, against these popinjays,
These tufted jack-a-dandy featherheads,
And on the issue let thy hand depend!

× R C. PRIN. × Insult on insult's head! Are we a stake all alarmed
For fighting men? What fiend possesses thee,
That thou hast come with offers such as these
From such as he to such an one as I?

GAMA. I am possessed
By the pale devil of a shaking heart!
My stubborn will is bent. I dare not face
That devilish monarch's black malignity!
He tortures me with torments worse than death,
I haven't anything to grumble at! Poor fellow
He finds out what particular meats I love,
And gives me them. The very choicest wines,
The costliest robes—the richest rooms are mine:
He suffers none to thwart my simplest plan,
And gives strict orders none should contradict me!
He's made my life a curse! × R (*weeps.*)

PRIN. My tortured father!

X

SONG—GAMA.

Whene'er I spoke
Sarcastic joke
Replete with malice spiteful,
This people mild
Politely smiled,
And voted me delightful!
Now when a wight
Sits up all night
Ill-natured jokes devising,
And all his wiles
Are met with smiles,
It's hard, there's no disguising!
Oh, don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

Chorus Ladies Yes yes
When German bands
From music stands
Played Wagner imper*fectly*—

Links on seat R - rises as Encore assisted by Chlbe.

Gama (seated) Princess

Ladies go on the Battlements & Soldiers form semicircle
Seyn: Ara & Guron at back & then go RC.

Seyn: Arac Guron

Seyn Arac & Guron
Shake hands with King

I bade them go—
They didn't say no,
But off they went directly!
The organ boys
They stopped their noise
With readiness surprising,
And grinning herds
Of hurdy-gurds
Retired apologising!
Oh, don't the days seem lank and long, &c.

Encore

I offered gold
In sums untold
To all who'd contradict me—
I said I'd pay
A pound a day
To any one who kicked me—
I bribed with toys
Great vulgar boys
To utter something spiteful,
But, bless you, no!
They *would* be so
Confoundedly politeful!

In short, these aggravating lads
They tickle my tastes, they feed my fads,
They give me this and they give me that,
And I've nothing whatever to grumble at!

(*He bursts into tears, and falls sobbing on a bank.*)

All sympathize with him

PRIN. My poor old father! How he must have suffered!
Well well, I yield! (rise)

GAMA. (*hysterically.*) She yields! I'm saved, I'm saved!

Two Ladies go off to open the gate

PRIN. Open the gates—admit these warriors,
Then get you all within the castle walls.

(*The gates are opened, and the girls mount the battlements as* HILDEBRAND *enters with soldiers. Also* ARAC, GURON, *and* SCYNTHIUS.)

X

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

When anger spreads his wing,
And all seems darks as night for it,
There's nothing but to fight for it,
But ere you pitch your ring,
Select a pretty site for it,
(This spot is suited quite for it),
And then you gaily sing,

Hil: Flo: & Cyr: are brought on LIE by daughters of the Plough

Cyr Arac Gurn

Gama

Hil

Flo

Cyr

Swords up - Gama between swords

Hil Cyr & Flo are relieved of manacles

Daughters of the Plough

"Oh, I love the jolly rattle
Of an ordeal by battle,
There's an end of tittle, tattle,
When your enemy is dead. Gama x R
It's an arrant molley coddle,
Fears a crack upon the noddle,
And he's only fit to swaddle,
In a downy feather-bed!—

ALL. For a fight's a kind of thing
That I love to look upon,
So let us sing,
Long live the King,
And his son Hilarion! Gama x C

During this, HILARION, FLORIAN, *and* CYRIL *are brought out by the "Daughters of the Plough." They are still bound and wear the robes.*

GAMA. Hilarion! Cyril! Florian! dressed as women! Arac laughs
Is this indeed Hilarion? Hil advances

HIL. Yes it is!

GAMA. Why, you look handsome in your women's clothes!
Stick to 'em! men's attire becomes you not! Arac & others laugh

They advance to two steps

(*To* CYRIL *and* FLORIAN). And you, young ladies, will you please to pray,
King Hildebrand to set me free again?
Hang on his neck and gaze into his eyes, x to Cyril
He never could resist a pretty face!

Flo HIL. You dog, you'll find though I wear woman's garb,
My sword is long and sharp!

GAMA. Hush pretty one!
Here's a virago! Here's a termagant!
If length and sharpness go for anything,
You'll want no sword while you can wag your tongue! Hil advances to whose time

CYRIL. What need to waste your words on such as he?
He's old and crippled. Arac, Gurn, & Cyr: threaten

GAMA. Aye, but I've three sons,
Fine fellows, young, and muscular, and brave,
They're well worth talking to! Come, what d'ye say?

Swords up

ARAC. Aye, pretty ones, engage yourselves with us,
If three rude warriors affright you not! all three lean menacingly

HIL. Old as you are I'd wring your shrivelled neck
If you were not the Princess Ida's father.

GAMA. If I were not the Princess Ida's father.
And so had not her brothers for my sons,
No doubt you'd wring my neck—in safety too! lean as before

Swords down

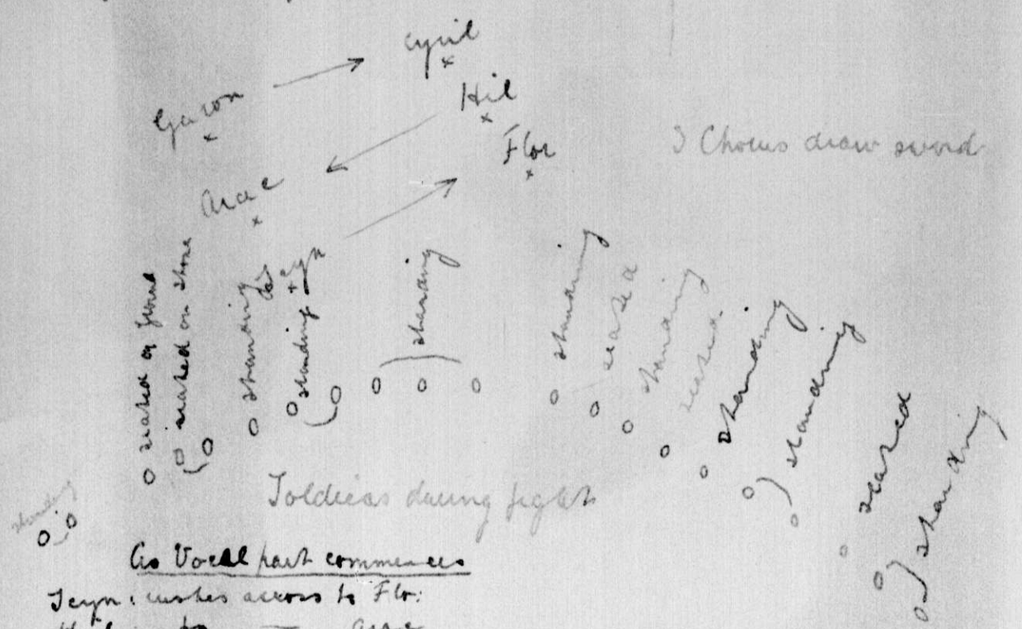
x Come, come, Hilarion, begin, begin!

Gent. kiss their hands to Ladies - who are shocked

Tcyn: Arac Gurn

Hil: Flo: & Cyn: take off Robes L & get fighting swords

The 3 Chorus Gent. take swords to the 3 knights & take armour from them as it is removed & hand it to rise Gent. - The Daughters of the Plough take swords, helmets, & cuirasses & take them off the Stage - Before commencing song the 3 Knights hand their 3 long swords to the 3 soldiers & then their armour & then these take ordinary swords from the Soldiers & then they range themselves for fight - (see page 35)



As Vocal part commences

Tcyn: rushes across to Flo:
Hil to — Arac
Gurn to — Cyril

They fight half round Stage for eight bars. Then Arac falls L. Hil standing over him. Then Gurn (up Stage C) rushes to Arac's help. By this time Tcyn (R) [illegible] Arac rises & rushes to Tcyn with Arac & Flo (up Stage C) fighting - All fight half round Stage. Then the Three Knights fall wounded as chorus exclaim Hilarion for the 3rd time.

Give them no quarter—they will give you none.
You've this advantage over warriors,
Who kill their country's enemies for pay,—
You know what you are fighting for—look there! goes off R 1 E.
(*Pointing to Ladies on the battlements.*)

SONG.—ARAC. Gurn x R & off C.

This helmet, I suppose,
Was meant to ward off blows,
Its very hot,
And weighs a lot,
As many a guardsman knows,
So off that helmet goes.

THE THREE KNIGHTS. Yes, Yes,
So off that helmet goes!
(*Giving their helmets to attendants.*)

ARAC. This tight-fitting cuirass
Is but a useless mass,
Its made of steel,
And weighs a deal,
A man is but an ass
Who fights in a cuirass,
So off goes that cuirass.

ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
So off goes that cuirass! (*Removing cuirasses.*)

ARAC. These brassets, truth to tell,
May look uncommon well,
But in a fight
They're much too tight,
They're like a lobster shell!

ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
They're like a lobster shell.
(*Removing their brassets.*)

ARAC. These things I treat the same, (*indicating leg pieces.*)
(I quite forget their name)
They turn one's legs
To cribbage pegs—
Their aid I thus disclaim,
Though I forget their name—

ALL THREE. Yes, yes,
Though we forget their name,
Their aid we thus disclaim!

(*They remove their leg pieces and wear close fitting shape suits.*)

(Desperate fight between the three Princes and the three Knights during which the ladies on the battlements and the soldiers on the stage sing the following chorus :)

This is our duty plain towards
Our Princess all immaculate
We ought to bless her brothers' sword
And piously ejaculate :
Oh, Hungary !
Oh, Hungary !
Oh, doughty sons of Hungary !
May all success
Attend and bless
Your warlike ironmongery !

By this time, Arac, Guron, *and* Scynthius *are on the ground, wounded* —Hilarion, Cyril *and* Florian *stand over them.*

Prin. (*entering through gate and followed by Ladies.*) Hold ! stay your hands !—we yield ourselves to you !
Ladies, my brothers all lie bleeding there !
Bind up their wounds—but look the other way.
(*coming down*) Is this the end ? (*bitterly to* Lady Blanche). How say you, Lady Blanche—
Can I with dignity my post resign ?
And if I do, will you then take my place ?

Bla. To answer this, it's meet that we consult
The great Potential Mysteries ; I mean
The five Subjunctive Possibilities—
The May, the Might, the Would, the Could, the Should.
Can you resign ? The prince Might claim you ; if
He Might, you Could—and if you Should, I Would !

Prin. I thought as much ! Then, to my fate I yield—
So ends my cherished scheme ! Oh, I had hoped
To band all women with my maiden throng,
And make them all abjure tyrannic Man !

Hild. A noble aim !

Prin. You ridicule it now ;
But if I carried out this glorious scheme,
At my exalted name Posterity
Would bow in gratitude !

Hild. But pray reflect—
If you enlist all women in your cause,
And make them all abjure tyrannic Man,
The obvious question then arises, " How
Is this Posterity to be provided ? "

PRIN. I never thought of that! My Lady Blanche,
How do you solve the riddle?

BLA. Don't ask me—
Abstract Philosophy won't answer it.
Take him—he is your Shall. Give in to Fate!

PRIN. And you desert me. I alone am staunch!

coming down RC. HIL. Madam, you placed your trust in Woman—well,
Woman has failed you utterly—try Man.
Give him one chance, it's only fair—besides,
Women are far too precious, too divine
To try unproven theories upon.
Experiments, the proverb says, are made
On humble subjects—try our grosser clay,
And mould it as you will! kneels

CYR. LC. Remember, too,
Dear Madam, if at any time you feel,
A-weary of the Prince, you can return
To Castle Adamant, and rule your girls
As heretofore, you know.

Gama down L of Princess

PRIN. And shall I find
The Lady Psyche here?

PSY. If Cyril, ma'am,
Does not behave himself, I think you will.

PRIN. And you, Melissa, shall I find *you* here?

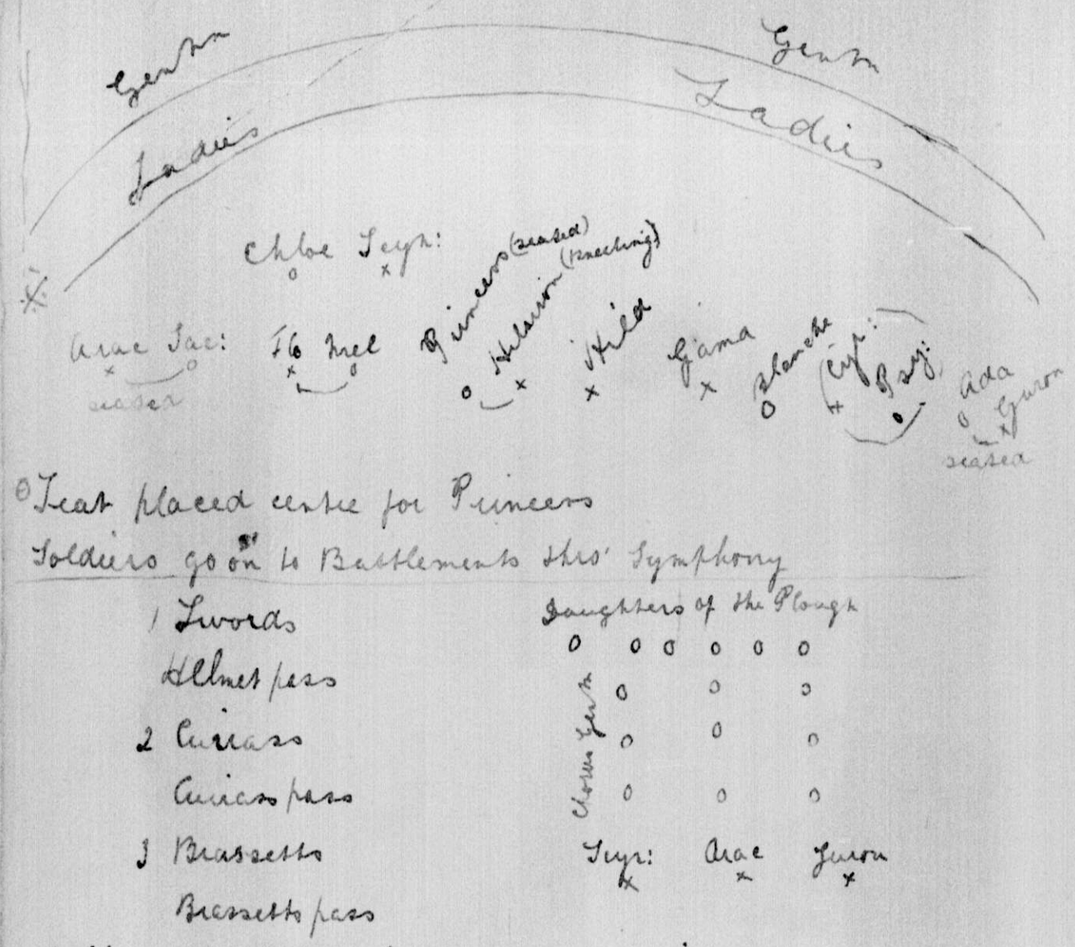
MEL. Madam, however Florian turns out,
Unhesitatingly I answer, No!

coming down GAMA. Consider this, my love, if your mama
Had looked on matters from your point of view
(I wish she had), why where would you have been?

BLA. There's an unbounded field of speculation,
On which I could discourse for hours!

Gama up to Hild at back

PRIN. No doubt!
We will not trouble you. Hilarion,
I have been wrong—I see my error now.
Take me, Hilarion—"We will walk the world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end!
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows! Indeed, I love thee—Come!"



Seat placed centre for Princess

Soldiers go on to Battlements this Symphony

1 Swords	Daughters of the Plough				
Helmets pass					
2 Cuirass	Chorus Gent				
Cuirass pass					
3 Brassetts	Tyr:	Arac	Guron		
Brassetts pass					

4 Chorus Gent. the three next to the Knights pass they are engaged Swords Helmets Brassetts &c to the behind them & assist in unstrapping & give each a fighting sword from their scabbards the last thing.

FINALE.

PRINCESS. With joy abiding,
Together gliding
Through life's variety
In sweet society,
And thus enthroning
The love I'm owning,
On this atoning
I will rely!

CHORUS. It were profanity
For poor humanity
To treat as vanity
The sway of Love,
In no locality
Or principality
Is our mortality
Its sway above!

HILARION. When day is fading,
With serenading
And such frivolity
Of tender quality—
With scented showers
Of fairest flowers,
The happy hours
Will gaily fly!

CHOR. It were profanity, &c.

CURTAIN.

Henderson, Rait, & Spalding, Printers, 3 & 5, Marylebone Lane, London, W.

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W. S. Gilbert

Grim's Dyke

Harrow Weald —

&

Savoy Theatre.

Strand

W.C.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Property Plot

Act I

24 folded fans for Chorus Ladies

20 do: — do: Gent:

4 do for Yum-Yum. Pitti-Sing. Peep-Bo & Katisha.

5 do for Ko-Ko. Pooh-Bah. Mikado. Pish-Tush. Nanki-Poo

1 Guitar for Nanki-Poo. L U E

A Bundle of Ballads for Nanki-Poo

Sword of State for Ko-Ko. L 3 E

6 Strings of Coins - Copper or Brass for Nanki-Poo & Ko-Ko.

Flowers & pins for Ladies Hair

A Rope for Nanki-Poo L

Double seat R.C.

Single seat L.C.

A Letter for Pish-Tush L U E wrapped in Silk

Act II

3 Guitars for Chorus Ladies. (Nanki-Poo's to be one)

1 Looking Glass on Stand L.C.

1 Japanese Comb & Hair Pins Peep-Bo.

2 Paint brushes L C Pitti-Sing

1 Bowl & Colours

1 Umbrella L U E to be carried by a chorister

6 Bannerettes for men in armour L

Property Plot (continued)

Act II

6 Iron poles with rings for Coolies L

1 Scroll for Pooh. Bah R U E

Luggage for Nanki-Poo R U E

Certificate of Death. Pooh. Bah.

57

An entirely New and Original Japanese Opera,

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

THE MIKADO;

OR,

THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT,

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Joint Authors of "Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Old": "Trial by Jury": "The Sorcerer": "H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor": "The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty"; "Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride": "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri": and "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant."

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET, W.

CITY BRANCH—15, POULTRY, E.C.

Produced at The Savoy Theatre, London, on Saturday, 14th March, 1885, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte.

Dramatis Personæ.

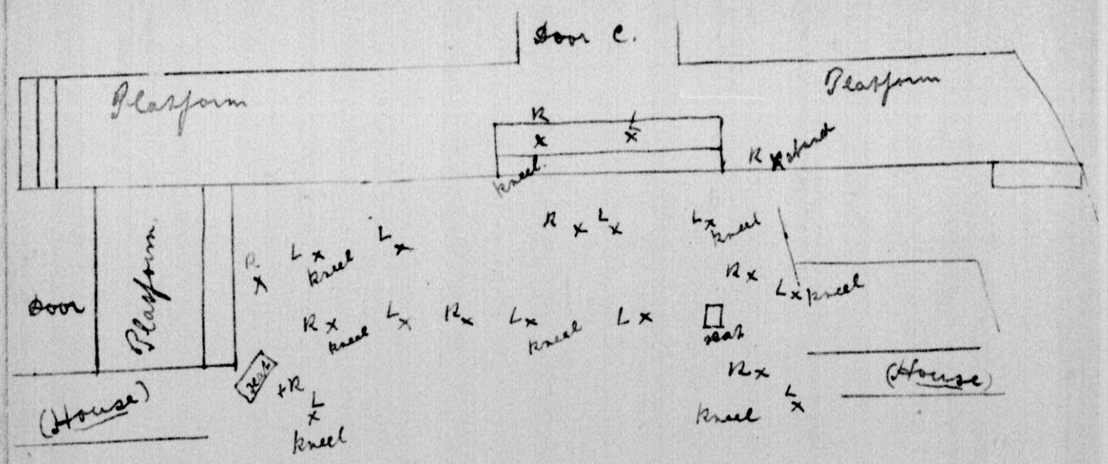
THE MIKADO OF JAPAN	Mr. R. TEMPLE.
NANKI-POO (*His Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with* YUM-YUM)	Mr. DURWARD LELY.
KO-KO (*Lord High Executioner of Titipu*) ..	Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
POOH-BAH (*Lord High Everything Else*) ..	Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON.
PISH-TUSH (*a Noble Lord*)	Mr. FREDERICK BOVILL.
YUM-YUM	Miss LEONORA BRAHAM.
PITTI-SING } *Three Sisters—Wards of* KO-KO..	Miss JESSIE BOND.
PEEP-BO	Miss SYBIL GREY.
KATISHA (*an elderly Lady, in love with* NANKI-POO)	Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM.

CHORUS OF SCHOOL-GIRLS, NOBLES, GUARDS, AND COOLIES.

ACT I.—Court-yard of Ko-Ko's official residence
ACT II.—Ko-Ko's Garden. .. .. .. } Mr. HAWES CRAVEN.

The incidental dances by Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN. The ladies' dresses from Messrs. LIBERTY & Co. The gentlemen's dresses designed by Mr. WILHELM, from Japanese authorities, and executed by AUGUSTE & Co.

The Management desires to acknowledge the valuable assistance afforded by the directors and native inhabitants of the "Japanese Village," Knightsbridge.



At "If you think it ain't" those seated rise in one movement + those immediately over them sit and at "Court Etiquette" change to original positions – At end of chorus form diagonal lines on either side of stage Basses R – Tenors L leaving centre open all facing front as Nanki-Poo enters at back. At "Gentlemen" all strike attitude of surprise bringing the fans smartly up in a line with the elbow + look in direction of Nanki-poo – Gent.ⁿ on R have fans in left hand + R hand up level with the shoulder + those on L have fans in R hand + left hand up.

(1) Chorus Gentlemen
Nanki. Poo
Pish. Tush + Pooh Bah

Door open at Back
till Pooh. Bah enters

THE MIKADO;

OR,

THE TOWN OF TITIPU.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Court-yard of* Ko-Ko's *Palace in Titipu. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.*

CHORUS.

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar—
On many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint:
Our attitudes queer and quaint—
You're wrong if you think it ain't.

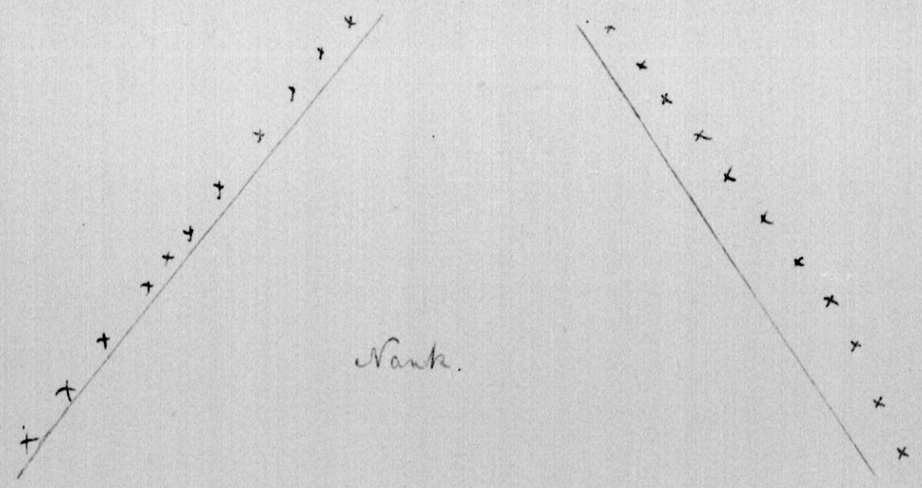
change position at end of word (four bars)

If you think we are worked by strings,
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don't understand these things:
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can't keep it up all day long?
If that's your idea, you're wrong.

change to original position (2 bars)

Ex door at back.

Enter Nanki-Poo *in great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back, and a bundle of ballads in his hand.*



All imitate actions of Nanki-Poo through the first part of song

Chorus open out

✱ Sailor action through this

4

RECIT.—NANKI-POO.

Chorus strike attitude
Gentlemen, I pray you tell me,
gentle Where a ~~lovely~~ maiden dwelleth,
Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko?
looking L In pity speak—oh speak, I pray you!

R corner—A NOBLE. Why, who are you who ask this question?

NANK. C Come gather round me, and I'll tell you. drop fans & close up

SONG.—NANKI-POO.

All fan slowly in time thro' this
A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!

Fans put away
Are you in sentimental mood? all assent
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, ~~willow~~, ~~willow~~! sorrow all sympathize
all raise arms On maiden's coldness do you brood? clash hands
I'll do so, too—
Oh, ~~willow~~, ~~willow~~! sorrow
all raise arms I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lover's fears, clash hands
While sympathetic tears touch eyes
My cheeks bedew—
all raise arms Oh, ~~willow~~, ~~willow~~! sorrow heads down

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted, all assent
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—
chorus repeat And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled. trembled with alarm
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

✱ And if you call for a song of the sea, all delighted
We'll heave the capstan round, smack. hitch
With a yeo heave ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
Yeo-ho—heave ho— rousing action twice off.
chorus Hurrah for the homeward bound! waving arms

As the last "yeo heave ho" all do the rowing action four times R & L alternately both sides commencing off the stage & then do the hauling action for eight beats finishing with the smack & kiss

Nank × Pish ×

Chorus grouped up Stage

Nank × Pish ×

BRITISH MUSEUM

(2) Pooh Bah

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yeo ho!
And his arm around her waist!

Chorus Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo heave ho,
And a rumbelow,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

All resume fanning A wandering minstrel I, &c.

Enter PISH-TUSH.

Enter by door C

PISH. And what may be your business with Yum-Yum

Bows NANK. I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office, I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I saw that my suit was hopeless. Overwhelmed with despair, I quitted the town. Judge of my delight when I heard, a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

Chorus go up stage & group

PISH. It is true that Ko-Ko was condemned to death for flirting, but he was reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of Lord High Executioner under the following remarkable circumstances:—

SONG.—PISH TUSH.

Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered, or winked,
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be beheaded.

Chorus come down Theo: Symphony

Chorus come down towards end of 1st Verse

At end of song chorus exit R + L by nearest entrances

Pish × Nank ×

Pish × Pooh. × Nank ×

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree. all assent
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be!

Chorus. come to semicircle And I expect, &c.

2 V This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land;
For young and old
And shy and bold
Were equally affected.
The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—
He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect, all assent
That he was right to so object.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And everything is quite correct!

Chorus. And you'll allow, as I expect, &c.

3rd V And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the county jail,
Whose head was next
On some pretext
Condemnëd to be mown off,
And made *him* Headsman, for we said
"Who's next to be decapited
Cannot cut off another's head
Until he's cut his own off."

And we are right, I think you'll say, all assent
To argue in this kind of way.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right—too-looral-lay! × R

Chorus. exit R + L And they were right, &c.

[*Exeunt Chorus* R + L

Enter Pooh-Bah. by door at back

Nank. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu!
Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain! (kneels to Pooh. Bah)

Door at back closed

Pish Pooh Nank

Pish Pooh Nank

(3) Ito-Ito Coolies & Chorus Gentlemen

7

Pooh. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge, who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

Nank. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

Nank gets up

Pooh. Pray Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering. But I struggle hard to overcome this defect. I mortify my pride continually. When all the great officers of State resigned in a body, because they were too proud to serve under an ex-tailor, did I not unhesitatingly accept all their posts at once?

Pish. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

Pooh. It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this upstart as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the ~~Back Stairs~~ chamber, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it.

(humbly)

Nank. And it does you credit.

Pooh. But I don't stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly. I also retail State secrets at a very low figure. For instance, any further information about Yum-Yum would come under the head of a State secret. (Nanki-Poo *takes the hint, and gives him money.*) (*Aside*) Another insult, and I think a light one!

SONG.—Pooh-Bah.

Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum-Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do:
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner! Nank. surprised

Pish Pooh Nank

Pish Pooh Nank
× nakia

Pooh Nank

Pooh-Bah + Pish-Tush exit R 2 E.
Nanki-Poo exit L 2 E

Chorus girls enter R + L across platform. down centre to footlights + turn into places in line.

(see over leaf) ##

8

This very day
From school Yum-Yum
Will wend her way,
And homeward come
With beat of drum,
And a rum-tum-tum,
To wed the Lord High Executioner!
And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray, cymbals
And they'll cut a dash trumpets
On their wedding day.
From what I say, you may infer
It's as good as a play for him and her
She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

2nd D It's a hopeless case,
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd flee;
But don't blame me—
I'm sorry to be
Of your pleasure a diminutioner.
They'll vow their pact
Extremely soon,
In point of fact
This afternoon
Her honeymoon
With that buffoon
At seven, commences, so *you* shun her!

All. The brass will crash, &c. same bars

Recit. Pish: exit R.

Nank. And have I journeyed for a month, or nearly,
To learn that Yum-yum, whom I love so dearly,
This day to Ko-ko is to be united!

Pooh. The fact appears to be as you've recited:
But here he comes, equipped as suits his station;
He'll give you any further information.

goes up looking off L

Enter Ko-Ko, *attended.* by a boy + six coolies

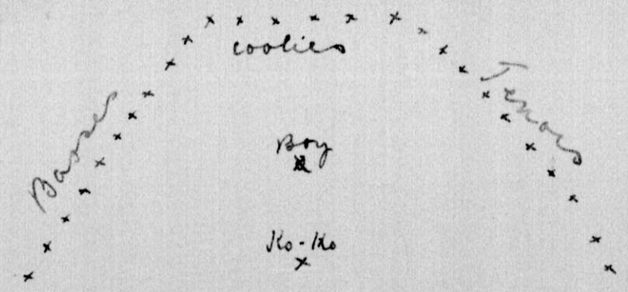
Chorus.

chorus in places

Behold the Lord High Executioner!
A personage of noble rank and title—
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital. chop as with axe
Defer, defer, all bow
To the noble Lord High Executioner. arms up + open out

Ko-Ko enters followed by coolies

#



At each "Lifer" chorus bow with hands on knees

X Ko-Ko carries sword resting on his right side and hands it to Boy towards the end of chorus-

Ko-Ko goes round by the left between verses

(4)
Chorus & exit
Yum. Yum
Pitching & Deep-Yes

9

Boy kneels + head down

Solo Ko-Ko.

Taken from the county jail
By a set of curious chances;
Liberated then on bail,
On my own recognizances;
Wafted by a favouring gale
As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale,
Save by long and weary dances:
Surely, never had a male
Under such like circumstances
So adventurous a tale,
Which may rank with most romances.

all hands on knees through this

X

CHORUS.

Behold the Lord High Executioner, &c.

Ko. Gentlemen,—I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally, I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose deaths will be a distinct gain to society at large.

all Eh! hands on knees .. Eh! affects me gone Eh!

Enter POOH-BAH.

SONG.—Ko-Ko.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of ~~social~~ society offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—
All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—
All ~~persons~~ people who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*—
And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS. He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed,—They'll none of 'em be missed.

2nd V

Then ~~There's~~ the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
~~And~~ the piano organist—I've got him on the list!
~~And the~~ people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!
And ~~Then~~ the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
Every ~~All~~ centuries but this, and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And "who doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try;
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm *sure* she'd not be missed!

For the Encore Ko-Ko indicates as "apologetic statesmen" Lawson, Randolph Churchill, Chamberlain & Gladstone

* Chorus exit by nearest entrances at the end of Encore
Boy goes off R U E also Coolies 3. R. 3 L

Re-enter Pooh-Bah R 2 E

Ko-Ko. Pooh

In the event of no Encore Ko-Ko says the following lines to get the Chorus off.
"Gentlemen I expect my three beautiful words, Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, & Peep-Bo in a few minutes. If you would kindly go & receive them with a show of abject deference. I should feel obliged." — Ch

Ko-Ko. Pooh

Ko-Ko. Pooh

As they cross stage R Pooh gets to the right of Ko-Ko both look L to see that the Chancellor's gone

Pooh Ko-Ko

Let public curse the Parliamentary obstructionist —
The pretty little Posh raiter & the "scorching" bicyclist —
And that cruel but comic coward, the defaulter John Chinaman —
We've taught him all the lessons that a single sitting can.
But if Europe were agreed the 10 malefactors need to bust,
I don't think we'd be missed — I don't think we'd be missed.

Chorus. He's got her on the list—he's got her on the list;
And I don't think she'll be missed—I'm *sure* she'll not be missed!

And that *Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The Judicial humorist—I've got *him* on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as—what d'ye call him—Thing'em bob, and likewise Never Mind,
And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to *you*.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

go up as before

*# **Chorus.** You may put 'em on the list—you may put 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

Chorus exit R & L

Ko. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

Pooh. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary?

Ko. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

Pooh. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

Ko. Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

Pooh. As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

Ko. Oh. But you said just now "don't stint yourself, do it well."

Pooh. As Private Secretary.

Ko. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

Pooh. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Ko. I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us (*they cross stage*). Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

Pooh. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying "chance it ——"

Ko. Thank you (*shaking his hand*). I will. going

× Both cross L, same business as before.

Ko-Ko × Pooh ×

Enter chorus Ladies from back in twos and trip or shuffle down to the footlights and turn outwards in two + form two lines across the stage odd numbers in front + even numbers behind

2 4 6 8 10 12 12 10 8 6 4 2

1 3 5 7 9 11 11 9 7 5 3 1

At the end of Chorus the ladies form semicircle the front row going R + the back row going L but leaving centre open for of Yum-Yum Peep-Bo + Pitti-Sing - the three come down to footlights through symphony very tastefully - + throw their fans open twice while coming down

Peep Yum. Pitti

(5) Ko-Ko Pooh-Bah + Nanki-Poo + Pish-Tush

11

Pooh. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

× **Ko.** I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us (*they cross the stage*). Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

Pooh. Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts, that as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police

Ko. That's extremely awkward. going R. Pooh-Bah stops him

Pooh. I don't say that all these people couldn't be squared; but it is right to tell you that I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted with a very considerable bribe. They would! / their / They were!

Ko. The matter shall have my careful consideration. But, my bride and her sisters approach, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic Japanese attitude, would be esteemed a favour. bribes him with money

Pooh. I shall do nothing of the kind. Pooh exit R 2 E. Ko-Ko exit R 2 E.

Ko-Ko. You'll be insulted in the street, eg.

Enter procession of **Yum-Yum's** *schoolfellows, heralding* **Yum-Yum**, **Peep-Bo**, *and* **Pitti Sing**.

Door open till Yum-Yum enters

All fans open

CHORUS.

Comes a train of little ladies curtsey. fans closed
From scholastic trammels free,
Each a little bit afraid is, curtsey
Wondering what the world can be!

Is it but a world of trouble— raising arms
Sadness set to song?
Is its beauty but a bubble
Bound to break ere long?

Are its palaces and pleasures
Fantasies that fade?
And the glory of its treasures
Shadow of a shade?

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under, curtsey
From scholastic trammels free, curtsey
And we wonder—how we wonder!—
What on earth the world can be!

#
Chorus keep fans going with the music thro this Trio 1st 4 fans R & L alternately then attitude & curtsey 2nd 4 fans to the front - 2 attitudes & curtsey & turn into places up stage by the lights.. this dance is fully described at the end.

X- Trio symphony! Pitti-Sing & Peep-Bo whisper in Yum Yum's ear & she affects great amusement but suddenly resumes her gravity

Pitti Yum Peep

At the end the three go up stage & finish at end of Symphony

Pitti Yum Peep

Re-enter Ko-Ko & Pooh-Bah R - and Nanki-Poo L unobserved -

The chorus Ladies turn half to the left with right foot forward & fans to left shoulder as the sing "Three" & "Come" they bring their fans straight to the front as the word "Freed" take attitude & then curtsey till the end of symphony.

All three turn up stage by the lights, swing first to the right finishing in this place for Ko-Ko's entrance.

Pooh Ko-Ko Pitti Yum Peep Nanki

X Yum-Yum comes very bashfully towards Ko-Ko & just before reaching him covers her face with her fan & winks knowingly to Pitti & Peep & instantly resumes her bashfulness

Pooh Ko-Ko Yum Pitti Peep Nanki

12

Doors closed

TRIO.

YUM-YUM, PEEP-Bo, *and* PITTI-SING.

fans closed. THE THREE. Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school! all three curtsey

YUM-YUM. Everything is a source of fun. (*Chuckle.*) & whisper to Pitti-Sing

PEEP-BO. Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*Chuckle.*) & whisper to Yum-Yum.

PITTI-SING. Life is a joke that's just begun! (*Chuckle.*)

THE THREE. Three little maids from school! curtsey

ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary, dancing
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

X THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school! curtsey & back up stage

coming forward YUM-YUM. One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum—curtsey & whisper to one another

do: PEEP-BO. Two little maids in attendance come—curtsey

do: PITTI-SING. Three little maids is the total sum. curtsey

THE THREE. Three little maids from school! curtsey

YUM-YUM. From three little maids take one away— go R & back to place round Peep-Bo

PEEP-BO. Two little maids remain, and they— go L & round Pitti-Sing

PITTI-SING. Won't have to wait very long, they say— go R & into Peep-Bo's place.

THE THREE. Three little maids from school! curtsey

ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids who, all unwary, dance
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—

:|: THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school!

KO. At last, my bride that is to be! (*About to embrace her.*) all fans up

YUM. You're not going to kiss me before all these people?

KO. Well, that was the idea.

YUM. (*aside to* PEEP-BO). It seems odd, don't it whisper in twos

PEEP. It's rather peculiar.

PITTI. Oh, I expect it's all right. Must have a beginning, you know.

YUM. Well, of course I know nothing about these things; but I've no objection if it's usual. fans down

KO. Oh, it's quite usual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (*Appealing to* POOH-BAH.)

POOH. I have known it done. (KO-KO *embraces her.*) fans up

Yum Nank
Pitti Peep

Pooh Ko-Ko Yum Pitti Nank Peep

Pooh Ko-Ko Yum Pitti Nank Peep

Pooh Pitti Yum Peep Ko-Ko Nank Pish-Tush

as "It's alive" the three go L

X Pooh Ko-Ko Pitti Yum Peep

Enter Pish-Tush L 2 E

Thank goodness

YUM. That's over! (*Sees* NANKI-POO, *and rushes to him.*) Why, that's never you? (*The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.*)

YUM. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and I'm right at the top of the school, and I've got three prizes, and I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

PEEP. And have you got an engagement?—Yum-Yum's got one, but she don't like it, and she'd ever so much rather it was you. I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

PITTI. Now tell us all the news, because you go about everywhere, and we've been at school, but thank goodness that's all over now, and we've come home for good, and we're not going back any more!

(*These three speeches are spoken together in one breath*).

KO. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

YUM. Oh, this is the musician who used—
PEEP. Oh, this is the gentleman who used—
PITTI. Oh, it is only Nanki-Poo who used—

KO. One at a time, if you please.

All. He's

YUM. He's the gentleman who use to play so beautifully on the— on the—

PITTI. On the Marine Parade.

YUM. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

comes forward & kneels

NANK. Sir, I have the misfortune to love your ward, Yum-Yum—oh, I know I deserve your anger! (the three go R to Pooh)

#

KO. Anger! not a bit, my boy. Why, I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Taking little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. Good bye (*to* PISH-TUSH). Take him away. (PISH-TUSH *removes him*). (Yum-Yum expresses consternation)

Nank gets up

PITTI (*who has been examining* POOH-BAH). I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try on?

KO. That is a Tremendous Swell. (*She starts back in alarm*). (touching Pooh-Bah) It's alive!! (all start)

POOH. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dears. (the three go L) in pouts

all laugh
fans up

X coming R

all laugh R, fans up

KO. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah. These are my three wards. The one in the middle is my bride elect.

POOH. What do you want me to do to them? Mind, I *will not* kiss them.

KO. No, no, you sha'n't kiss them: a little bow—a mere nothing—you needn't mean it, you know.

the three laugh

POOH. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons. the three laugh

fans up

Pooh Pitti Yum Peep Ko-Ko

As "Girls" the three curtsey
as "ancestor" the three turn to go back to left

Pooh Ko-Ko Pitti Yum Peep

Pooh Pitti Yum Peep

The three for the dance take four steps down the stage their faces up to R shoulder - starting with the R foot & then pass their faces from R to L four times - faces facing front then bring their faces to the left side & pass their first left hands in a similar manner three times to left corner & back to centre (up stage &)

Pitti Yum Peep

#

Peep Yum Pitti Pooh

Chorus exit through symphony the left half cross front of stage & off R 1 E the right half off L 3 E.

Yum

*and dance through symphony: as in the 2nd verse of the "Three little maids" that is Yum faces to front then turn & face Pooh-Bah & make & make three movements & curtsey

#Chorus change sides - the left half going right by the back of stage the right half going L & remain in places with hands on knees till Pooh-Bah begins. Ko. The three go a little left & back looking at Pooh-Bah till he begins singing then start back & get round behind him thus — #

(6)
Nanki-Poo

(Ko-Ko introduces all the girls to Pooh)

Ko. Come, come, make an effort, there's a good nobleman.

Pooh. (*Aside to* Ko-Ko.) Well, I sha'n't mean it (*with a great effort*). How de do, how de do, little girls! (*Aside*). Oh my proto-plasmal ancestor! (all laugh) — all laugh & get L

(pointing to Pooh)

Ko. That's very good. (*Girls indulge in suppressed laughter*).

Pooh. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to say "How de do, how de do, little girls," to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying "How de do, how de do, little girls" to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker. (all laugh) (he can't help it) — all laugh

Ko. (*Aside to girls*). Don't laugh at him—he's under treatment for it. (*Aside to* Pooh-Bah). Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

Pooh. We know how delicate it is, don't we?

Ko. I should think we did! How a nobleman of your importance can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand.

(Ko-Ko *retires up and goes off*). L 3 E

(Three together go up & down stage during sym. faces each other turning to the right always)

QUARTET AND CHORUS. — Pooh goes centre thro' to Yum.

YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING.

So please you, sir, we much regret — faces closed as they sing
If we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high—
We shall know better by and bye.

For repeat see * — Yum — But youth, of course, must have its fling, — going in front of Pitti sing
So pardon us, — all three curtsey
So pardon us, — curtsey

Pitti — And don't, in girlhood's happy spring, — going in front of Yum
Be hard on us, — curtsey
Be hard on us — curtsey

If we're disposed to dance and sing,
Tra la la, &c. (*dancing*). — run L & back R finish with hands on knees

CHORUS OF GIRLS. But youth, of course, &c.

POOH. I think you ought to recollect — all get up
You cannot show too much respect
Towards the highly-titled few;
But nobody does, and why should you?
That youth at us should have its fling,
Is hard on us,
Is hard on us; — the three dance thro' this as before.
To our prerogative we cling—
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
If we decline to dance and sing—
Tra la la, &c. (*dancing.*)

Pitti sing & Pooh-Bah go off L
Peep. Bo off R.

Yum Nank

Yum Nank

BRITISH MUSEUM

Chorus of Girls. But youth, of course, must have its fling, &c.

Exeunt all but **Yum-Yum.**

Enter **Nanki-Poo.** L 2 E

Nank. Yum-Yum, at last ~~we are alone~~ I find you! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

Yum. Alas, yes!

Nank. But you do not love him?

Yum. Alas, no!

Nank. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

Yum. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you!

Nank. But I would wait until you were of age!

Yum. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

Nank. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

Yum. Besides—a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner. goes up stage

Nank. But— (*Aside*) Shall I tell her? Yes! She will not betray me! (*Aloud.*) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician!

Yum. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

Bringing her down

Nank. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of his Majesty the Mikado?

kneels **Yum.** The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

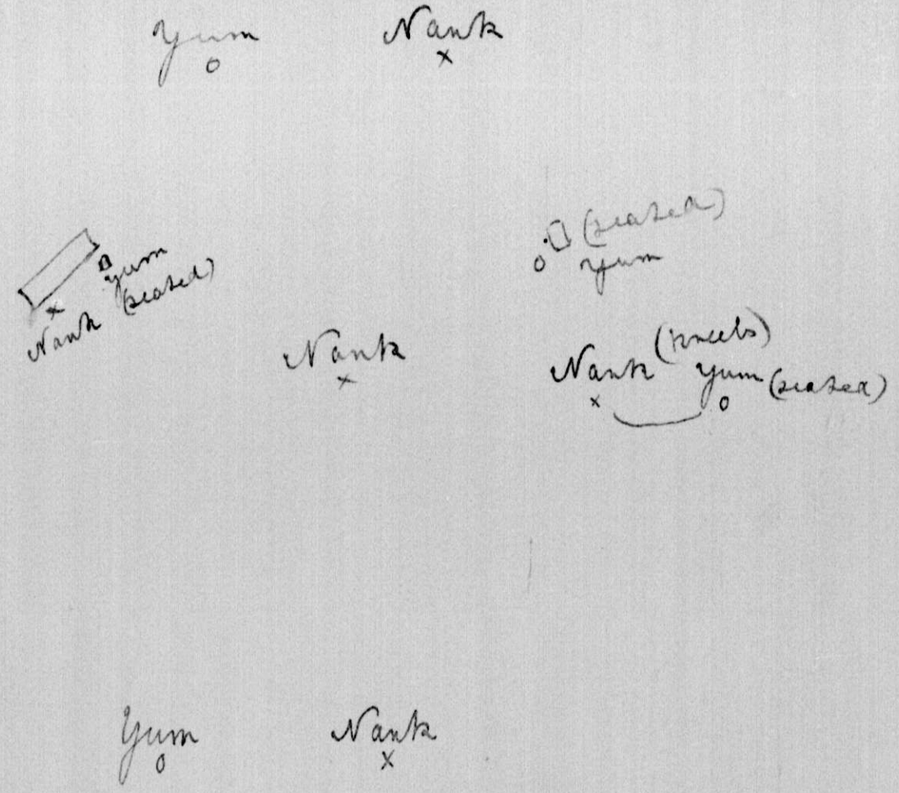
raising her

Nank. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (*Approaching her*).

getting away from him a little

Yum. (*retreating*). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

Nank. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.



(?) Ko-Ko + Pish-Tush + Pooh-Bah.

Nank:- yes it is capital

Yum. Still that don't make it right. To flirt is ~~illegal~~ capital, and we must obey the law.

Nank. Deuce take the law!

Yum. I wish it would, but it won't! going up

Nank. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

sit R C **Yum.** Happy indeed!

Nank. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her*).

Yum. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage*). L C

Nank. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that (*Approaching and gazing at her sentimentally*).

Yum. Breathing vows of unutterable love—like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him*).

Nank. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her*).

Yum. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

Nank. If it wasn't for the law.

Yum. As it is, of course, we couldn't do anything of the kind. (kisses him)

Nank. Not for worlds! (kisses her)

Yum. Being engaged to Ko-ko, you know! (kisses him)

Nank. Being engaged to Ko-ko! (kisses her)

DUET.—Yum-Yum *and* Nanki-Poo.

Nank. (kneeling)

Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted,
I would say in tender tone,
"Loved one, let us be united—
Let us be each other's own!"
I would merge all rank and station,
Worldly sneers are nought to us,
And, to mark my admiration,
I would kiss you fondly thus— [*Kisses her*

Both.

I / He would kiss you / me fondly thus—(*kiss*).
I / He would kiss you / me fondly thus—(*kiss*).

Both get fing up

Yum.

But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko, X R
To embrace you thus, *con fuoco*,
Would distinctly be no *gioco*,
And for yam I should get toco—

Both. Toco, toco, toco, toco!

Yum o Nank x

Nank (seated) Yum

Yum (seated)

Nank x

Nank (kneels) x Yum (seated) o

Yum o Nank x

(7) Ko-Ko + Pish-Tush + Pooh-Bah

capital Nank:- yes it is (capital

YUM. Still that don't make it right. To flirt is ~~illegal~~, and we must obey the law.

NANK. Deuce take the law!

YUM. I wish it would, but it won't! going up

NANK. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

sit RC YUM. Happy indeed!

NANK. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her*).

YUM. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage*). LC

NANK. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that (*Approaching and gazing at her sentimentally*).

YUM. Breathing vows of unutterable love—like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him*).

NANK. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her*).

YUM. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

NANK. If it wasn't for the law.

YUM. As it is, of course, we couldn't do anything of the kind. (kisses him)

NANK. Not for worlds! (kisses her)

YUM. Being engaged to Ko-ko, you know! (kisses him)

NANK. Being engaged to Ko-ko! (kisses her)

DUET.—YUM-YUM *and* NANKI-POO.

NANK. (kneeling)

Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted,
I would say in tender tone,
"Loved one, let us be united—
Let us be each other's own!"
I would merge all rank and station,
Worldly sneers are nought to us,
And, to mark my admiration,
I would kiss you fondly thus— [*Kisses her.*

BOTH.

I / He would kiss you / me fondly thus—(*kiss*).
I / He would kiss you / me fondly thus—(*kiss*).

Both get to ing up

YUM. But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko, X R
To embrace you thus, *con fuoco*,
Would distinctly be no *gioco*,
And for yam I should get toco—

BOTH. Toco, toco, toco, toco!

Yum-Yum off R. Nank off L

Pish-Tush & Pooh-Bah enter by door at back. Pish-Tush takes letter from silk cover places it to his forehead then hands it to Ko-Ko who also places it to his forehead before reading it

Ko-Ko (seated)

Pish (seated)

Pooh (seated)

NANK. So, in spite of all temptation,
Such a theme I'll not discuss,
And on no consideration
Will I kiss you fondly thus—(*kissing her*)
Let me make it clear to you,
This, oh this, oh this, oh this (*kissing her*)
This is what I'll never do!
(*Exeunt in opposite directions.*)

joining
getting away
meet + kiss

Enter KO-KO. L 2 E

KO. (*Looking after* YUM-YUM). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony!— (*Enter* POOH-BAH AND PISH-TUSH.) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

PISH. We are the bearer of a letter from His Majesty the Mikado.

KO. (*Taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month, the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

sooner or later

all three sir

PISH. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

KO. Yes. There's no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody. The only question is, who shall it be?

POOH. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to *you*.

KO. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself, Recorder!

POOH. Why not?

KO. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and, in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

POOH. That is so, no doubt.

PISH. We might reserve that point.

POOH. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the full Court.

KO. Besides, I don't see how a man *can* cut off his own head.

POOH. A man might try.

PISH. Even if you only succeeded in cutting it half off, that would be something.

POOH. It would be taken as an earnest of your desire to comply with the Imperial will.

Ko-Ko

Pish Pooh

Pish-Tush goes up Stage & comes down & touches Ko-Ko on shoulder in time for. "I heard on day &c"

(3rd Part) Pish Ko-Ko (1st & 2nd parts) Ko-Ko Pooh

Pish Ko-Ko Pooh

Fans are used with the music theo: this & at each time "big black block" occurs they are used as chopper. at end all three turn up stage and Pish-Tush goes off R. 3 E & Pooh-Bah off L 3 E

Ko-Ko

Ko. No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headsman, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result. gets up

Pooh. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to *you*, but it places us in a very awkward position. gets up

Ko. My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

Pish. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute—— gets up

Ko. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier (*to* Pooh-Bah) Pooh-Bah, I appoint you my substitute.

Pooh. I should like it above all things. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

TRIO.

2nd Ko-Ko.	1st Pooh-Bah.	3rd Pish-Tush.
My brain it teems	I am so proud,	I heard one day,
With endless schemes,	If I allowed	A gentleman say
Both good and new	My family pride	That criminals who
For Titipu;	To be my guide,	Are cut in two
But if I flit,	I'd volunteer	Can hardly feel
The benefit	To quit this sphere	The fatal steel,
That I'd diffuse	Instead of you,	And so are slain
The town would lose!	In a minute or two,	Without much pain.
Now every man	But family pride	If this is true
To aid his clan	Must be denied,	It's jolly for you;
Should plot and plan	And set aside,	Your courage screw
As well as he can,	And mortified,	To bid us adieu,
And so,	And so,	And go
# 1 Although	2 Although	3 And show
I'm ready to go,	I wish to go,	Both friend and foe
Yet recollect	And greatly pine	How much you dare.
'Twere disrespect	To brightly shine,	I'm quite aware
Did I neglect	And take the line	It's your affair,
To thus effect	Of a hero fine,	Yet I declare
This aim direct,	With grief condign	I'd take your share,
So I object—	I must decline—	ButIdon'tmuchcare—
So I object— (bows)	I must decline—	I don't much care—
So I object—	I must decline—	I don't much care—

All. To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

[*Exeunt all but* Ko-ko.

Ko. Ko

Nank (seated)

Ko. Ko Nank

(10)
Chorus Ladies
gentlemen
coolies
Yum. Pitti. Peep
Pooh. Bah. Pish. Tush
Katisha

(9)
Nan. Ko. Poo
with rope

Ko. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is this public gratitude? Is this —(*Enter* Nanki-Poo *with a rope in his hands*) Go away, sir! how dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

L 3 E

sits L C

Nank. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

Ko. What are you going to do with that rope?

Nank. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

Ko. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

Nank. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

Ko. Nonsense, sir. I wont permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard. goes up R

Nank. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

Runs down

Ko. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly.*) Why, you cold-blooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are committing a crime which—which—which is—Oh! (*Struck by an idea*).

gets up

Nank. What's the matter?

Ko. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

Nank. Absolutely!

Ko. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

Nank. Nothing.

Ko. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless?

Nank. All! My mind is made up.

Ko. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination—don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner!

Nank. I don't see how that would benefit me.

Ko. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession—bands—dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears—Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

Ko-Ko Nank

Nank Ko-Ko

Ko-Ko Nank

NANK. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

KO. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

NANK. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

KO. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily, and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life?

NANK. True.

KO. Life without Yum-Yum—why it seems absurd!

NANK. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

KO. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.

NANK. (*Suddenly*). I *wont* be of their number! (goes R)

KO. Noble fellow!

NANK. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum to-morrow, and in a month you may behead me.

KO. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

NANK. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I (*Preparing rope*). round neck

Taking gen a rope

KO. Stop, stop—listen one moment—be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself?

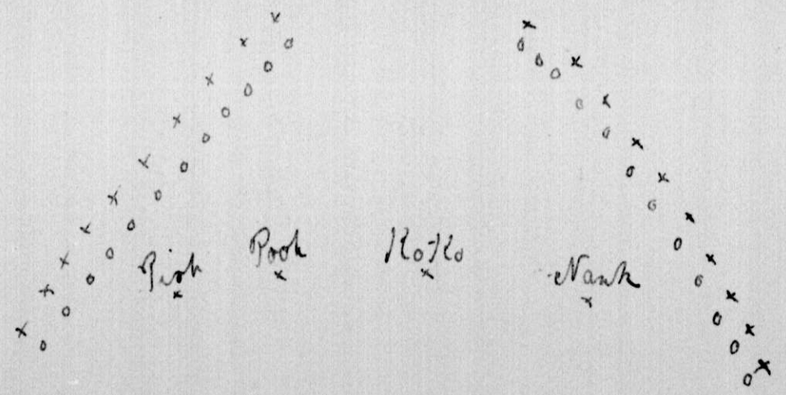
NANK. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

KO. That's true, of course. I quite see that, but, dear me, my position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant!

NANK. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

KO. But—dear me—well—I agree—after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you wont prejudice her against me, will you? You see I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

NANK. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me. goes L



Nank: walks round in a puppish manner and the Ladies as he approaches each one bows + looks admiringly at him

※ Yum - Pitti + Peep enter by door at back - chorus close up
Peep Yum Pitti

Exit Ko-Ko R Peep Pooh Yum Nank Pitti Pish

The solo. p 81 of score where Pooh-Bah + Pish begins. The chorus gents put arms up + down twice - then turn once - then sway with fan open in right shoulder three times R + L beginning to the right + turn again - then for the battle put both arms up palms outwards up to the end of Chorus - same bus for the repeat.
The Ladies fan up + down + three to their waists - four times (8 bars) then join hands and dance to + from R to L (6 bars) + then go round in twos back to back - for the battle all arms up. And thro: the Syms before Katisha's entrance - they run into lines of six across stage. bobbing twice with arms up + back into into picture for Katisha's entrance.

Enter chorus Ladies from door at back in twos
Enter chorus Gents by Platform at back R + L
The Ladies + Gents on the right dress the right of stage + those on the left dress the left half forming semicircle centre open.

FINALE.

Enter Chorus, Pooh-Bah, *and* Pish-Tush.

Chorus in places

CHORUS.

With aspect stern
And gloomy stride,
We come to learn
How you decide.

Pish-Tush enters R 2 E

Ko-Ko sits

Pooh-Bah enters by door C.

Don't hesitate
Your choice to name,
A dreadful fate
You'll suffer all the same.

Ko-Ko gets up

Pooh. To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.

Ko. Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!

All. The Japanese equivalent for Hear, Hear, Hear! three jumps

Ko (*Presenting him*). 'Tis Nanki-Pooh!

All. Hail, Nanki-Pooh! arms up

Ko. I think he'll do?

All. Yes, yes, he'll do!

Ko. He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender;
Now I adore that girl with passion tender,
And could not yield her with a ready will,
Or her allot,
If I did not
Adore myself with passion tenderer still!

Door closed till Katisha enters

※ All. Ah, yes!
He loves himself with passion tenderer still!

Enter Yum Pitti + Peep

Ko. (*to* Nanki-Poo). Take her—she's yours! hands Yum to Nank + Ko exit L

Enter Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, *and* Pitti-Sing.

Nank. *and* Yum-Yum. Oh, rapture!

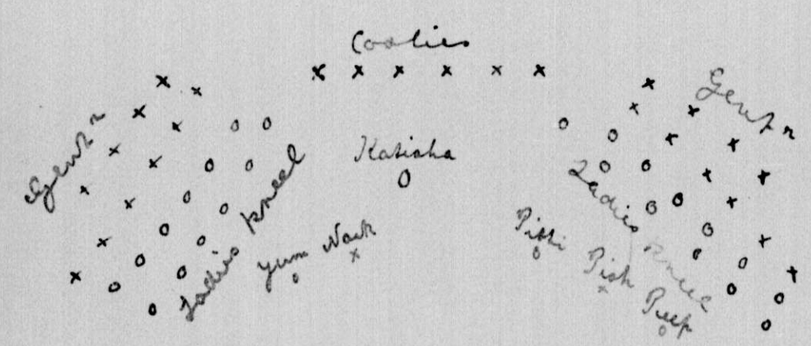
ENSEMBLE.

Yum-Yum *and* Nanki-Poo. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
There's yet a month of afternoon!

The chorus fan to the music through this

Peep Yum Pooh Nank Pitti Pish

At end of Dance Katisha enters & the following positions are taken up & all the Ladies shriek as she enters.



All affect great alarm Pish

Nank Kat Yum Pitti Peep

Chorus get back to places at "ill favoured one" in semicircle

Pish

Nank Kat Yum Pitti Peep

Coolies ready by door at back (closed) + Katisha

Then let the throng
Our joy advance, Ladies swing R
With laughing song, Gents " L
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our brief career!

CHORUS. Then let the throng, &c. Principals dance round one another during chorus

PITTI-SING. A day, a week, a month, a year—
Or be it far, or be it near,
Pooh Life's eventime comes much too soon,
You'll live at least a honeymoon!

ALL. Then let the throng, &c. Principals dance as before

#

SOLO.—POOH-BAH.

As in ~~three weeks~~ a month you've got to die,
If Ko-ko tells us true,
'Twere empty compliment to cry
Long life to Nanki-Poo!
But as you've got ~~three weeks~~ a month to live
As fellow citizen,
This toast with three times three we'll give—
"Long life to you—till then!" all listen to cadenza

Exit Pooh-Bah RIE Peep-Bo hiesto detain him

CHORUS.
May all good fortune prosper you,
May you have health and riches too,
May you succeed in all you do.
Long life to you—till then!

DANCE.

Enter KATISHA melodramatically. by door C. Door remains open

Chorus Ladies kneel

KAT. Your revels cease—assist me all of you!

CHORUS. Why, who is this whose evil eyes
Rain blight on our festivities?

KAT. I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo!
Oh, fool! to shun delights that never cloy!
Come back, oh, shallow fool! come back to joy!

CHORUS. Go, leave thy deadly work undone;
Away, away! ill-favoured one! Ladies get up back to place in semicircle

NANK. (*Aside to* YUM-YUM). Ah!
'Tis Katisha!
The maid of whom I told you (*About to go*)

KAT. (*Detaining him*). No!
You shall not go,
These arms shall thus enfold you!

Yum x L

FF

Pish

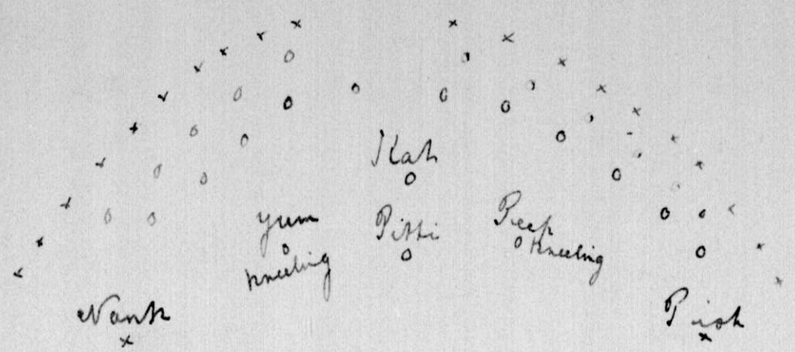
Nank Kat Yum Pitti Peep

Yum gets R by back Pish-Tush gets L

Yum Nank Kat Pitti Peep Pish

Nank Pish Kat Yum Pitti Peep

For this chorus the ladies form double circle the front rank kneel + the three principal ladies kneel also



so that Katisha is surrounded and as she attempts to make her escape so all put their arms up + form a barrier — at the end of the chorus all get up + slowly form groups up the stage + keeping their heads turned towards Katisha

23

SONG.—KATISHA.

(*Addressing* NANKI-POO). Oh fool, that flecst — all lean forward
My hallowed joys!
Oh blind, that seest
No equipoise!
Oh rash, that judgest
From half, the whole!
Oh base, that grudgest
Love's lightest dole!
Thy heart unbind,
Oh fool, oh blind! — in twos
Give me my place,
Oh rash, oh base! — change twos

all sympathizing + listen

CHORUS. If she's thy bride, restore her place,
Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base! — action - arms + right legs out.

KAT. (*Addressing* YUM-YUM). Pink cheek, that rulest
Where wisdom serves!
Bright eye, that foolest
Heroic ~~Steel-tempered~~ nerves;
Rose-lip, that scornest
Lore-laden years—
Sweet tongue, that warnest
Who rightly hears—
Thy doom is nigh,
the three kneel — Pink cheek, bright eye! — in twos
Thy knell is rung,
also Nank + Pish — Rose-lip, sweet tongue — in twos

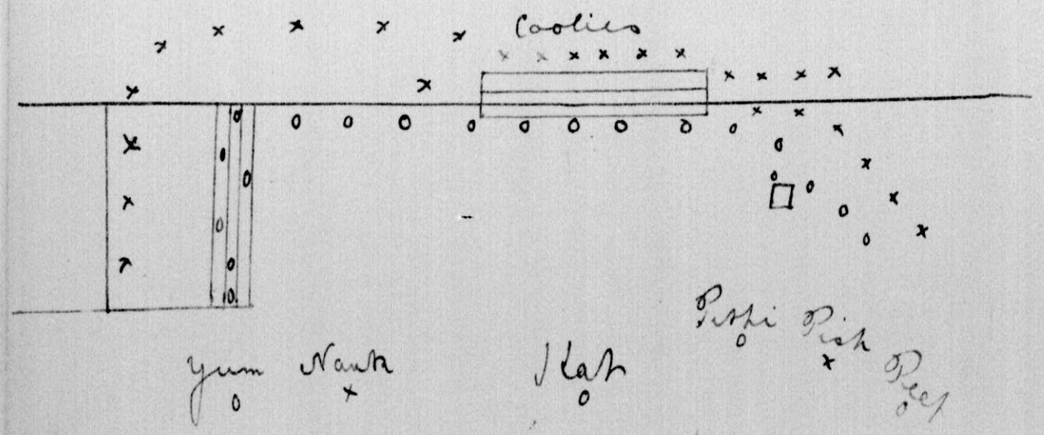
CHORUS. If true her tale, thy knell is rung, — action - all lean forward
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet tongue!

PITTI-SING. Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your connubial views
Towards the person you accuse
Does not concern us!
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum— — Pitti dances R.
Yum-Yum!

ladies hand on knees

ALL.
PITTI. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb— — fan
Cumb—cumb!

ALL.
PITTI. And join our expressions of glee,
On this subject I pray you be dumb—



At end of solo all resume semicircle at "Nominstrel he"
Pitti + Peep get on either on Katisha + take hold of her - she throws them off

Nank Pitti Kat Peep Pish Yum

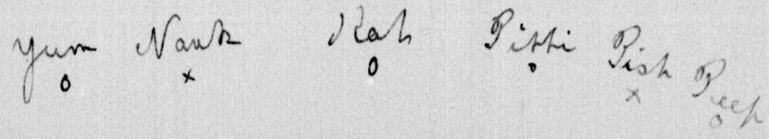
ALL. Dumb—dumb.
PITTI. You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is, "Mum"—
ALL. Mum—mum!
PITTI. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
ALL. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
And you'll find there are many, &c

SOLO —KATISHA.

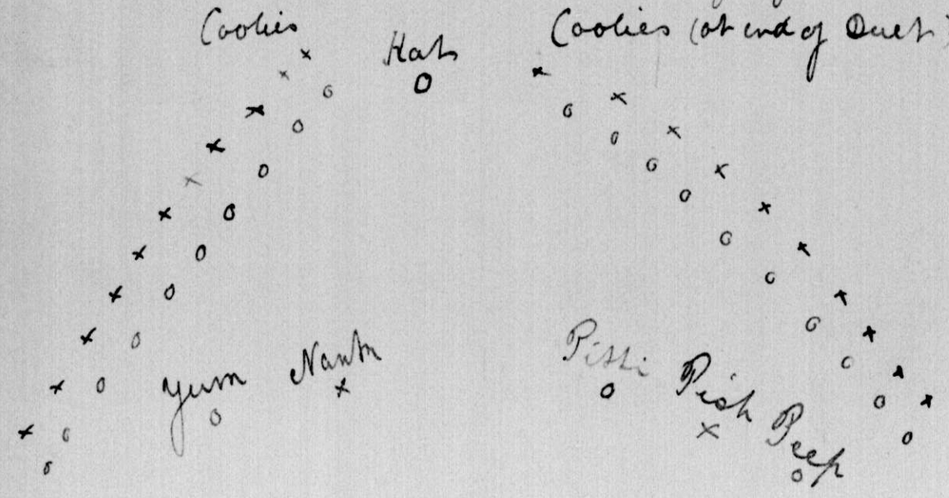
The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone!
The hope I cherished
All lifeless lies,
And all has perished
Save love, which never dies! semicircle

To Nanki Oh, faithless one, this insult you shall rue!
In vain for mercy on your knees you'll sue. Ladies & Nanki kneel
I'll tear the mask from you disguising!
NANK. (*Aside*). Now comes the blow!
KAT. Prepare yourself for news surprising! all get up
NANK. (*Aside*). How foil my foe?
KAT. No minstrel he, despite bravado! throw off Pitti + Peep
YUM. (*Aside, struck by an idea*). Ha! ha! I know! goes L
KAT. He is the son of your—
(NANKI-POO *and* YUM YUM, *interrupting, sing Japanese words, to drown her voice.*)
O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to! all arms waved
~~O sa! bikkuri shakkuri to~~! in the air
KAT. In vain you interrupt with this tornado:
He is the only son of your——
ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
KAT. I'll spoil ——
ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
KAT. Your gay gambado!
He is the son ——
ALL. O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!
KAT. The son Of your ——
ALL O ni! bikkuri shakkuri to!

For the commencement of Ensemble



For the Duet Nanki-Poo & Yum-Yum. - Katisha goes up stage & sits on steps at back & the Chorus Ladies & Gentlemen keep space open. Katisha comes down towards the end of Duet & the chorus ladies imperceptably form double row across the back till Katisha rushes up stage for Picture



BRITISH MUSEUM

ENSEMBLE.

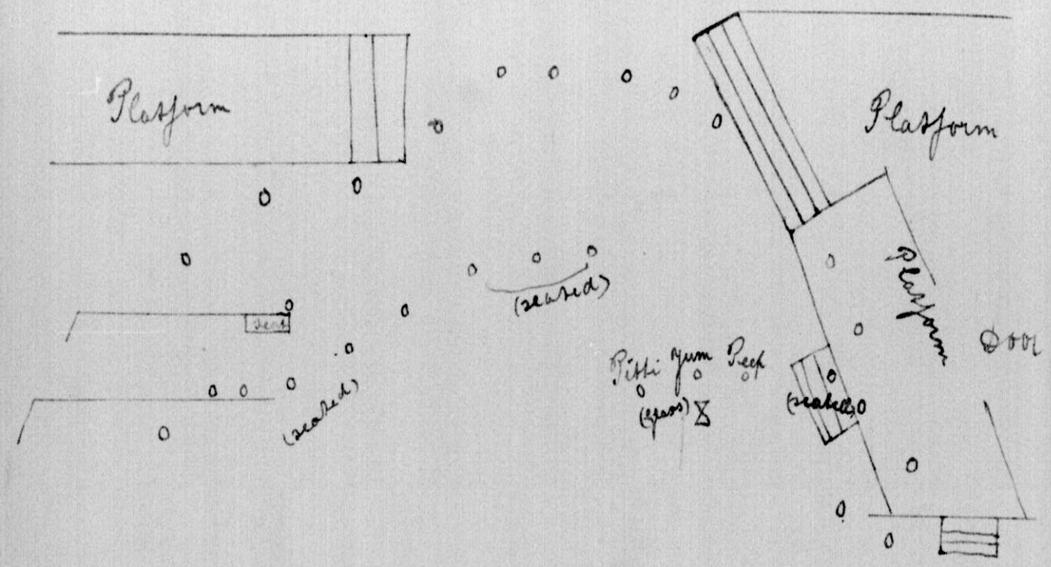
KATISHA.	THE OTHERS.
Ye torrents roar! Ye tempests howl! Your wrath outpour With angry growl! Do ye your worst, my vengeance call Shall rise triumphant over all! Prepare for woe, Ye haughty lords, At once I go Mikado-wards, And when he learns his son is found, My wrongs with vengeance will be crowned!	We'll hear no more Ill-omened owl, To joy we soar, Despite your scowl The echoes of our festival Shall rise triumphant over all! Away you go, Collect your hordes; Proclaim your woe In dismal chords; We do not heed their dismal sound, For joy reigns everywhere around!

{Katisha goes up / Coolies divide} During Duet Katisha goes up to back all look towards her

(KATISHA *rushes furiously up stage, clearing the crowd away right and left, finishing on steps at the back of stage.*)

At end of Duet Katisha comes down till nearly the last note.

END OF ACT I.



The Ladies must all be on the left side of Stage for curtsey on the words "Pretty bride", and keep faces towards Yum-Yum till out of sight of Audience, Pitti & Peep go off R bowing to Yum-Yum.

Pitti Peep Yum

(1) Chorus Ladies
Yum. Pitti + Peep R.
Nanki. Poo + Pish Tush

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ACT II.

SCENE.—Ko-Ko's *Garden.*

YUM-YUM *discovered seated at her bridal toilet, surrounded by maidens, who are dressing her hair and painting her face and lips, as she judges of the effect in a mirror.*

CHORUS.

Braid the raven hair—
  Weave the supple tress—
Deck the maiden fair
  In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
  Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
  Of her ladyship! all get up
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride! curtsey + exit L

Begin exit second time

SOLO.—PITTI-SING. gets up + sings L C.

Sit with downcast eye— looking at Yum
  Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
  We will do so, too. all affect crying
When you're summoned, start,
  Like a frightened roe—
Flutter, little heart,
  Colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage tide
  Well becomes a pretty bride! crossing down

CHORUS.

Braid the raven hair, &c. *Exeunt Chorus.*

Yum

Fan in left hand for 2nd Verse

At end of Long re-ensu Pitti & Peep-Bo.

Pitti Yum Peep

(alone) **Yum.** (*Looking at herself in glass*). Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world? Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

Song—Yum-Yum.

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
With ever living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim
"I blush for shame,
So kindly be indulgent."
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
He glories all effulgent!

R

Fan in R H.

I mean to rule the earth,
As he the sky—
We really know our worth,
The sun and I!

2nd V

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face
Of diffidence or shyness:
She borrows light
That, through the night,
Mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!

L

Ah, pray make no mistake,
We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
The moon and I!

Yum. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

Pitti Peep Yum

Peep Pitti Yum Nank Pish

Pitti Nank Yum Pish

(2)
Nor-Bo

PEEP. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

YUM. In "all but" perfection?

PEEP. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback. (Yum goes up)

PITTI. I don't know about that. It all depends!

PEEP. At all events, *he* will find it a drawback. Going R

PITTI. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

YUM. (*In tears*). I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness *is* to be—to be—

PEEP. Cut short.

YUM. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*Weeping.*)

Enter NANKI-POO *followed by* PISH-TUSH. L 3 E

NANK. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding morn!

YUM. (*Sobbing*). They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears*).

PITTI. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded. (*Bursts into tears*).

PEEP. It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears*). (all three turn R together crying)

To Pish L

NANK. (*Aside*). Humph! How some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (*Aloud*) A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

PITTI. There's a popular impression to that effect.

Yum gets R C

NANK. Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a minute—each minute an hour—each hour a day—and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

PEEP. And at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three quarters! (*Exit* PEEP-BO.) R 1 E.

YUM. (*Still sobbing*). Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying one's self! × L

NANK. That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

YUM. Certainly. Let's—let's be perfectly happy! (*Almost in tears.*)

PISH. By all means. Let's—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Pitti Nank Yum Pish

At end of Quartette Nank & Yum go up
Pitti off R. Pish-Tush off L

Yum Nank Ko-Ko

Pitti. It's—it's absurd to cry! (*Trying to force a laugh*).

Yum. Quite ridiculous! (*Trying to laugh*).

(*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.*)

QUARTETTE.

Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Nanki-Poo, *and* **Pish-Tush.**

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!
Pish — What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pitti Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:
Though the tocsin sound, ere long, hands up at each Ding
Ding dong! Ding dong! & down at Dong
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (*Ending in tears*). heads to the right
Yum Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping,
Little need for woeful weeping,
Till the sad sundown is near.
Pish — All must sip the cup of sorrow—
Pitti — I to-day and thou to-morrow:
This the close of every song—
Ding dong! Ding dong!
What, though solemn shadows fall,
Sooner, later, over all?
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! &c. (*Ending in tears*).

Nank & Yum go up [*Exeunt* Pitti-Sing *and* Pish-Tush, L R

Nanki-Poo *embraces* **Yum-Yum.**—*Enter* Ko-Ko—**Nanki-Poo** *releases* **Yum-Yum.** from house L 2 E

Ko. Go on—don't mind me.

Nank. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

Ko. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees. Begin by putting your arm round her waist (**Nanki-Poo** *does so*). There; let me get used to that first. (Gesturing to Nank to do so)

Yum. Oh, wouldn't you like to retire? It must pain you to see us so affectionate together!

Nank Yum Ko-Ko

Nank Yum Ko-Ko

(kneels) (kneels)

Ko. No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her head to rest on your shoulder. (*He does so*—Ko-Ko *much affected*). I am much obliged to you. Now—kiss her! (*He does so*—Ko-Ko *writhes with anguish.*) Thank you—it's simple torture! Nank. Like that!

Come L C

Yum. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a month.

Ko. No. It's no use deluding oneself with false hopes.

Nank.
Yum. } What do you mean?

Ko. (*To* Yum-Yum) My child—my poor child. (*Aside*) How shall I break it to her? (*Aloud*) My little bride that was to have been—

Yum. (*Delighted*) *Was* to have been!

Ko. Yes, you never can be mine!

Yum. (*In ecstacy*). What!!! I'm so glad.

Ko. I've just ascertained that, by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive.

Nank.
Yum. } Buried alive!

Ko. Buried alive. It's a most unpleasant death.

Nank. But whom did you get that from?

Ko. Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my solicitor.

Yum. But he may be mistaken!

Ko. So I thought, so I consulted the Attorney-General, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Judge Ordinary, and the Lord Chancellor. They're all of the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

Nank. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force? Yum goes R

Ko. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punishable with decapitation, and married men never flirt. (kneels)

Nank. Of course they don't. I quite forgot that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end! (kneels)

Yum. Darling—I don't want to appear selfish, and I love you with all my heart—I don't suppose I shall ever love anybody else half as much—but when I agreed to marry you—my own—I had no idea—pet—that I should have to be buried alive in a month! — kiss

Nank. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

Yum. It—it makes a difference, don't it?

Nank. It *does* make a difference, of course!

Nank Yum Ko-Ko

(3)
Pook-Bah
Chorus ladies & gent.
Coolies & Soldiers
The Mikado & Katisha
Ko-Ko. Pitti-Sing & Peep Bo

Nank Yum Ko-Ko

Ko-Ko passes Yum-Yum off L 1 E

Nank Ko-Ko

(3)
Pook-Bah & every-body for Mikado's Entrance

31

Yum. You see—burial alive—it's such a stuffy death! You see my difficulty, don't you? Nank. I call it a hasty death.

Nank Yes, and I see my own. If I insist on your carrying out your promise, I doom you to a hideous death; if I release you, you marry Ko-Ko at once!

get up

TRIO.—Yum-Yum, Nanki-Poo, *and* Ko-Ko.

Ko-Ko goes up

Yum.
Here's a how-de-do!
If I marry you,
When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish
Must be slaughtered too!
Here's a how-de-do!

Nank.
Here's a pretty mess!
In a month, or less,
I must die without a wedding!
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Witness my distress,
Here's a pretty mess!

Ko. comes down
Here's a state of things!
To her life she clings!
Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion—
Burial it brings!
Here's a state of things! turning up L

Yum comes C.

ENSEMBLE.

Yum-Yum *and* Nanki-Poo.

With a passion that's intense
I worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
We oughtn't to ignore.
If what he says is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Ko-Ko.

With a passion that's intense
You worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
You oughtn't to ignore.
If what I say is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

[*Exit* Yum-Yum. L 1 E

Ko. (*Going up to* Nanki-Poo) My poor boy, I'm really very sorry for you.

Nank. Thanks, old fellow. I'm sure you are.

Ko. You see I'm quite helpless.

Nank. I quite see that.

Nank Ko-Ko

Nank Ko-Ko Pooh

Ko. I can't conceive anything more distressing than to have one's marriage broken off at the last moment. But you shan't be disappointed of a wedding—you shall come to mine.

Nank. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

Ko. Why so?

Nank. To-day I die.

Ko. What do you mean?

Nank. I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch. produces dagger

Ko. No, no—pardon me—I can't allow that.

Nank. Why not?

Ko. Why, hang it all, your're under contract to die by the hand of the Public Executioner in a month's time! If you kill yourself, what's to become of me? Why, I shall have to be executed in your place!

Nank. It would certainly seem so!

Enter Pooh-Bah. L 3 E

Ko. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

Pooh. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

Ko. The Mikado! He's bubbles coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (*To* Nanki-Poo). Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. Very well, then—behead me. (offers him sword) (Ko-Ko takes it)

Ko. What, now?

Nank. Certainly; at once.

Ko. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle! (returns sword)

Pooh. Still, as Lord High Executioner, —— goes up

Ko. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a second trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? *I can't* kill you—I can't kill anything! (*Weeps.*) sits L on steps

Pooh Nank Ko-Ko

Nank Ko-Ko Pooh

Nank Ko-Ko Yum

Nank Pooh Yum Ko-Ko

Nank. Come, my poor fellow, we all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done. (goes R)

Ko. (*Springing up suddenly*). *Must it?* I'm not so sure about that!

Nank. What do you mean?

going R

Ko. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice and Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary ~~of State for the Home Department~~ Home, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (*To* Pooh-Bah). (referring to Pooh-Bah)

Pooh. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

Ko. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

Pooh. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

Ko. It will be a ready-money transaction.

Pooh. (*Aside*). Well, it will be a useful discipline. (*Aloud*). Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (*Aside*). Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck? x L gives coins

Nank. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum—

Ko Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum! Bother Yum-Yum! Here, Commissionaire (*to* Pooh-Bah), go and fetch Yum-Yum. (*Exit* Pooh-Bah.) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again. (*Enter* Pooh-Bah *with* Yum-Yum ~~and Pitti-Sing.~~) Here she is. Yum-Yum, are you particularly busy? Pooh. Do you pay for this?

Pooh-Bah goes up + drops down R C.

Yum. Not particularly.

Ko. You've five minutes to spare?

Yum. Yes.

Ko. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu; he'll marry you at once.

Yum. But if I'm to be buried alive?

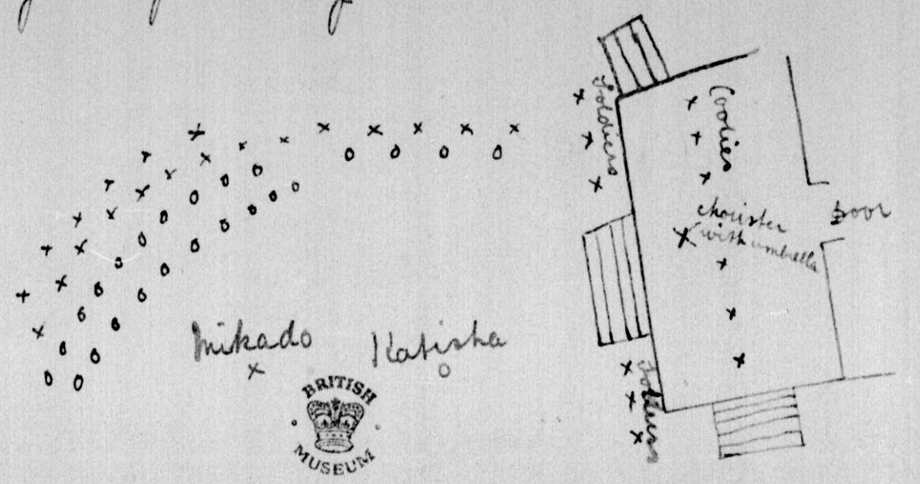
Ko. Now don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and Nanki-Poo will explain all.

Nank. But one moment—

Ko. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive, I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (*Exeunt* Nanki-Poo *and* Yum-Yum, *followed by* Pooh-Bah.) Close thing that, for here he comes! R/E

March.—Enter procession, heralding Mikado, *with* Katisha.

As procession enters Ko-Ko goes off R 1 E Chorus enter L 3 E four deep & march down to footlights Basses on the Right Tenors on the left, the Ladies in twos in the middle On the first four reaching the footlights the Tenors pass immediately behind the Ladies at their R H. side & take their places between the Basses - the whole then line the Right & back of Stage - the Coolies (six) then enter march down to footlights turn to the left & take up position on Platform L - as they approach the footlights the six Soldiers enter & march in like manner - taking up their position in front of the Platform L. The Mikado & Katisha enter with umbrella carried by chorister - the entire chorus kneel as they enter with their heads on the ground - as he begins "From every kind of man" they raise their heads -



Katisha sits on steps L

Music cue

CHORUS.

(*"March of the Mikado's troops."*)

Guards enter as repeat, Coolies enter

Miya sama, miya sama,
On ma no mayé ni
Pira-Pira suru no wa
Nan gia na
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na!

all kneel at end of 1st time of march

heads down as Mikado enters with heads on the ground

DUET.—MIKADO *and* KATISHA.

MIKADO. From every kind of man — all raise their heads
Obedience I expect;
I'm the Emperor of Japan— — umbrella taken to the top of steps)

KAT. And I'm his daughter-in-law elect!
He'll marry his son
(He has only got one)
To his daughter-in-law elect.

MIK. My morals have been declared
Particularly correct; (goes up)

KAT. But they're nothing at all, compared
With those of his daughter-in-law elect!
Bow—Bow— (all bow) - heads down
To his daughter-in-law elect! goes up thro sym.

ALL. Bow—Bow— all up as they sing
To his daughter-in-law elect. all heads down thro sym

MIK. (coming down) In a fatherly kind of way — all raise heads
I govern each tribe and sect,
All cheerfully own my sway—

KAT. (coming down) Except his daughter-in-law elect!
As tough as a bone,
With a will of her own,
Is his daughter-in-law elect!

MIK. My nature is love and light—
My freedom from all defect— goes up annoyed by Katisha interruption

KAT. Is insignificant quite,
Compared with his daughter-in-law elect
Bow! Bow! all bow as before
To his daughter-in-law elect!

Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect. Katisha goes up thro sym
all raise heads

Katisha goes up as Mikado comes down thro sym.

Mikado Katisha

The chorus sing this "Parliamentary trains" with their hands on knees fans closed -
And as "And make each prisoner pent" arms are held up with fans open till "innocents merriment" hands are brought down to the knees & fans closed.

(4)
Ko-Ko
Pooh-Bah & Pitching

SONG.—MIKADO.

A more humane Mikado never all get up
Did in Japan exist, thro' symphony
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned
A true philanthropist. Fans are used thro: this
It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,
Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment.

goes L
My object all sublime chorus hands on knees
I shall achieve in time— when singing. fans closed
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime;
comes C. And make each prisoner pent arms up fans open
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment, hands on knees fans closed
Of innocent merriment!

2nd V
All prosy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four,
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies
Everyone tries ~~All desire~~ to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

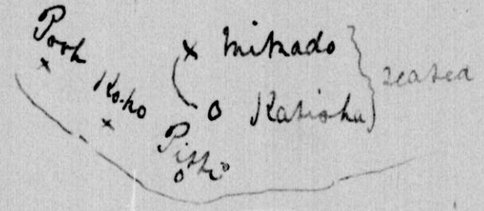
The lady who dies a chemical yellow,
Or stains her grey hair puce,
Or pinches her figger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer chorus hands on knees fans closed
In Parliamentary trains.

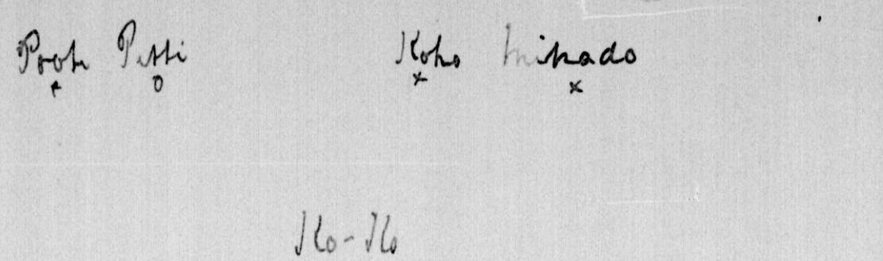
Mikado goes up stage & back during each chorus

My object all sublime, &c. goes R & back L

450
HD
15000

Enter Koko Pooh-Bah + Pitti R 3E they all three kneel also the chorus Ladies + Gentlemen.





The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted, we've
Shall all be extracted
By terrified amateurs.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "ops"
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell—
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue,
And elliptical billiard balls! chorus hands on knees

My object all sublime, &c.

(*Enter* Pooh-Bah, *who hands a paper to* Ko-Ko).

all kneel with heads down

Ko. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place. all get up

all get up

Mik. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

Ko. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

Pooh. I am the Coroner. (Ko-Ko *hands certificate to* Mikado.)

all get up as the Mikado comes down

Mik. (*reads*). "And this is the certificate of his death At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Mayor and Groom of the Second Floor Front."

Pooh. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

Mik. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

Ko. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

Mikado goes to steps L + sits

TRIO.—Ko-Ko, Pitti-Sing, *and* Pooh-Bah.

Ko. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown
I bared my big right arm. bares his arm

Ho-Ho

Pooh, Ho-Ho

Pitti

Ho-Ho Pitti

Pooh

I seized him by his little pig-tail,
And on his knees fell he,
As he squirmed and struggled
And gurgled and guggled,
I drew my snickersnee! all shudder quietly
Oh never shall I
Forget the cry,
Or the shriek that shrieked he,
As I gnashed my teeth,
When from its sheath
I drew my snickersnee: all shudder quietly

CHORUS.

We know him well,
He cannot tell
Untrue or groundless tales—
~~He always~~ tries
To utter lies,
~~And every time~~ he fails.

Whenever he tries
~~He~~ utter lies
Invariably he fails

PITTI-SING. He shivered and shook as he gave the sign
For the stroke he didn't deserve;
When all of a sudden his eye met mine,
And it seemed to brace his nerve,
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,
And he whistled an air, did he,
As the sabre true
Cut cleanly through
His cervical vertebræ!
When a man's afraid,
A beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see
And its oh, I'm glad,
That moment sad
Was soothed by sight of me!

CHORUS.

Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees;
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease.

POOH. Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he), (uses fan as chopper)
It stood on its neck with a smile well bred,
And bowed three times to me!

Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko
Bow at end

Chorus exeunt R – Coolies + Soldiers L
Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko Mikado | Katisha

Pooh Kat

Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko Mikado Kat

It was none of your impudent off-hand nods,
But as humble as could be.
For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deathly bow
Was a touching sight to see;
Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me! goes R

CHORUS.

Chorus begin exit at "Exactly" all bowing off –

This haughty youth
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays,
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says!

[*Exeunt Chorus.* R

MIK. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.

KO. Indeed? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

Mik goes up

KAT. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled! (Ko-Ko + Pitti go up)

POOH. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

#

KAT. That's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world. ~~Observe this ear.~~

my face is a machine

~~KO. Large.~~

~~KAT. Large? Enormous! But think of its delicate internal mechanism. It is fraught with beauty! As for this tooth, it almost stands alone. Many have tried to draw it, but in vain.~~

KO. And yet he fled!

coming down

MIK. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a second trombone.

Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko Mikado Kat

Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko Mikado Katisha

Ko.
Pooh.
Pitti. } A second trombone!

Mik. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

Ko. Oh, no; not at all—only——

Mik. Yes?

Ko. It's rather awkward, but in point of fact, he's gone abroad!

Mik. Gone abroad? His address!

Ko. Knightsbridge!

Kat. (*who is reading certificate of death.*) Ha! (comes down)

Mik. What's the matter?

Kat. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning they kneel Oh, where shall I find another! Where shall I find another! (goes up)

(Ko-ko, Pooh-Bah, *and* Pitti-Sing, *fall on their knees.*) heads on the ground

Mik. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome. (*To* Ko-Ko.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Together. { Ko. ~~But I assure you we had no idea~~ Pleased to offer an unqualified apology
Pooh. ~~But, indeed, we didn't know~~ Pleased to offer an unqualified apology with that expression of regret
Pitti. We really hadn't the least notion— }

Mik. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

Ko. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

Mik. Obliged? not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

Pooh. No, of course we couldn't know ~~that he was the Heir Apparent~~ who the gentleman really was.

Pitti. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

Ko. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

Mik. Ha! ha! ha! (*To* Kat.). I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

Ko.
Pooh.
Pitti. } Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees again.*) heads on ground

Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko Mikado Kat

(5) Wanke-Poo + yum-yum

Pitti. We hadn't the least notion
Pooh. I wasn't there.

MIK. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know its something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret—I'm not a bit angry. groans groans

KO. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea—

MIK. Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says "compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake, or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are always drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

all get up (all three) KO. What's the good of that?

MIK. Now let's see—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

KO., PITTI, *and* POOH. Oh yes—we can wait till then! Pooh. I don't want any lunch

MIK. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you all, but its an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

GLEE.

MIKADO, KATISHA, KO-KO, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING.

MIK. *and* KAT.
See how the Fates their gifts allot,
For A is happy—B is not.
Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than A!

KO., POOH, *and* PITTI. *Is* B more worthy? (referring to themselves)

MIK. *and* KAT.
I should say
He's worth a great deal more than A. going C.

ENSEMBLE.
Yet A is happy! swing to the left
Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha! dancing
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha
still Ever joyous, ever gay,
Happy, undeserving A! Kat + Mik. go up

KO., POOH, *and* PITTI. If I were Fortune—which I'm not—
B should enjoy A's happy lot,
And A should die in miserie,
That is, assuming I am B.

Pooh. Pitti Ko-Ko Kat Mikado

Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko

as the Mikado & Kat. go off the other three put their fans to their noses at end of sym.

Pooh Ko-Ko Pitti

※ Pooh Ko-Ko Nank Yum Pitti

MIK. *and* KAT. But *should* A perish? (coming down)

KO., POOH, *and* PITTI. That should he,
(Of course assuming I am B).
(swing) B should be happy!
Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
(still) But condemned to die is he,
Wretched, meritorious B!

Fans to nose [*Exeunt* MIKADO *and* KATISHA LIE

KO. Well! a nice mess you've got us into, with your nodding head and the deference due to a man of pedigree!

POOH. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

PITTI. Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

KO. And you're just as bad as he is with your cock-and-a-bull stories, about catching his eye, and his whistling an air. But that's so like you! You must put in your oar!

POOH. But how about your big right arm?

PITTI Yes, and your snickersnee!

※ KO. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to life again at once—(*Enter* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM *prepared for journey*), here he comes. Here, Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprieved.

NANK. Oh, but its too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon. (going)

KO. Nonsense. A terrible thing has just happened. It seems you're the son of the Mikado.

NANK. Yes, but that happened some time ago.

Pitti luggage down KO. Is this a time for airy persiflage? You're father is here, and with Katisha!

NANK. My father! And with Katisha!

KO. Yes, he wants you particularly.

POOH. So does she.

YUM. Oh, but he's married now.

KO. But, bless my heart, what has that to do with it.

NANK. Katisha claims me in marriage, but I can't marry I'm married already—consequently she will insist on my ex if I'm executed, my wife will have to be buried alive.

Pitti-Sing gets over R.

Pitti Pooh Ko-Ko Nank Yum

Nanki-Poo & Yum exit L 1 E
Pooh & Pitti R 1 E Ko-Ko exit R 3 E
Ko-Ko sits during the third time - Nank put hand on
Ko-Ko's shoulder & he drops

(6)
Katisha

YUM. You see our difficulty.

KO. Yes, I don't know what's to be done. (going. Nank stops him

NANK. There's one chance for you. If you could persuade Katisha to marry you, she would have no further claim on me, and in that case I could come to life without any fear of being put to death.

(Pooh. Dances)

KO. I marry Katisha!

YUM. I really think it's the only course.

KO. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling!

PITTI. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see! (goes round to R C)

POOH. and I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.

KO. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart upon any lady's right heel. (going, but is stopped by Nank)

NANK. It comes to this: While Katisha is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit. When Katisha is married, existence will be as welcome as the flowers in spring.

Pooh & Pitti dance once round & pose the syn.

DUET.

NANKI-POO *and* KO-KO.

NANK. The flowers that bloom in the spring, 1st to Ko-Ko
Tra la,
Breathe ~~promise~~ flowers of merry sunshine— change (down
As we merrily dance and we sing, join elbows in front
Tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring, change (up)
Tra la,
Of a summer of roses and wine; change
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring. join hands & dance
Tra la la la la la, &c. once round & attitude

ALL. And that's what we mean, &c.

KO. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case. change (to Ko-Ko
I've got to take under my wing,
Tra la,
A most unattractive old thing, change (to one another)
Tra la,
With a caricature of a face; change (to Ko-Ko)
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring! change — join hands
Tra la la la la la, &c. & dance off

Katisha

Re-enter Ko-Ko R 3 E

Ko-Ko Kat

All. ~~And that's what he means when he ventures to sing, &c.~~
(*Dance and exeunt* Nanki-Poo, Yum-Yum, Pooh-Bah, *and* Pitti-Sing.) R

Enter Kaisha.

RECITATIVE.

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepulchre!
My soul is still my body's prisoner!
Remote the peace that Death alone can give—
My doom, to wait! my punishment, to live!

SONG.

Hearts do not break!
They sting and ache
For old ~~sake's~~ love's sake,
But do not die!
Though with each breath
They long for death,
As witnesseth
The living I!
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone
Dost thou stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
May not a cheated maiden die?

Ko. (*Approaching her timidly*). Katisha!

Kat. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues—they are heating the cauldron!

Ko. Katisha—behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha—mercy! (kneels)

Kat. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me*, but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste—only the educated palate can appreciate *me*. I was educating *his* palate when he left me. ~~Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me~~ and am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the same time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey—I mean my pupil—just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another! (going L)

And where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me. ~~I can't to go through the~~

Ko. (*Suddenly, and with great vehemence*). Here!—Here! gets up

Kat. What!!!

Ko. (*With intense passion*). Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very

Ko-Ko Kat

(7)
Chorus Ladies &
Gentlemen Coolies & Soldiers
Pish & Pitti-sing Pish-Tush
& Peep-Bo. Wahh-Boo & Gum-Gum
& Mikado

BRITISH MUSEUM

(7)
Every-body for Finale

vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me. But the fire will not be smothered—it defies all attempts at extinction, and, breaking forth, all the more eagerly for its long restraint, it declares itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticised. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love—but I will not live without it! (throws him off)

looks in to her face

Kat. You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

Ko. I do—accept my love, or perish on the spot! (kneels)

Kat. Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

Ko. You know not what you say. Listen!

SONG.—Ko-Ko.

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

2nd V He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!
Then He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

3rd V Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

(*During this song* Katisha *has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.*)

Ko-Ko Kat
x o

Kat Ko-Ko
o x

For the encore 1st Verse is taken Katisha remaining right.

KAT. (*whimpering*). Did he really die of love?

KO. He really did.

KAT. All on account of a cruel little hen?

KO. Yes.

KAT. Poor little chap!

KO. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the bird intimately

KAT. Did you? He must have been very fond of her!

KO. His devotion was something extraordinary.

KAT. (*still whimpering*). Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse to marry you, will you go and do the same?

KO. At once.

KAT. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! (*falls on his breast*). Oh, I'm a silly little goose!

KO. (*making a wry face*). You are!

KAT. And you wont hate me because I'm just a little teeny weeny wee bit blood-thirsty, will you?

KO. Hate you? Oh Katisha! is there not beauty even in blood-thirstiness?

KAT. My idea exactly (shake hands)

DUET.—KO-KO *and* KATISHA.

KAT. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is eloquent out-pouring
When the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!

KO. Yes, I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail!

KAT. Volcanos have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
But to him who's scientific
There's nothing that's terrific
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!

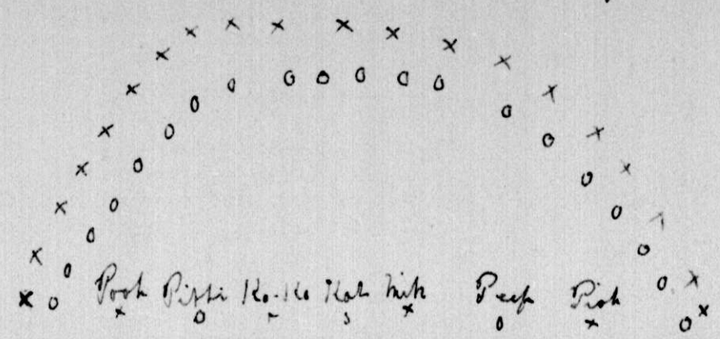
KO. Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts

BOTH. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one.
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry,
'Till day is done! Katisha x R the Lyn

Kat Ko-Ko

Everybody enters R + L + take up places as in Finale of Act I. Soldiers + Coolies enter L 3 E. + take positions at back

Soldiers
× × × × × × on Platform
Coolies
× × × × × × in front of Platform



Pooh Pitti Ko-Ko Kat Nank Yum Nank Peep Pish

KO. There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?

KAT. Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough

KO. Are you old enough to marry, do you think?
Won't you wait 'till you are eighty in the shade?
There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic:
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?

KAT. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention,
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.

BOTH. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

[*Exeunt together.* R 1 E

Flourish. Enter the MIKADO, L 3 E *attended by* PISH-TUSH *and Court.*

MIK. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're quite ready. Have all the painful preparations been made?

PISH. Your Majesty, all is prepared.

MIK. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his two well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

Enter KO-KO, KATISHA, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING. *They throw themselves at the* MIKADO'S *feet.*

KAT. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!

MIK. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught that remark.

KAT. Mercy! My husband that was to have been is dead, and I have just married this miserable object.

MIK. Oh! You've not been long about it!

KO. We were married before the Registrar.

POOH. *I* am the Registrar.

MIK. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain the Heir-Apparent——

Enter NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM. *They kneel.*

NANK. The Heir-Apparent is *not* slain. They all get up

Pooh Pitti Kat Ko-Ko Mikado Yum Nank Pooh Pitti

Pooh & Pitti go round once

MIK. Bless my heart, my son!

YUM. And your daughter-in-law elected!

KAT. (*seizing* Ko-Ko). Traitor, you have deceived me!

MIK. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, but I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

Ko. Your Majesty, it's like this. It is true that I stated that I had killed Nanki-Poo——

MIK. Yes, with most affecting particulars.

POOH. Merely corroborative detail intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and—unconvincing. Pooh. Narrative!

Ko. *Will* you refrain from putting in your oar? (*To* MIK.) It's like this: when your Majesty says, "Let a thing be done," it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—because your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says, "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed. Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—practically, he *is* dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

MIK. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory! shakes hands

FINALE.

(To Kat) PITTI. For he's gone and he's married Yum-Yum—
ALL. Yum-Yum!
PITTI. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
ALL. Cumb-cumb!
PITTI. And join our expressions of glee!
(To Kat) Ko. On this subject I pray you be dumb—
ALL. Dumb-dumb!
Ko. Your notions, though many,
Are not worth a penny,
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—
ALL. Mum-mum
Ko. You've a very good bargain in me.
YUM. *and* NANK. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
Pooh. What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!
ALL. Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
(go round) With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!
Then let the throng, &c.

THE END.

Japanese. Dances.

1st Verse

Trio Page. 9. } make four movements of the paw to the right & left alternately – the movement to the right is with the palm of the hand upwards & the paw is moved horizontally and the hand is reserved for the movement to the left. the changes right & left are made on the ~~hands~~ words "Nice" "all" "Come" & "Sin" – at the word "Need" an attitude is struck by bringing the paw under the left elbow, and the forefinger of the left hand to the left cheek – at the end of the line "Nuklari" – Gum: Dodges – The other two with her elbows and they suddenly become demure and Curtsey. – the three then back up stage through. Sym. about six feet – Pike & Peep – Whispering in Gum's ears – she assents & they each come forward in turn, as they sing and Curtsey. – thro the next three lines they change positions

2nd Verse

The three bring their paws straight in front of the body to the full length. of the right

arm on the same words, as in the Poemar dance and the right foot is raised & brought down as the fan goes out. — at the word "Fred" the attitude described above is again taken, but is changed on the word "tut" by both hands being brought out from either side of the body. with the palms level with the waist — all three looking right with profiles to the audience — Jum: nudges them as before and then curtsey twice as before - and turn smartly by the right up stage with their fans to their chins and work a little to the left & turn into places for Ko-Ko entrance -

Quartette (page 12)

Through the symphony the three together go up & down stage with their fans open under their chins always turning by the right into position - at "But youth of course" at p 62 vocal score the three take four steps down stage with their fans open up the right side of the face beginning with the right foot. their left hands close to their chests. at "Down in girlhood" pass their fans

facing front R & L four times - & as the chorus repeats the three bring their fans to the left side & pass their left hands palms outwards four times R & L in similar manner — at "Tra.la.la" (top of p.63 vocal score) the three go into left corner & back to LC & remain with hands on knees till Pooh: begins to sing - Chorus change sides at the same cue. The business is the same for both verses.

Finale of Act I

For "Then let the throng" (p 81 vocal score) the chorus Ladies fan up - down & then to waist as the fan is raised the body is thrown back - and brought forward as the fan is brought down & for the 1.2.3 to the waist the polka step is done - this occupies 8 bars. Then they join hands and dance right & left for 6 bars & then go round in twos back to back arms up on the word "song" For the Tutti all arms up & mark time with the feet. the same business for the repeat. Through symphony before Katisha's entrance (p 22) the Ladies run into four lines of six and at the 2nd half of the 2 first bars at bottom of (p 85) bob twice throwing the arms up & then back to places for Katisha's entrance

The chorus Gentlemen put arms up & down twice for 8 bars - then turn once - they then put open fans to right shoulder and swing R & L beginning to the left & turn - round ~~twice~~ once. again through the long note "sing" - For the tutti fans away & arms up palms outwards - same business for repeat.

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Property Plot Act I

A small book for Rose L at Cottage

A small basket containing—

Peppermint Rocks

A set of False teeth

A pound of Snuff

A damaged apple

Flower for Lt Despard + Riding Whip

Hick for Miss Broad (Margaret)

Crutch & Hick for Mr Brandram (Hannah)

do (Adam)

Spectacles + case (Hannah)

do (Adam)

Watch (Robin)

Three Lobster pots placed against Wing L

A Quantity of Fishing Net do: do:

Three small keys against Cottage Window L2 L

One do: under Porch of Cottage.

Anchor placed against ground row

Mast about 10ft high with block & line to end of steps R.12 E

haul fishing nets R2E

Two Lobster pots end of steps R2E

Two do: against ground row R2E

Quantity of Fishing net over ground row by lighthouse

Property Prot. Act II

A stick No1 Picture
A stick No2 Picture
A stick No6 Picture
A Scroll No9 Picture
A Wand No12 Picture
A stick No17 Picture
A stick No19 Picture
An Umbella for Sir Desford
A pair Pattens Margaret
1 Dagger fixed in armour R 2 E 20, as to be taken by Hannah
1 Ditto Hannah L 2 E
1 Union Jack. ~~Rose~~ Zorah R 1 E
Six figures of men in armour on pedestals to be placed on as shewn on ground plan
12 Banners to be fixed on scene down stage side of each picture

An Entirely Original Supernatural Opera,

IN TWO ACTS,

ENTITLED

RUDDIGORE;

OR,

THE WITCH'S CURSE!

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT,

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

Joint Authors of "Thespis; or, The Gods Grown Old": "Trial by Jury": "The Sorcerer": "H.M.S. Pinafore; or, The Lass that Loved a Sailor": "The Pirates of Penzance; or, The Slave of Duty" "Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride": "Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri": "Princess Ida; or, Castle Adamant," and "The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu."

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:
CHAPPELL & CO., 50, NEW BOND STREET, W.
CITY BRANCH—15, POULTRY, E.C.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

First Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, by Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, on Saturday, 22nd January, 1887.

Dramatis Personæ.

MORTALS.

Robin Oakapple (*A Young Farmer*) ..	Mr. George Grossmith.
Richard Dauntless (*His Foster-Brother—A Man-o'-war's-man*)	Mr. Durward Lely.
Sir Despard Murgatroyd (*Of Ruddigore—A Wicked Baronet*)	Mr. Rutland Barrington.
Old Adam Goodheart (*Robin's Faithful Servant*)	Mr. Rudolph Lewis.
Rose Maybud (*A Village Maiden*)	Miss Leonora Braham.
Mad Margaret	Miss Jessie Bond.
Dame Hannah (*Rose's Aunt*)..	Miss Rosina Brandram.
Zorah (*Professional Bridesmaids*) ..	Miss Josephine Findlay.
Ruth (*Professional Bridesmaids*) ..	Miss Lindsay.

GHOSTS.

Sir Rupert Murgatroyd (*The First Baronet*) ..	Mr. Price.
Sir Jasper Murgatroyd (*The Third Baronet*) ..	Mr. Charles.
Sir Lionel Murgatroyd (*The Sixth Baronet*) ..	Mr. Trevor.
Sir Conrad Murgatroyd (*The Twelfth Baronet*)	Mr. Burbank.
Sir Desmond Murgatroyd (*The Sixteenth Baronet*)	Mr. Tuer.
Sir Gilbert Murgatroyd (*The Eighteenth Baronet*)	Mr. Wildraham.
Sir Mervyn Murgatroyd (*The Twentieth Baronet*)	Mr. Cox.
and	
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd (*The Twenty-first Baronet*)	Mr. Richard Temple.

Chorus of Officers, Ancestors, and Professional Bridesmaids.

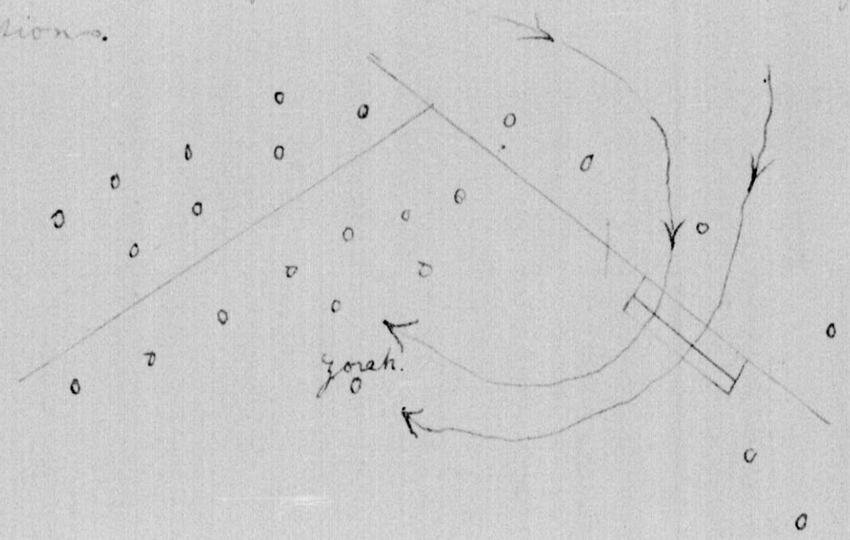
Act I.—The Fishing Village of Rederring, in Cornwall.
Act II.—Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle.

The Scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven (by permission of Mr. H. Irving). The Family Portraits by Mr. Ballard. The Military Uniforms by Messrs. Cater & Co., of Pall Mall, from designs supplied by the Fine Art Military Gallery, 61, Pall Mall. The Ancestors by Mdme. Auguste, from designs by Wilhelm. The ladies' dresses by Mdme. Auguste. The Wigs by Clarkson. The incidental dances arranged by Mr. John d'Auban. The Management desires to acknowledge the assistance afforded by Mesdames Sykes, Josephine, & Co.

Time.—Early in the Present Century.

X Gentlemen
O Ladies

Ladies enter through 24 bars following ascent of Curtain - in twos from upper entrances R & L half from each side - the Prompt side enter L U E. and go down steps L dress the Stage & up steps R. the O.P. side enter R U E & follow at the end of the other Ladies L & take up the following positions.



Hark

(1)
Chorus Ladies
Rose Hannah
Zorah

RUDDIGORE;

OR,

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

ACT. I.

SCENE.—*The fishing village of Rederring (in Cornwall).* ROSE MAYBUD'S *cottage is seen* L.

Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids. They range themselves in front of ROSE'S *cottage.*

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Fair is Rose as the bright May-day; arms out & all looking L
Soft is Rose as the warm west-wind;
Sweet is Rose as the new-mown hay—
Rose is the queen of maiden-kind!
arms up Rose, all glowing
With virgin blushes, say—
Is anybody going
To marry you to-day?

Enter Zorah by steps RC.

SOLO.—ZORAH. R C

Every day, as the days roll on,
Bridesmaids' garb we gaily don,
Sure that a maid so fairly famed
Can't ~~Won't very~~ long remain unclaimed.
Hour by hour and day by day
Several months have passed away,
~~And~~ though she's the fairest flower that blows,
No~~body yet~~ has married Rose!
one.

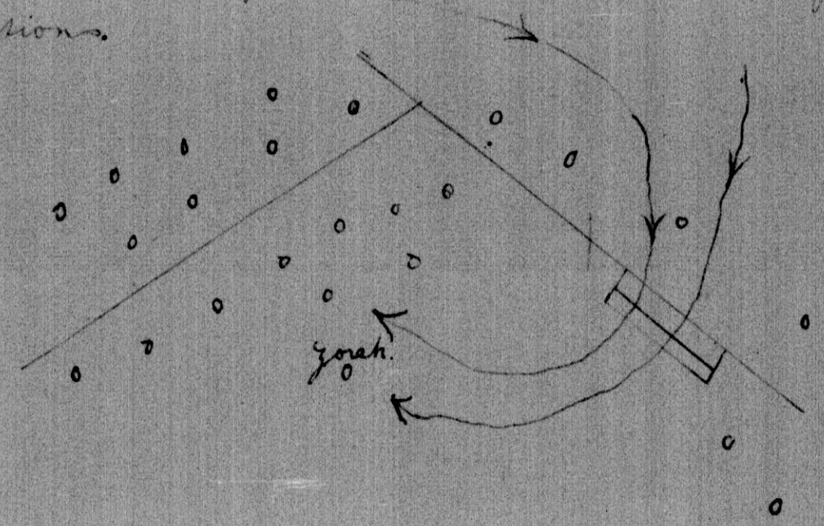
CHORUS.

Rose, all glowing arms out.
With virgin blushes, say—
Is anybody going
To marry you to-day?

Enter OLD HANNAH, *from cottage.* L

X Gentlemen
o Ladies

Ladies enter through 24 bars following ascent of Curtain - in twos from upper entrances R & L half from each side - the Prompt side enter L U E. and go down steps L dress the stage & up steps R. the O.P. side enter R U E & follow at the end of the other Ladies L & take up the following positions.



Start

(1)
Chorus Ladies
Rose Hannah
Zorah

RUDDIGORE;
OR,
THE WITCH'S CURSE.

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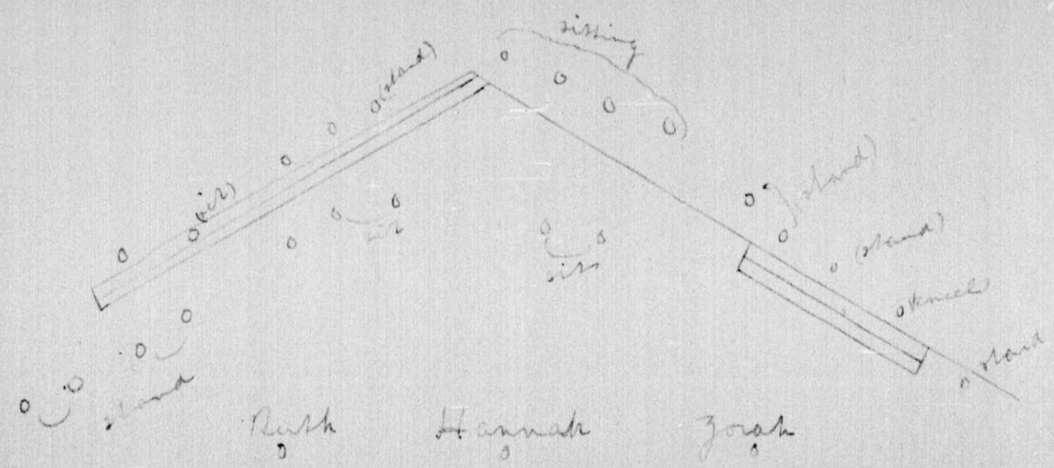
Enter OLD HANNAH, *from cottage.* L

Ruth Hannah Zorah



Zorah x L C.

C HANNAH. Nay, gentle maidens, you sing well but vainly, for Rose is still heart-free, and looks but coldly upon her many suitors.

4 C. ZORAH. It's very disappointing. Every young man in the village is in love with her, but they are appalled by her beauty and modesty, and won't declare themselves; so, until she makes her own choice, there's no chance for anybody else.

R C. RUTH. This is, perhaps, the only village in the world that possesses an endowed corps of professional bridesmaids who are bound to be on duty every day from ten to four—and it is at least six months since our services were required. The pious charity by which we exist is practically wasted!

movement ZOR. We shall be disendowed—that will be the end of it! Dame Hannah—you're a nice old person—*you* could marry if you liked. There's old Adam—Robin's faithful servant—he loves you with all the frenzy of a boy of fourteen. all assent all assent

HAN. Nay—that may never be, for I am pledged!

ALL. To whom?

turn to one another HAN. To an eternal maidenhood! Many years ago I was betrothed to a god-like youth who woo'd me under an assumed name. But on the very day upon which our wedding was to have been celebrated, I discovered that he was no other than Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, one of movement the bad Baronets of Ruddigore, and the uncle of the man who now bears that title. As a son of that accursed race he was no husband for an honest girl, so, madly as I loved him, I left him then and there. He died but ten years since, but I never saw him again.

ZOR. But why should you not marry a bad Baronet of Ruddigore?

RUTH. All baronets are bad; but was he worse than other baronets?

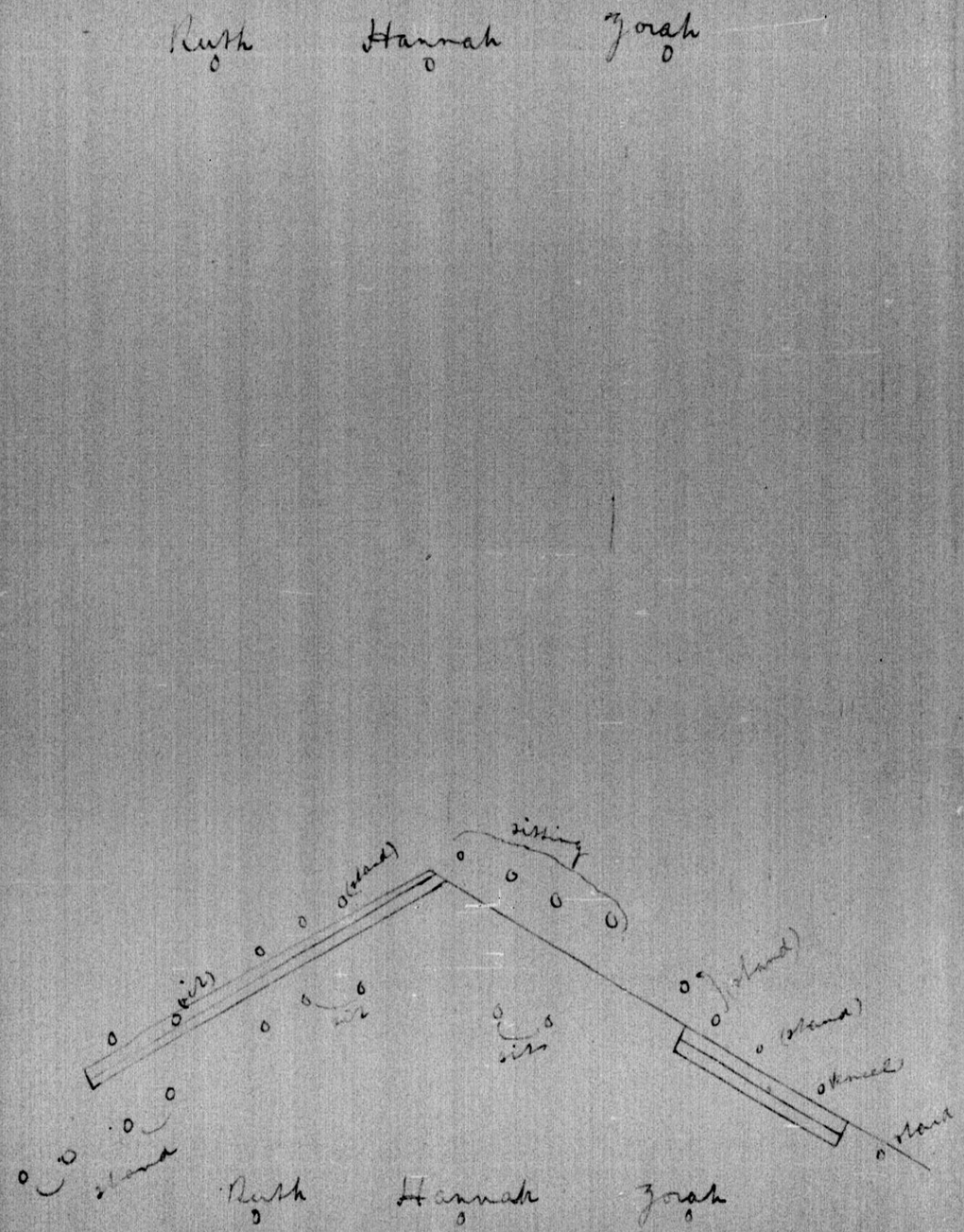
movement HAN. My child, he was accursed

all interested ZOR. But who cursed him? Not you, I trust!

HAN. The curse is on all his line and has been, ever since the time of Sir Rupert, the first Baronet. Listen, and you shall hear the legend.

LEGEND.—HANNAH.

Sir Rupert Murgatroyd
His leisure and his riches
He ruthlessly employed
In persecuting witches.
With fear he'd make them quake—
He'd duck them in his lake—
He'd break their bones
With sticks and stones,
And burn them at the stake!



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He'd duck them in his lake—
He'd break their bones
With sticks and stones,
And burn them at the stake!

Ruth Hannah Zorah

Ruth exit R. Zorah exit L.

Rose Hannah

CHORUS. This sport he much enjoyed,
Did Rupert Murgatroyd—
No sense of shame
Or pity came
To Rupert Murgatroyd!

2nd O

Once, on the village green, point R.
A palsied hag he roasted,
And what took place, I ween,
Shook his composure boasted,
For, as the torture grim
Seized on each ~~withered~~ limb, palsied
The writhing dame
'Mid fire and flame
Yelled forth this curse on him:—

all lean forward

"Each lord of Ruddigore,
Despite his best endeavour,
Shall do one crime, or more,
Once, every day, for ever! movement
This doom he can't defy
However he may try,
For should he stay
His hand, that day
In torture he shall die!" ladies cover faces with hands

3rd O

The prophecy came true:
Each heir who held the title
Had, every day, to do
Some crime of import vital;
Until, with guilt o'erplied,
"I'll sin no more!" he cried, all forward
And on the day
He said that say,
In agony he died! Ladies Ah! hands to faces

getting up

CHORUS. And thus, with sinning cloyed,
Has died each Murgatroyd, to one another
And so shall fall,
Both one and all,
Each coming Murgatroyd!

Hannah goes up + leaves thistle L platform.

[*Exeunt Chorus of Bridesmaids.* R + L

Enter ROSE MAYBUD *from cottage, L with small basket on her arm.*

(coming down) HAN. Whither away, dear Rose? On some errand of charity, as is thy wont?

R.C. ROSE. A few gifts, dear Aunt, for deserving villagers. Lo, here is some peppermint rock for old gaffer Gadderby, a set of false teeth for

Ruth Hannah Jonah

Ruth exit R. Jonah exit L.

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Hannah goes up & leaves thick L platform.

[*Exeunt Chorus of Bridesmaids.* R & L

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Rose Hannah

Rose Hannah

(2) Robin

116

pretty little Ruth Rowbottom, and a pound of snuff for the poor orphan girl on the hill. Hannah takes basket

HAN. Ah, Rose, pity that so much goodness should not help to make some gallant youth happy for life! Rose, why dost thou harden that little heart of thine? Is there none hereaway whom thou could'st love?

ROSE. And if there were such an one, verily it would ill become me to tell him so.

HAN. Nay, dear one, where true love is, there is little need of prim formality. Running away puts basket by step L

ROSE. Hush, dear aunt, for thy words pain me sorely. Hung in a plated dish-cover to the knocker of the workhouse door, with nought that I could call mine own, save a change of baby-linen and a book of etiquette, little wonder if I have always regarded that work as a voice from a parent's tomb. This hallowed volume (*producing a book of etiquette*), composed, if I may believe the title-page, by no less an authority than the wife of a Lord Mayor, has been, through life, my guide and monitor. By its solemn precepts I have learnt to test the moral worth of all who approach me. The man who bites his bread, or eats peas with a knife, I look upon as a lost creature, and he who has not acquired the proper way of entering and leaving a room is the object of my pitying horror. There are those in this village who bite their nails, dear aunt, and nearly all are wont to use their pocket combs in public places. In truth I could pursue this painful theme much further, but behold, I have said enough.

HAN. But is there not one among them who is faultless, in thine eyes? For example—young Robin. He combines the manners of a Marquis with the morals of a Methodist. Could'st thou not love *him?*

Rose starts

ROSE. And even if I could, how should I confess it unto him? For lo, he is shy, and sayeth nought!

BALLAD.—ROSE.

If somebody there chanced to be
Who loved me in a manner true,
My heart would point him out to me,
And I would point him out to you.
(*Referring to book.*) But here it says of those who point,
Their manners must be out of joint—
You *may* not point—
You *must* not point—
It's manners out of joint, to point!
Had I the love of such as he,
Some quiet spot he'd take me to,
Then he could whisper it to me,
And I could whisper it to you

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HAN. Nay, dear one, where true love is, there is little need of prim formality. Turning away puts basket by steps 2

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And I could whisper it to you

Hannah Rose
o o

Robin Rose
x o

(*Referring to book.*) But whispering, I've somewhere met,
Is contrary to etiquette:
Where can it be? (*Searching book.*)
Now let me see— (*Finding reference.*)
Yes, Yes!
It's contrary to etiquette!
(*Showing it to* HANNAH.) Hannah takes book & goes up

Hn comes down 2nd O with book R C — Rose goes L C.

If any well-bred youth I knew,
Polite and gentle, neat and trim,
Then I would hint as much to you,
And you could hint as much to him.
taking book (*Referring to book.*) But here it says, in plainest print,
"Its most unladylike to hint"—
You *may* not hint,
You *must* not hint—
It says you mustn't hint, in print!
And if I loved him through and through—
(True love and not a passing whim),
Then I could speak of it to you,
And you could speak of it to him.
But here I find it doesn't do
To speak until you're spoken to.
(*Referring to book.*) Where can it be? (*Searching book.*)
Now let me see— (*Finding reference.*)
Rose takes basket from steps "Don't speak until you're spoken to"!
[*Exit* HANNAH. R. 1 E.

ROSE. Poor Aunt! Little did the good soul think, when she breathed the hallowed name of Robin, that he would do even as well as another. But he resembleth all the youths in this village, in that he is unduly bashful in my presence, and lo, it is hard to bring him to the point. But soft, he is here! (Rose puts basket down L)

(ROSE *is about to go when* ROBIN *enters and calls her.*)

Robin enters R.U.E.

ROBIN. Mistress Rose!
ROSE. (*Surprised.*) Master Robin!
ROB. I wished to say that—it is fine.
ROSE. It is passing fine.
ROB. But we do want rain.
ROSE. Aye, sorely! Is that all?
ROB. (*Sighing.*) That is all.
ROSE. Good day, Master Robin!
ROB. Good day, Mistress Rose! (*Both going—both stop.*)

gradually approaching one another step by step

ROSE. } I crave pardon, I—
ROB. } I beg pardon, I—
ROSE. You were about to say?—
ROB. I would fain consult you—

Hannah o Rose o

Robin x Rose o

(*Referring to book.*) But whispering, I've somewhere met,
Is contrary to etiquette:
Where can it be? (*Searching book.*)
Now let me see— (*Finding reference.*)
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(*Shewing it to* HANNAH.) Hannah takes book & goes up

Her comes down with book — R C. 2nd V.

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Robin enters R.U.E. (ROSE *is about to go when* ROBIN *enters and calls her.*)

ROBIN. Mistress Rose!

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ROB. Good day, Mistress Rose! (*Both going—both stop.*)

gradually approaching one another step by step

ROSE. } I crave pardon, I—
ROB. } I beg pardon, I—

ROSE. You were about to say?—

ROB. I would fain consult you—

Between each verse both take one step towards each other

Rob Rose

(3)

Adam
Chorus Ladies
Richard

ROSE. Truly?
ROB. It is about a friend.
ROSE. In truth I have a friend myself.
ROB. Indeed? I mean, of course—
ROSE. And I would fain consult you—
ROB. (*Anxiously.*) About him?
ROSE. (*Prudishly.*) About *her*.
ROB. (*Relieved.*) Let us consult one another

DUET.—ROBIN and ROSE.

ROB. I know a youth who loves a little maid— Rose smirks
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)
Silent is he, for he's modest and afraid—
(Hey, but he's timid as a youth can be!)
ROSE. I know a maid who loves a gallant youth,
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)
She cannot tell him all the sad, sad truth— Robin smirks
(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

ROB Poor little man! As each sings they regard
ROSE Poor little maid! the other & then look away shyly
ROB. Poor little man!
ROSE. Poor little maid!
BOTH. Now tell me pray, and tell me true, (to one another)
What in the world should the { young man / maiden } do?

ROB. He cannot eat and he cannot sleep—
(Hey, but his face is a sight for to see!)
Daily he goes for to wail—for to weep
(Hey, but he's wretched as a youth can be!)
ROSE. She's very ~~thin~~ and she's very pale— sad
(Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)
Daily she goes for to weep—for to wail—
(Hey, but I think that little maid will die!)

ROB. Poor little maid!
ROSE Poor little man!
ROB. Poor little maid! same business
ROSE. Poor little man!
BOTH. Now tell me pray, and tell me true, to one another
What in the world should the { young man / maiden } do?

to Robin from him ROSE. If I were the youth I should offer her my name—
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to Robin — ROSE. If I were the youth I should offer her my name—
from him (Hey, but her face is a sight for to see!)

For the last verse they are back to back

Robin Rose

Adam Robin

to Rose — from him ROB. If I were the maid I should feed his honest flame— (Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)

ROSE. If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day— (Hey, but she sickens as the days go by!)

same lines ROB. If I were the maid I should meet the lad half way— (For I really do believe that timid youth will die!)

ROSE. Poor little man!

ROB. Poor little maid!

ROSE. Poor little man! same lines

ROB. Poor little maid!

BOTH. I thank you, {miss, sir,} for your counsel true;
I'll tell that {youth maid} what {he she} ought to do! (both curtsey

[*Exit* ROSE. L / E with basket

ROB. Poor child! I sometimes think that if she wasn't quite so particular I might venture—but no, no—even then I should be unworthy of her! (goes a little L & wipes his eyes)

(*He sits desponding. Enter* OLD ADAM.) from steps R.

ADAM. My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—

comes down & takes Adam hand ROB. Hush! As you love me, breathe not that hated name. Twenty years ago, in horror at the prospect of inheriting that hideous title and with it, the ban that compels all who succeed to the baronetcy to commit at least one deadly crime per day, for life, I fled my home, and concealed myself in this innocent village under the name of Robin Oakapple. My younger brother, Despard, believing me to be dead, succeeded to the title and its attendant curse. For twenty years I have been dead and buried. Don't dig me up now.

ADAM. Dear master, it shall be as you wish, for have I not sworn to obey you for ever in all things? Yet, as we are here alone, and as I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty, let me call you by your own right title once more! (ROBIN *assents.*) Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It's like eight hours at the sea-side!

ROB. My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

ADAM. Would there were indeed! But I bring you good tidings. Your foster-brother, Richard, has returned from sea—his ship the Tom-Tit rides yonder at anchor, and he himself is even now in this very village!

ROB. My beloved foster-brother? No, no—it cannot be!

ADAM. It is even so—and see, he comes this way! they go up steps L & off L U E

Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids.

For the lads were they are lads to lads

Robin Rose

Adam Robin

to Rose – from him

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(Hey, but he's bashful as a youth can be!)

same lines

ROSE. If I were the youth I should speak to her to-day—
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I'll tell that {youth maid} what {he she} ought to do! (with curtsey

[*Exit* ROSE. L / E with basket

ROB. Poor child! I sometimes think that if she wasn't quite so particular I might venture—but no, no—even then I should be unworthy of her! (goes a little L & wipes his eyes)

(*He sits despondingly. Enter* OLD ADAM.) from steps R.

ADAM. My kind master is sad! Dear Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—

comes down & takes Adam hand

ROB. Hush! As you love me, breathe not that hated name. Twenty years ago, in horror at the prospect of inheriting that hideous title and with it, the ban that compels all who succeed to the baronetcy to commit at least one deadly crime per day, for life, I fled my home, and concealed myself in this innocent village under the name of Robin Oakapple. My younger brother, Despard, believing me to be dead, succeeded to the title and its attendant curse. For twenty years I have been dead and buried. Don't dig me up now.

ADAM. Dear master, it shall be as you wish, for have I not sworn to obey you for ever in all things? Yet, as we are here alone, and as I belong to that particular description of good old man to whom the truth is a refreshing novelty, let me call you by your own right title once more! (ROBIN *assents.*) Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd! Baronet! Of Ruddigore! Whew! It's like eight hours at the sea-side!

ROB. My poor old friend! Would there were more like you!

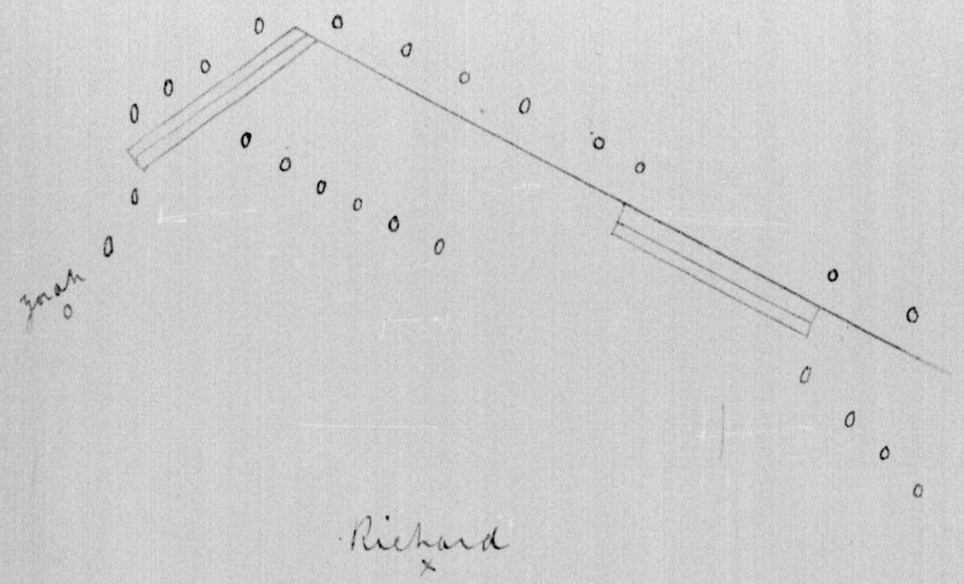
ADAM. Would there were indeed! But I bring you good tidings. Your foster-brother, Richard, has returned from sea—his ship the Tom-Tit rides yonder at anchor, and he himself is even now in this very village!

ROB. My beloved foster-brother? No, no—it cannot be!

ADAM. It is even so—and see, he comes this way! they go up steps L & off L U E

Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids.

Ladies enter R U E and take following position



CHORUS.

From the briny sea
Comes young Richard, all victorious!
Valorous is he—
His achievements all are glorious!
Let the welkin ring
With the news we bring
Sing it—shout it—
Tell about it—
Safe and sound returneth he,
All victorious from the sea!

Richard enters R U E and shakes hands L + R.

arms up

R U E *Enter* RICHARD. *The girls welcome him as he greets old acquaintances.*

BALLAD.—RICHARD.

I shipped, d'ye see, in a Revenue sloop,
And, off Cape Finistere,
A merchantman we see,
A Frenchman, going free,
So we made for the bold Mounseer,
D'ye see?
We made for the bold Mounseer.
But she proved to be a Frigate—and she up with her ports,
And fires with a thirty-two!
It come uncommon near,
But we answered with a cheer,
Which paralysed the Parly-voo,
D'ye see?
Which paralysed the Parly-voo!

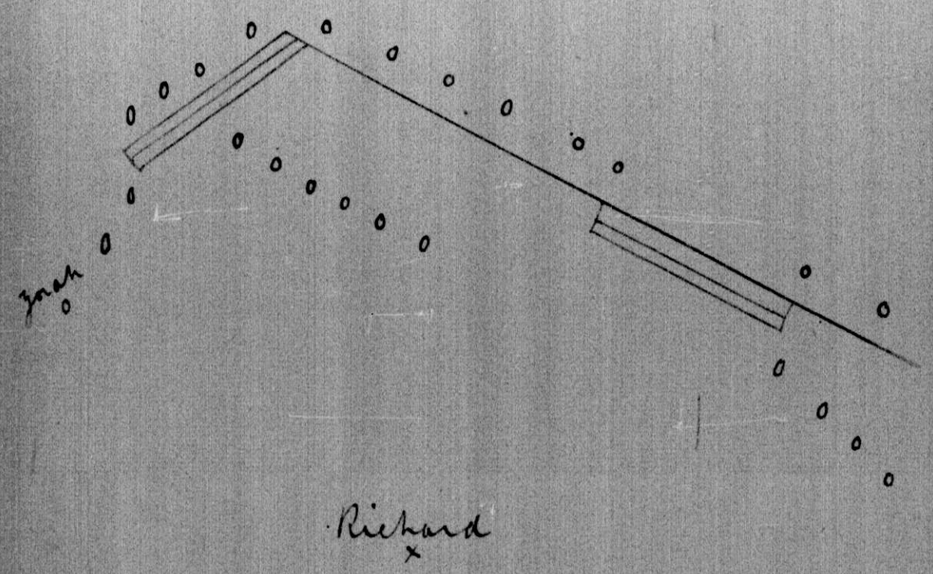
chorus

2nd V

Then our Captain he up and he says, says he,
"That chap we need not fear,—
We can take her, if we like,
She is sartin for to strike,
For she's only a darned Mounseer,
D'ye see?
She's only a darned Mounseer!
But to fight a French fal-lal—it's like hittin' of a gal—
Its a lubberly thing for to do;
For we, with all our faults,
Why we're sturdy British salts,
While she's only a Parley-voo,
D'ye see?
A miserable Parley-voo!"

chorus

Ladies enter R U E and take following position



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Chorus

Through Hornpipe Ladies move heads from R to L in time

Richard Robin
× ×

Richard Robin
× ×

BRITISH MUSEUM

3rd U So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze
As we gives a compassionating cheer;
Froggee answers with a shout
As he sees us go about,
Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,
D'ye see?
Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!
And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
(Which is what them furriners do),
And they blessed their lucky stars
We were hardy British tars
Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo,
D'ye see?
Who had pity on a poor Parley-voo! [Ladies raise arms & smack legs sailor fashion

[*Exeunt* Chorus, *as* Robin *comes forward.* down cottage steps

L Rob. Richard!

R. Rich. Robin!

Rob. My beloved foster-brother, and very dearest friend, welcome home again after ten long years at sea! It is such deeds as you have just described that cause our flag to be loved and dreaded throughout the civilized world!

Rich. Why, lord love ye, Rob., that's but a trifle to what we *have* done in the way of sparing life! I believe I may say, without exaggeration, that the marciful little Tom-Tit has spared more French frigates than any craft afloat! But 'taint for a British seaman to brag, so I'll just stow my jawin' tackle and belay. (Robin *sighs.*) But 'vast heavin', messmate, what's brought *you* all a-cockbill?

Rob. Alas, Dick, I love Rose Maybud, and love in vain!

Rich. *You* love in vain? Come, that's too good! Why you're a fine strapping muscular young fellow—tall and strong as a to'-gall'n-m'st—taut as a fore-stay—aye, and a barrowknight to boot, if all had their rights!

Rob. Hush, Richard—not a word about my true rank, which none here suspect. Yes, I know well enough that few men are better calculated to win a woman's heart than I. I'm a fine fellow, Dick, and worthy any woman's love—happy the girl who gets me, say I. But I'm timid, Dick; shy—nervous—modest—retiring—diffident—and I cannot tell her, Dick, I cannot tell her! Ah, you've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

Rich. Robin, do you call to mind how, years ago, we swore that, come what might, we would always act upon our hearts' dictates?

Rob. Aye, Dick, and I've always kept that oath. In doubt, difficulty and danger, I've always asked my heart what I should do, and it has never failed me. both raise hats

Takes hand

Rich. Right! Let your heart be your compass, with a clear conscience for your binnacle light, and you'll sail ten knots on a bowline, clear of shoals, rocks and quicksands! Well now, what does my heart

Through Hornpipe Ladies move heads from R to L in time

Richard Robin
× ×

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Richard Robin

Robin Richard

The refrain is repeated for the 1st Verse only Richard & Robin both sing the repeat

Robin Richard

Richard Robin

(4)

Rose

say in this here difficult situation? Why it says "Dick," it says—(it calls me "Dick" acos its known me from a babby)—"Dick," it says, "*you* ain't shy—*you* ain't modest—speak you up for him as is!" Robin, my lad, just you lay me alongside, and when she's becalmed under my lee, I'll spin her a yarn that shall sarve to fish you two together for life!

looks at watch

Rob. Will you do this thing for me? Can you, do you think? Yes (*feeling his pulse*). There's no false modesty about *you*. Your—what I would call bumptious self-assertiveness (I mean the expression in its complimentary sense), has already made you a bos'n's mate, and it will make an admiral of you in time, if you work it properly, you dear, incompetent old imposter! My dear fellow, I'd give my right arm for one tenth of your modest assurance!

SONG.—Robin.

My boy, you may take it from me,
That of all the afflictions accurst
With which a man's saddled
And hampered and addled,
A diffident nature's the worst.
Though clever as clever can be—
A Crichton of early romance—
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance,
If you wish in the world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance,
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance! × 12

2nd V

Now take, for example, *my* case:
I've a bright intellectual brain—
In all London city
There's no one so witty—
I've thought so again and again.
I've a highly intelligent face—
My features cannot be denied—
But, whatever I try, sir,
I fail in— and why, sir?
I'm modesty personified!

Both sing

If you wish in the world to advance, &c. × 2

3rd V

As a poet, I'm tender and quaint—
I've passion and fervour and grace—
From Ovid and Horace
To Swinburne and Morris,
They all of them take a back place.

Richard Robin

Robin Richard

The refrain is repeated for the 1st Verse only Richard & Robin both sing the refrain

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(4)
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Or, trust me, you haven't a chance! × R

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They all of them take a back place.

At last "you must stir it & stump it" &c. Robin goes off

Rose enters L U E at "Plead for him" she appears to be interested with the shipping & is at the top of steps L at "Fit to marry Lord Nelson"

Richard Rose

Richard Rose

(4) Chorus ladies Jonah Robin

Then I sing and I play and I paint :
Though none are accomplished as I,
To say so were treason :
You ask me the reason ?
I'm diffident, modest and shy !
If you wish in the world to advance, &c.

Both sing

[*Exit* Robin. R 1 E

Rich. (*looking after him*). Ah, it's a thousand pities he's such a poor opinion of himself, for a finer fellow don't walk ! Well, I'll do my best for him. "Plead for him as though it was for your own father"—that's what my heart's a remarkin' to me just now. But here she comes ! Steady ! Steady it is ! (*Enter* Rose—*he is much struck by her*). By the Port Admiral but she's a tight little craft ! Come, come, she's not for you, Dick, and yet—she's fit to marry Lord Nelson ! By the Flag of Old England, I can't look at her unmoved.

Takes off jacket throws it R 1 E

L U E

Rose. Sir, you are agitated—

Rich. Aye, aye, my lass, well said ! I am agitated, true enough !—took flat aback my girl, but 'tis naught— 'twill pass. (*Aside*). This here heart of mine's a dictatin' to me like anythink. Question is, have I a right to disregard its promptings ?

Rose. Can I do ought to relieve thine anguish, for it seemeth to me that thou art in sore trouble ? This apple—(*offering a damaged apple*).

Rich. (*looking at it and returning it*). No, my lass, 'taint that : I'm—I'm took flat aback—I never see anything like you in all my born days. Parbuckle me, if you ain't the loveliest gal I've ever set eyes on. There—I can't say fairer than that, can I ?

Rose. No. (*Aside*). The question is, is it meet that an utter stranger should thus express himself ? (*Refers to book*). Yes,—"Always speak the truth." Kisses book

Rich. I'd no thoughts of sayin' this here to you on my own account, for, truth to tell, I was chartered by another ; but when I see you my heart it up and it says, says it, "This is the very lass for *you* Dick"—"speak up to her, Dick," it says—(it calls me Dick acos we was at school together)—"tell her all, Dick," it says, "never sail under false colours—it's mean !" *That's* what my heart tells me to say, and in my rough, common-sailor fashion, I've said it, and I'm a-waiting for your reply. I'm a tremblin' miss. Lookye here—(*holding out his hand*). That's narvousness !

Poor Fellow

Rose (*aside*). Now, how should a maiden deal with such an one ? (*Consults book.*) "Keep no one in unnecessary suspense." (*Aloud.*) Behold, I will not keep you in unnecessary suspense. (*Refers to book.*) "In accepting an offer of marriage, do so with apparent hesitation." (*Aloud.*) I take you, but with a certain show of reluctance. (*Refers to book*) "Avoid any appearance of eagerness." (*Aloud.*) Though you will bear in mind that I am far from anxious to do so. (*Refers to book.*) "A little show of emotion will not be misplaced !" (*Aloud.*) Pardon this tear.! (*Wipes her eye.*)

At last "you must stir it & stretch it" &c. Robin goes off

Rose enters L U E at "Plead for him" she appears to be interested with the shipping. & is at the top of steps L at "Fit to marry Lord Nelson"

Richard Rose

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Both sing

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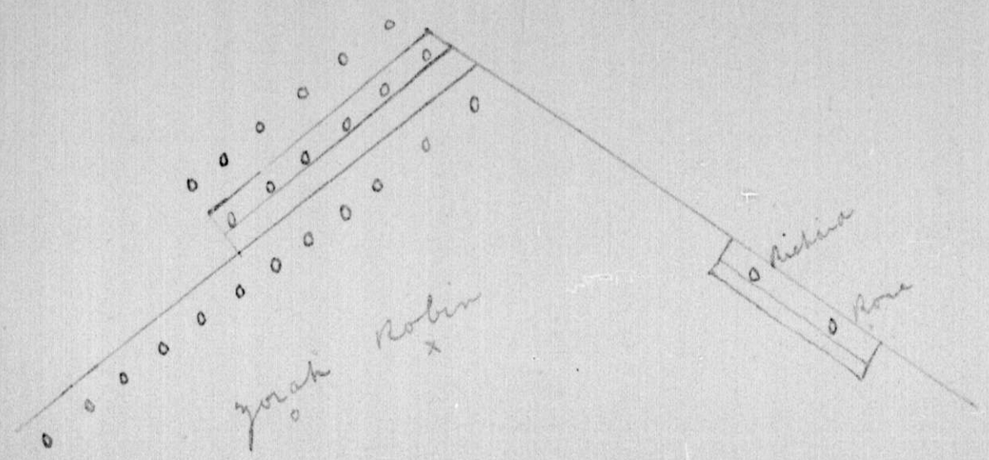


embraces her

gets away

Rich. Rose, you've made me the happiest blue-jacket in England! I wouldn't change places with the Admiral of the Fleet, no matter who he's a huggin' of at this present moment! But, axin' your pardon, miss, (*wiping his lips with his hand*), might I be permitted to salute the flag I'm a-goin' to sail under?

Rose (*referring to book.*) "An engaged young lady should not permit too many familiarities." (*Aloud.*) Once! (*Richard kisses her.*)

DUET.—Richard *and* Rose.

Rich.
The battle's roar is over,
O my love!
Embrace thy tender lover,
O my love!
From tempests' welter,
From war's alarms,
O give me shelter
Within those arms!
Thy smile alluring,
All heart-ache curing,
Gives peace enduring,
O my love! embraces

Rose.
If heart both true and tender,
O my love!
A life-love can engender,
O my love!
A truce to sighing
And tears of brine,
For joy undying takes hand
Shall aye be mine,
And thou and I, love,
Shall live and die, love,
Without a sigh, love—
My own, my love!

get away
joining

Enter Robin, *with Chorus of Bridesmaids.* R.

CHORUS.

(Bridesmaids on steps R & in front of them

(At end of Duet. Richard & Rose go up & sit on steps L. Heads to the left. Ladies pretty hands behind

If well his suit has sped,
Oh, may they soon be wed!
Oh, tell us, tell us, pray,
What doth the maiden say?
In singing are we justified,
"Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride"?

Rob. Well—what news? Have you spoken to her? Ladies indifferent hands in front

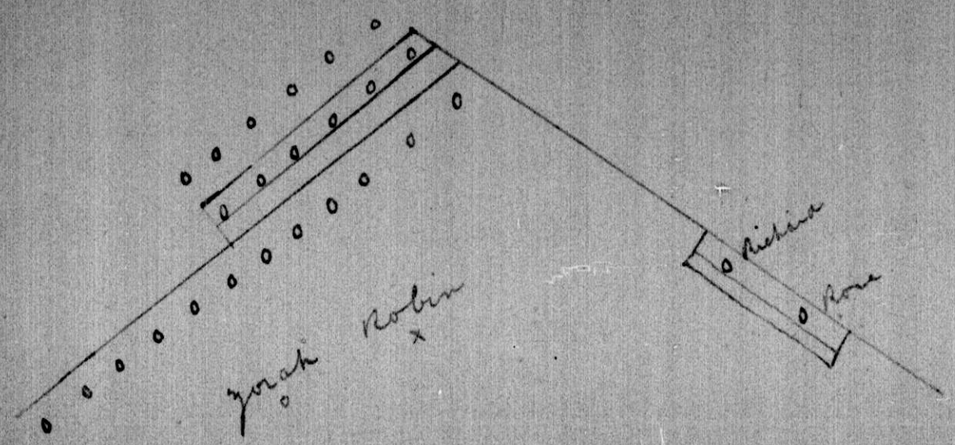
Rich. Aye, my lad, I have—so to speak—spoke her.

Rob. And she refuses?

Rich. Why, no, I can't truly say she do.

Rob. Then she accepts! My darling! (*Embraces her.*) x to L to R to C

Richard Rose
x o



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For joy undying Takes hand
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And thou and I, love,
Shall live and die, love,
Without a sigh, love—
My own, my love!

get away joining

Enter ROBIN, *with Chorus of Bridesmaids.* R.

CHORUS. (Bridesmaids on steps R & in front of them

(At end of Duet R. Richard & Rose go up & sit on steps L) (Leads to the left Ladies pass hands behind

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Richard × Robin × Rose o

Robin × Richard × Rose o

Robin × Richard × Rose

Robin × Richard × Rose o

Robin seated Richard × Rose o

At end of line "much corn + oil" Rose is going to Robin but Richard comes between them

Rich × Rose o

Richard × Robin × Rose o

125

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride! Ladies hands behind &
Let the nuptial knot be tied: looking up pious-ly
In fair phrases heads to the left
Hymn their praises,
Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!

ROSE (*aside, referring to her book*). Now, what should a maiden do when she is embraced by the wrong gentleman?

RICH. Belay, my lad, belay. You don't understand.

ROSE. Oh, sir, belay, I beseech you!

Robin: Belay! RICH. You see, it's like this: she accepts—but it's *me!* passes Robin R & goes up.

ROB. You [RICHARD *embraces* ROSE.

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride! same tune, twist hands & head.
When the nuptial knot is tied—

ROB. (*interrupting angrily.*) Hold your tongues, will you! Now then, what does this mean?

RICH. My poor lad, my heart grieves for thee, but it's like this: the moment I see her, and just as I was a-goin' to mention your name, my heart it up and it says, says it—"Dick, you've fell in love with her yourself," it says; "Be honest and sailor-like—don't skulk under false colours—speak up," it says, "take her, you dog, and with her my blessin'!"

Ladies put their chins Left suddenly BRIDESMAIDS. "Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!"— same tune

ROB. Will you be quiet! Go away! (*Chorus make faces at him and exeunt.*) Vulgar girls!

RICH. What could I do? I'm bound to obey my heart's dictates

sits R ROB. Of course—no doubt. It's quite right—I don't mind—that is, not particularly—only it's—it *is* disappointing, you know.

ROSE (*to* ROBIN). Oh, but, sir, I knew not that thou did'st seek me in wedlock, or in very truth I should not have hearkened unto this man, for behold, he is but a lowly mariner, and very poor withal, whereas thou art a tiller of the land, and thou hast fat oxen, and many sheep and swine, a considerable dairy farm and much corn and oil! Robin gets up

RICH. That's true, my lass, but its done now, aint it Rob?

ROSE. Still it maybe that I should not be happy in thy love. I am passing young and little able to judge. Moreover, as to thy character I know naught!

Coming C between them ROB. Nay Rose, I'll answer for that. Dick has won thy love fairly. Broken-hearted as I am, I'll stand up for Dick through thick and thin! goes to Richard & shake his hands

DICK (*with emotion*). Thankye, messmate! that's well said. That's spoken honest. Thankye, Rob! (*Grasps his hand.*)

ROSE. Yet methinks I have heard that sailors are but worldly men, and little prone to lead serious and thoughtful lives!

Richard × Robin × Rose o

Robin × Richard × Rose o

Robin × Richard × Rose

Robin × Richard × Rose o

Robin seated × Richard × Rose o

At end of line "much corn + oil" Rose is going to Robin but Richard comes between them

Rich × Rose o

Richard × Robin × Rose o

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BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride! Ladies hands behind &
Let the nuptial knot be tied: looking up fiercely
In fair phrases heads to the left
Hymn their praises,
Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!

ROSE (*aside, referring to her book*). Now, what should a maiden do when she is embraced by the wrong gentleman?

RICH. Belay, my lad, belay. You don't understand.

ROSE. Oh, sir, belay, I beseech you!

Robin: Belay! RICH. You see, it's like this: she accepts—but it's *me*! Rose Robin R.

ROB. You [RICHARD *embraces* ROSE. & goes up.

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride! same lines clinch hands
When the nuptial knot is tied— & head.

ROSE. (*interrupting angrily.*) Hold your tongues, will you! Now then, what does this mean?

RICH. My poor lad, my heart grieves for thee, but it's like this: the moment I see her, and just as I was a-goin' to mention your name, my heart it up and it says, says it—"Dick, you've fell in love with her yourself," it says; "Be honest and sailor-like—don't skulk under false colours—speak up," it says, "take her, you dog, and with her my blessin'!"

Ladies put their chins up impudently BRIDESMAIDS. "Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!"— same lines

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DICK (*with emotion*). Thankye, messmate! that's well said. That's spoken honest. Thankye, Rob! (*Grasps his hand.*)

ROSE. Yet methinks I have heard that sailors are but worldly men, and little prone to lead serious and thoughtful lives!

Rob. (as Richard dances) There! that's only a bit of it

Richard x Rose o Robin x

(5)

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Rob. And what then? Admit that Dick is *not* a steady character, and that when he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl.—Grant that—he does. Its the truth, and I'm not going to deny it. But look at his *good* qualities. He's as nimble as a pony, and his hornpipe is the talk of the fleet!

Rich. Thankye Rob! That's well spoken. Thankye Rob! Richard dances

Rose. But it maybe that he drinketh strong waters which do bemuse a man, and make him even as the wild beasts of the desert!

Rob. Well, suppose he does, and I don't say he don't, for rum's his bane, and ever has been. He *does* drink—I won't deny it. But what of that? Look at his arms—tattooed to the shoulder! (*Dick rolls up his sleeves.*) No, no—I won't hear a word against Dick!

Rose. But they say that mariners are but rarely true to those whom they profess to love!

Rob. Granted—granted—and I don't say that Dick isn't as bad as any of 'em. (*Dick chuckles.*) You are, you know you are, you dog! a devil of a fellow—a regular out-and-out Lothario! But what then? You can't have everything, and a better hand at turning-in a dead-eye don't walk a deck! And what an accomplishment *that* is in a family man! No, no—not a word against Dick. I'll stick up for him through thick and thin! dog strikes

Rich. Thankye, Rob, thankye. You're a true friend. I've acted accordin' to my heart's dictates, and such orders as them no man should disobey. Rose goes C as she shows Robin back

ENSEMBLE.—Richard, Robin, Rose.

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide
Your heart should be your only guide;
With summer sea and favouring wind
Yourself in port you'll surely find.

SOLO.—Richard.

My heart says, "To this maiden strike— Rose & Robin listen
She's captured you.
She's just the sort of girl you like—
You know you do.
If other man her heart should gain,
I shall resign."
That's what it says to me quite plain,
This heart of mine.

SOLO.—Robin.

My heart says, "Youv'e a prosperous lot. Rose & Richard listen
With acres wide;
You mean to settle all you've got
Upon your bride.

(Rob. (as Richard dances) "True! That's only a bit of it

Richard x Rose o Robin x

(5) Transcribe

Rob. And what then? Admit that Dick is *not* a steady character, and that when he's excited he uses language that would make your hair curl.—Grant that—he does. Its the truth, and I'm not going to deny it. But look at his *good* qualities. He's as nimble as a pony, and his hornpipe is the talk of the fleet!

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With acres wide;
You mean to settle all you've got
Upon your bride.

Margaret enters L U E comes to C & looks back, then to R C & listens - then down steps R & stops by steps L - then down to L C. then down to L C. then crosses stage to R C. in time to begin "Cheerily carols the lark"

Margaret

Margaret

Margaret

It don't pretend to shape my acts
By word or sign;
It merely states these simple facts,
This heart of mine!

SOLO.—Rose

Ten minutes since my heart said "white"— Richard & Robin listen
It now says "black."
It then said "left"—it now says "right"—
Hearts often tack. both get away
I must obey its latest strain—
You tell me so. (*To* Richard.)
But should it change its mind again,
I'll let you know. Rose curtsey's
(*Turning from* Richard *to* Robin *who embraces her.*)

ENSEMBLE.

In sailing o'er life's ocean wide
No doubt the heart should be your guide,
But it is awkward when you find
A heart that does not know its mind!
[*Exeunt* Robin *with* Rose L. L U E *and* Richard, *weeping*, R. U E

L U E
Enter Mad Margaret. *She is wildly dressed in picturesque tatters, and is an obvious caricature of theatrical madness.*

SCENA.—Margaret.

Cheerily carols the lark R C
Over the cot.
Merrily whistles the clerk
Scratching a blot.
But the lark
And the clerk,
I remark,
Comfort me not! goes L C

Over the ripening peach turns off R
Buzzes the bee.
Splash on the billowy beach coming forward
Tumbles the sea.
But the peach
And the beach
They are each
Nothing to me! comes C.

And why?
Who am I? coming R C.
Daft Madge! Crazy Meg!
Mad Margaret! Poor Peg!
He! he! he! he! he! (*chuckling.*) goes off

Margaret enters L U E comes to C & looks back, then to R C & listens - then down steps R & stops by steps L - then down to L C. then down to L C then crosses stage to R C. in time to begin "Cheerily carols the lark"

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It now says "black."
It then said "left"—it now says "right"—
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I must obey its latest strain— both get away
You tell me so. (To Richard.)
But should it change its mind again,
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Daft Madge! Crazy Meg!
Mad Margaret! Poor Peg!
He! he! he! he! he! (*chuckling.*) goes up

Margaret
to sleeped

Margaret

Margaret Rose

(6)
Chorus ladies
Chorus gentlemen
Sir Despard

Mad, I? comes down with music
Yes, very!
But why?
Mystery!
Don't call!
Whisht! whisht!

No crime—
'Tis only working L
That I'm
Love—lonely!
That's all!
Whisht! whisht!

BALLAD. seated by steps L

To a garden full of posies
Cometh one to gather flowers,
And he wanders through its bowers
Toying with the wanton roses,
Who, uprising from their beds,
Hold on high their shameless heads
With their pretty lips a-pouting,
Never doubting—never doubting
That for Cytherean posies
He would gather aught but roses!

In a nest of weeds and nettles, gets up through symphony
Lay a violet, half-hidden,
Hoping that his glance unbidden works to RC
Yet might fall upon her petals.
Though she lived alone, apart, through this
Hope lay nestling at her heart,
But, alas, the cruel awaking
Set her little heart a-breaking, kneels
For he gathered for his posies
Only roses—only roses!

(*Bursts into tears.*) & falls

Enter Rose. by cottage L

Rose. A maiden, and in tears? Can I do aught to soften thy sorrow? This apple—(*offering apple*).

Mar. (*Examines it and rejects it.*) No! (*mysteriously*). Tell me, are you mad? (takes Rose L)

Rose. I? No! That is, I think not.

Mar. That's well! Then you don't love Sir Despard Murgatroyd? All mad girls love him. *I* love him. I'm poor Mad Margaret—Crazy Meg—Poor Peg! He! he! he! he! (*chuckling.*) getting away

Rose. Thou lovest the bad Baronet of Ruddigore? Oh, horrible—too horrible!

Margaret
to seated

Margaret
to

Margaret
to

Rose
to

(6)
Chorus ladies
Chorus gentlemen
Sir Despard

18

Mad, I? comes down with music
Yes, very!
But why?
Mystery!
Don't call!
Whisht! whisht!

No crime—
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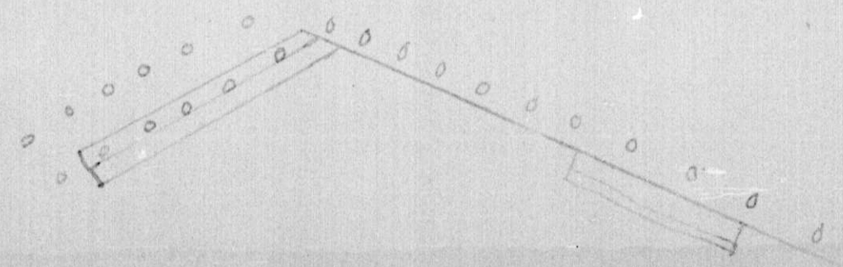
Margaret Rose

For the Italian glance Margaret folds arms & approaches Rose melodramatically looks rudely into her face & steps back into attitude.

Ladies enter R U E. in twos & take up following positions.
Gentlemen enter R U E in single file & go once round stage
Rose leads



knels **Mar.** You pity me? Then be my mother! The squirrel had a mother, but she drank and the squirrel fled! Hush! They sing a brave song in our parts—it runs somewhat thus:—(*Sings.*) gets up

"The cat and the dog and the little puppee
Sat down in a—down in a—in a"

I forget what they sat down in, but so the song goes! Listen—I've come to pinch her!

Rose. Mercy, whom!

Mar. You mean "who."

Rose. Nay! it is the accusative after the verb.

Mar. True. (*Whispers melodramatically.*) I have come to pinch Rose Maybud!

Rose. (*Aside, alarmed.*) Rose Maybud!

Mar. Aye! I love him—he loved me once. But that's all gone, Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance—thus—(*business*)—and made me his. He will give *her* an Italian glance, and make *her* his. But it shall not be, for I'll stamp on her—stamp on her—stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody? No? Why not? Listen—I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn't have it So it died—pop! So shall she! (takes stage R)

Rose. But behold, *I* am Rose Maybud, and I would fain not die "pop."

Mar. You are Rose Maybud! incredulously

Rose. Yes, sweet Rose Maybud!

going R. **Mar.** Strange! They told me she was beautiful! And *he* loves *you*! No, no! If I thought that, I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird—I would rend you asunder! x L & exit stick

Rose. Nay, be pacified, for behold I am pledged to another, and lo, we are to be wedded this very day!

Mar. Swear me that! Come to a Commissioner and let me have it on affidavit! *I* once made an affidavit—but it died—it died—it died! But see, they come—Sir Despard and his evil crew! Hide, hide—they are all mad—quite mad! goes R

Rose. What makes you think that?

Mar. Hush! They sing choruses in public. That's mad enough, I think! Go—hide away, or they will seize you. Hush! Quite softly—quite, quite softly! (laughs) [*Exeunt together, on tiptoe.* up cottage steps & off L

(*Enter Chorus of Bucks and Blades, heralded by Chorus of Bridesmaids.*)

Gents appear as Ladies begin to sing & come shake hands as they pass the Ladies.

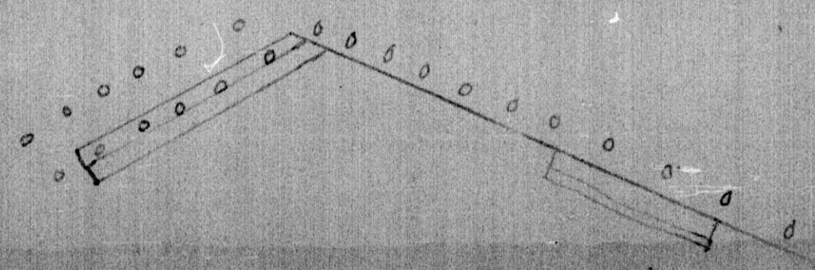
CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Welcome, gentry
For your entry
Sets our tender hearts a-beating. curtsey
Men of station,
Admiration
Prompts this unaffected greeting.
Hearty greeting offer we! curtsey

Margaret Rose

For the Italian glance Margaret folds arms & approaches Rose melodramatically. looks rudely into her face & steps back into attitude.

Ladies enter R U E. in twos & take up following positions.
Gentlemen enter R U E in single file & go once round stage
Bassos lead



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For your entry
Sets our tender hearts a-beating. curtsey
Men of station,
Admiration
Prompts this unaffected greeting.
Hearty greeting offer we! curtsey

Ladies & Gentlemen in circle

Your exceeding
Easy breeding—
Just the thing our hearts to pillage—
Cheers us, charms us,
Quite disarms us:
Welcome, welcome, to our village;
To our village welcome be!

CHORUS OF BUCKS AND BLADES.

In places as they sing

When thoroughly tired
Of being admired
By ladies of gentle degree—degree,
With flattery sated,
High-flown and inflated,
Away from the city we flee—we flee!

Ladies come down from platform

Gents march from either side to Centre

From charms intramural
To prettiness rural
The sudden transition
Is simply Elysian,
So come, Amaryllis,
Come, Chloe and Phyllis,
Your slaves, for the moment, are we!

Turn right about & join ladies

curtsey each time

ALL. From charms intramural, &c.

Gents turn ladies to Centre

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Addressing Gents from either side

The sons of the tillage
Who dwell in this village
Are people of lowly degree—degree.
Though honest and active
They're most unattractive
And awkward as awkward can be—can be.
They're clumsy clodhoppers
With axes and choppers,
And shepherds and ploughmen
And drovers and cowmen
And hedgers and reapers
And carters and keepers,
But never a lover for me!

March down stage as clodhoppers

Still

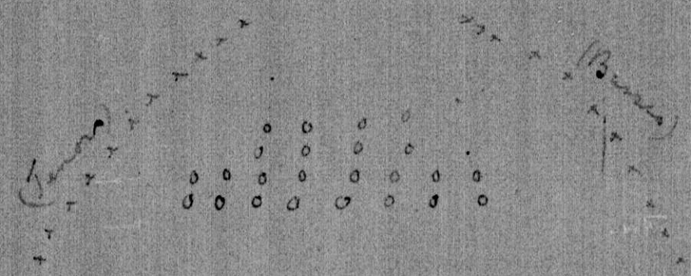
Ladies return semicircles

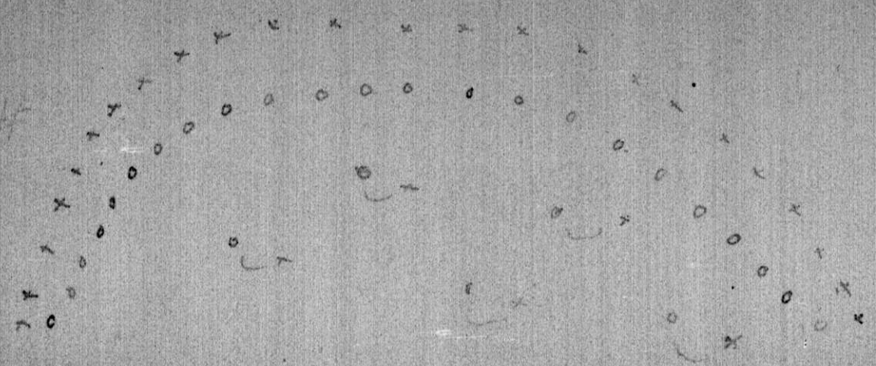
ALL. They're clumsy clodhoppers, &c.

ALL. So welcome, gentry
For { your / our } entry
Sets { our / their } tender hearts a-beating, &c

Enter SIR DESPARD MURGATROYD. R U E

Ladies & Gentlemen in circle





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But never a lover for me!

March down stage as clodhoppers

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Ladies reform semicircles

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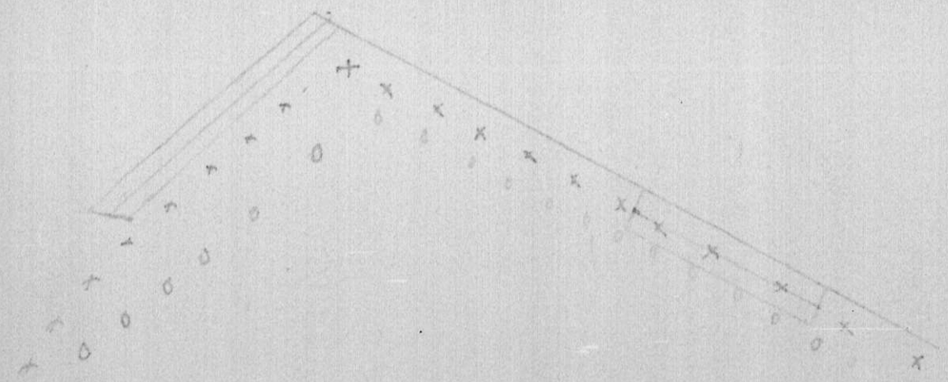

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Sir Despard offers flowers to Ladies R they shrink from him as he does so he stamps - they scream & hiss - he does the same to wish Ladies L and again to Ladies up Stage R C. he then stamps upon the flowers & strikes attitude of disgust

Sir Despard

(7) Richard

SONG *and* CHORUS.—Sir Despard.

Sir D. Oh why am I moody and sad? shake heads
Ch. Can't guess!
Sir D. And why am I guiltily mad? hands up
Ch. Confess!
Sir D. Because I am thoroughly bad!
Ch. Oh yes— nod to each other
Sir D. You'll see it at once in my face.
Oh why am I husky and hoarse? forward
Ch. Ah, why?
Sir D. It's the workings of conscience, of course.
Ch. Fie, fie! finger up
Sir D. And huskiness stands for remorse,
Ch. Oh my! arms up
Sir D. At least it does so in my case! shaking to one another

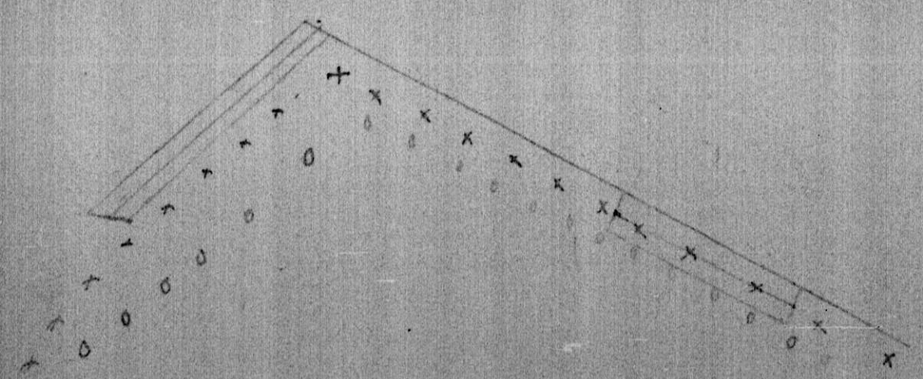
2nd V

Sir D. When in crime one is fully employed—
Ch. Like you— pointing
Sir D. Your expression gets warped and destroyed:
Ch. It do. to one another
Sir D. It's a penalty none can avoid;
Ch. How true! arms up
Sir D. I once was a nice-looking youth; all look
But like stone from a strong catapult—
Ch. (*explaining to each other*). A trice—
Sir D. I rushed at my terrible cult—
Ch. (*explaining to each other*). That's vice—
Sir D. Observe the unpleasant result!
Ch. Not nice. disgust
Sir D. Indeed I am telling the truth! spreading to one another

Sir D. Oh innocent, happy though poor!
Ch. That's we— to each other
Sir D. If I had been virtuous, I'm sure—
Ch. Like me— indicating themselves
Sir D. I should be as nice-looking as you're!
Ch. May be. eyes down
Sir D. You are very nice-looking indeed! leads
Oh innocents, listen in time—
Ch. We *doe*,
Sir D. Avoid an existance of crime—
Ch. Just so— nod
Sir D. Or you'll be as ugly as I'm—
Ch. (*loudly*). No! No! arms out
Sir D. And now, if you please, we'll proceed.

(*All the girls express their horror of Sir Despard. As he approaches them they fly from him, terror-stricken, leaving him alone on the stage.*)

Sir D. Poor children, how they loathe me—me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little



BRITISH MUSEUM

Sir Despard offers flowers to Ladies R they shrink from him as he does so he stamps - they scream & hiss - He does the same bus. with Ladies L and again to Ladies up Stage R.C. he then stamps upon the flowers & strikes attitude of disgust

Sir Despard

(?) Richard

SONG *and* CHORUS.—Sir Despard.

Sir D. Oh why am I moody and sad?
Ch. Can't guess! — shake heads
Sir D. And why am I guiltily mad?
Ch. Confess! — hands up
Sir D. Because I am thoroughly bad!
Ch. Oh yes— — nod to each other
Sir D. You'll see it at once in my face.
Oh why am I husky and hoarse?
Ch. Ah, why? — forward
Sir D. It's the workings of conscience, of course.
Ch. Fie, fie! — finger up
Sir D. And huskiness stands for remorse,
Ch. Oh my! — arms up
Sir D. At least it does so in my case! — speaking to one another

2nd V

Sir D. When in crime one is fully employed—
Ch. Like you— — pointing
Sir D. Your expression gets warped and destroyed:
Ch. It do. — to one another
Sir D. It's a penalty none can avoid;
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Sir D. I once was a nice-looking youth; — all look
But like stone from a strong catapult—
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Ch. Not nice. — disgust
Sir D. Indeed I am telling the truth! — speaking to one another

Sir D. Oh innocent, happy though poor!
Ch. That's we— — to each other
Sir D. If I had been virtuous, I'm sure—
Ch. Like me— — indicating themselves
Sir D. I should be as nice-looking as you're!
Ch. May be. — eyes down
Sir D. You are very nice-looking indeed! — bow
Oh innocents, listen in time—
Ch. We *doe*,
Sir D. Avoid an existance of crime—
Ch. Just so— — nod
Sir D. Or you'll be as ugly as I'm—
Ch. (*loudly*). No! No! — arms out
Sir D. And now, if you please, we'll proceed.

(*All the girls express their horror of Sir Despard. As he approaches them they fly from him, terror-stricken, leaving him alone on the stage.*)

Sir D. Poor children, how they loathe me—me whose hands are certainly steeped in infamy, but whose heart is as the heart of a little

child! But what *is* a poor baronet to do, when a whole picture-gallery of ancestors step down from their frames and threaten him with an excruciating death, if he hesitate to commit his daily crime? But ha! ha! I am even with them! (*Mysteriously*). I get my crime over the first thing in the morning and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good—I do good—I do good! (*Melodramatically*). Two days since, I stole a child and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday I robbed a bank and endowed a bishopric. To-day I carry off Rose Maybud, and atone with a cathedral! This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the Nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ax your honour's pardon, but—

Sir D. Ha! observed! And by a mariner! What would you with me, fellow?

Rich. Your honour, I'm a poor man-o'-war's man, becalmed in the doldrums—

Sir. D. I don't know them.

Rich. And I make bold to ax your honour's advice. Does your honour know what it is to have a heart?

Sir D. My honour knows what it is to have a complete apparatus for conducting the circulation of the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body.

Rich. Aye, but has your honour a heart that ups and looks you in the face, and gives you quarter-deck orders that it's life and death to disobey?

Sir D. I have not a heart of that description, but I have a Picture Gallery that presumes to take that liberty.

Rich. Well, your honour, it's like this—Your honour had an elder brother—

Sir D. It had.

Rich. Who should have inherited your title and with it, its cuss.

Sir D. Aye, but he died. Oh, Ruthven!—

Rich. He didn't.

Sir D. He did *not?*

Rich. He didn't. On the contrary, he lives in this here very village, under the name of Robin Oakapple, and he's a-going to marry Rose Maybud this very day.

Sir D. Ruthven alive, and going to marry Rose Maybud! Can this be possible?

Rich. Now the question I was going to ask your honour is—ought I to tell your honour this?

Sir D. I don't know. It's a delicate point. I think you ought. Mind, I'm not sure, but I think so.

Sir Desmond

Richard Sir Des-

Richard Sir Desmond

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Richard Despard

Dance between verses - Richard goes up steps R & Despard up steps L they pass each other at back - and come down stage for 1st Verse - Richard looks in cottage as he passes it & Despard looks off R.

Despard Richard

For the last they dance up to steps R. then each wants the other to go first - finally Richard goes first.

Ladies enter from L U E in twos and down steps L the first five dress L C. the next seven go on platform L and the remaining 12 dress the platform from L. Gentlemen enter in twos R U E once round stage - after Robin enters & Gentlemen join Ladies on Platform L through Symphony to Madrigal.

(8) Everybody for finale

RICH. That's what my heart says. It says, "Dick," it says, (it calls me Dick acos it's entitled to take that liberty). "That there young gal would recoil from him if she knowed what he really were. Ought you to stand off and on, and let this young gal take this false step and never fire a shot across her bows to bring her to? No, it says, "you did *not* ought." And I won't ought, accordin'.

SIR D. Then you really feel yourself at liberty to tell me that my elder brother lives—that I may charge him with his cruel deceit, and transfer to his shoulders the hideous thraldom under which I have laboured for so many years! Free—free at last! Free to live a blameless life, and to die beloved and regretted by all who knew me!

DUET.—SIR DESPARD *and* RICHARD.

RICH. You understand?
SIR DES. I think I do,
With vigour unshaken
This step shall be taken.
It's neatly planned.
RICH. I think so too;
I'll readily bet it
You'll never regret it!

BOTH. For duty, duty must be done;
The rule applies to every one,
And painful though that duty be,
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!

2nd V

SIR DES. The bridegroom comes—
RICH. Likewise the bride—
The maidens are very
Elated and merry;
They are her chums.
SIR DES. To lash their pride
Were almost a pity,
The pretty committee!

BOTH. But duty, duty must be done;
The rule applies to every one,.
And painful though that duty be,
To shirk the task were fiddle-de-dee!

5 Girls go up to Window

[*Exeunt* RICHARD *and* SIR DESPARD. by steps R.

Enter Chorus of Bridesmaids and Bucks.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. enter from L U E.

Hail the bride of seventeen summers;
In fair phrases
Hymn her praises;
Lift your song on high, all comers.
She rejoices
In your voices.

Richard Despard

Dance between verses - Richard goes up steps R & Despard up steps L they pass each other at back - and come down stage for 2nd Verse - Richard looks in Cottage as he passes it & Despard looks off R.

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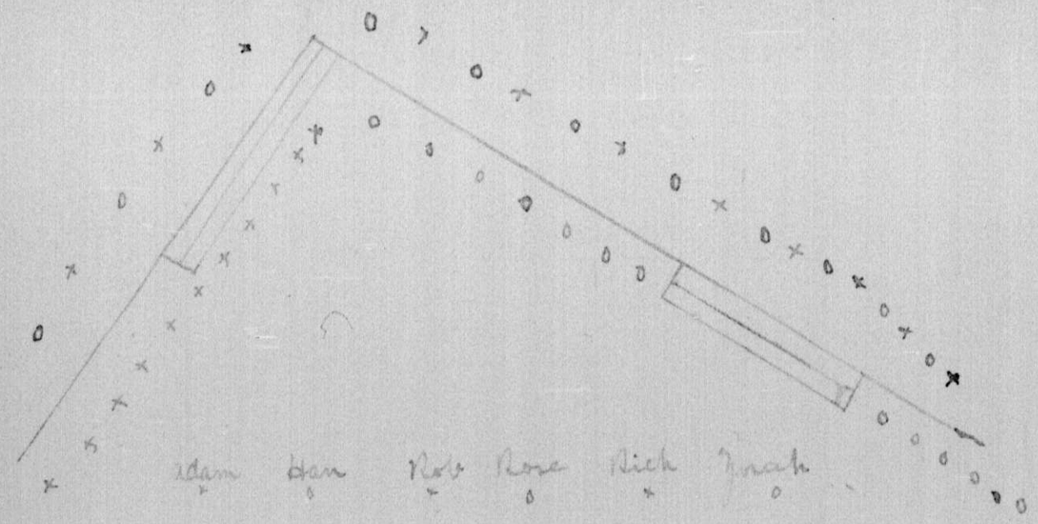
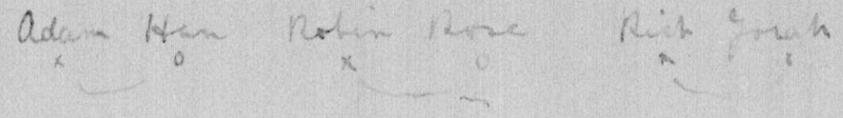


Rose Zorah & Hannah enter Cottage L. Adam Robin Richard enter by steps R.



Smiling summer beams upon her,
Shedding every blessing on her:
Maidens, greet her—
Kindly treat her—
You may all be brides some day!

CHORUS OF BUCKS.

Hail the bridegroom who advances,
Agitated,
Yet elated.
He's in easy circumstances,
Young and lusty,
True and trusty:
Happiness untold awaits them
When the parson consecrates them;
People near them,
Loudly cheer them—
You'll be bridegrooms some fine day!

(Enter R in twos and go once round stage R leave space by steps R for Robins Entrance then go to place for madrigal)

R. *Enter* ROBIN, *attended by* RICHARD *and* OLD ADAM, *meeting* ROSE, L *attended by* ZORAH *and* DAME HANNAH. ROSE *and* ROBIN *embrace.*

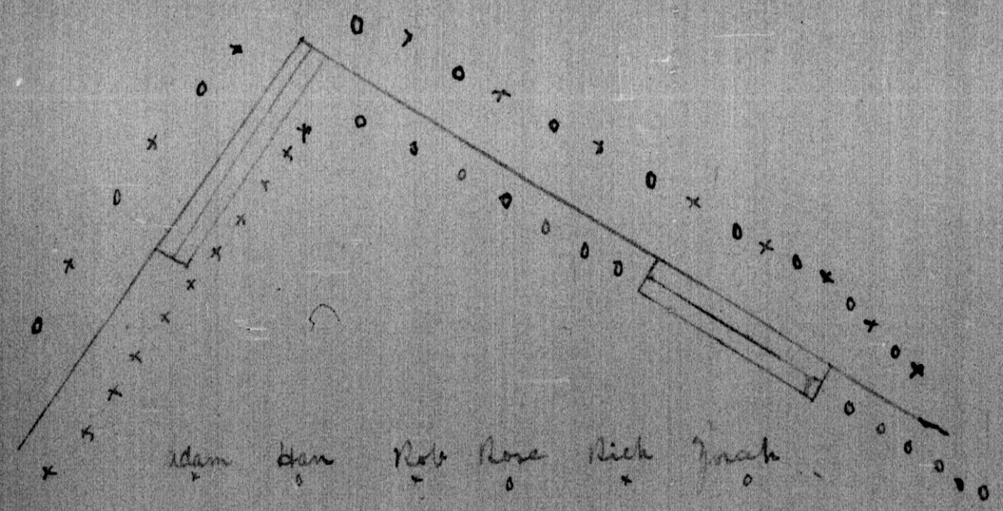
MADRIGAL.

ROSE. Where the buds are blossoming,
Smiling welcome to the spring,
Lovers choose a wedding day—
Life is love in merry May!

GIRLS. Spring is green—Fal lal la!
Summer's rose—Fal lal la!
ALL. It is sad when summer goes,
Fal la!
MEN. Autumn's gold—Fal lal la!
Winter's grey—Fal lal la!
ALL. Winter still is far away—
Fal la!

Leaves in autumn fade and fall
Winter is the end of all.
Spring and summer teem with glee:
Spring and summer, then, for me!
Fal la!

HANNAH. In the spring-time seed is sown:
In the summer grass is mown:
In the autumn you may reap:
Winter is the time for sleep.



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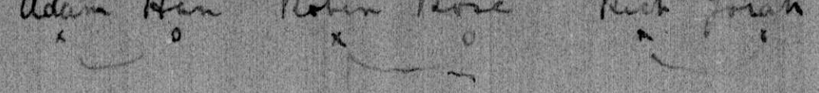

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Winter is the time for sleep.

For picture at end of Gavotte

Jonah Rose Hannah

Rich Robin Adam

Rich Jonah Han Adam

Robin Despard

Rose

After dance positions are as above.

As Robin sees Despard he crosses to step L
Despard comes down melodramatically & Robin recedes
from him step by step

Despard Rose Robin Richard Hannah Adam Jonah

Despard Rose Richard Robin Adam Hannah Jonah

GIRLS. Spring is hope—Fal lal la!
Summer's joy—Fal lal la!
ALL. Spring and summer never cloy,
Fal la!

MEN. Autumn, toil—Fal lal la!
Winter, rest—Fal lal la!
ALL. Winter, after all, is best—
Fal la!

ALL. Spring and summer pleasure you,
Autumn, aye, and winter too—
Every season has its cheer
Life is lovely all the year!
Fal la!

GAVOTTE.

After Gavotte, enter SIR DESPARD. L by step

SIR D. Hold, bride and bridegroom, ere you wed each other,
I claim young Robin as my elder brother! All show surprise
ROB. (*Aside*). Ah, lost one! goes up to Despard recedes as
SIR D. His rightful title I have long enjoyed: Despard advances
I claim him as Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd!
ROSE. (*Wildly.*) Deny the falsehood, Robin, as you should
It is a plot!
ROB. I would, if conscientiously I could,
But I cannot!
ALL. Ah, base one! All point twice

SOLO.—ROBIN. C kneels

As pure and blameless peasant,
I cannot, I regret,
Deny a truth unpleasant, All listen
I am that Baronet!
ALL. He is that Baronet! — J. Robin gets up

But when completely rated
Bad baronet am I,
That I am what he's stated
I'll recklessly deny!
ALL. He'll recklessly deny! to one another

2nd Time in groups & 3rd time to audience

ROB. When I'm a bad Bart. I will tell taradiddles! All listen
ALL. He'll tell taradiddles when he's a bad Bart. All turn up stage
ROB. I'll play a bad part on the falsest of fiddles. listen
ALL. On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part! turn

For picture at end of Gavotte

Jonah Rose Hannah

Rich Robin Adam

Rich Jonah ~~Han~~ Adam

Robin Despard

X Rose

After dance situations are as above.

As Robin sees Despard he crosses H steps L
Despard comes down melodramatically & Robin recoils
from him step by step

X Despard Rose Robin Richard Hannah Adam Jonah

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Life is lovely all the year!
Fal la!

GAVOTTE.

After Gavotte, enter SIR DESPARD. Z by steps

X SIR D. Hold, bride and bridegroom, ere you wed each other,
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ROB. (*Aside*). Ah, lost one! goes up to Despard precedes so
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ALL. On very false fiddles he'll play a bad part! turn

2nd Time in # groups & 3rd time to Audience

After Paradiddle chorus Principals fall back thus

Des Rich Rose Robin Adam Han Frank

During "Within this breast" Despard comes down right
Robin down L C Richard stares up after Solo Thus. Farewell &c

Richard
Despard Rose Robin Adam Han Frank

Ladies form semicircle during symphony

Richard
Despard Rose Robin Adam Han Frank

Despard Rose Richard Adam Han Robin Frank

ROB. But until that takes place I must be conscientious— listen
ALL. He'll be conscientious until that takes place. turn
ROB. Then adieu with good grace to my morals sententious! listen
ALL. To morals sententious adieu with good grace! turn

The soldiers draw swords threatingly Despard protects Richard

ZOR. Who is the wretch who hath betrayed thee?
Let him stand forth!
RICH. (*coming forward.*) 'Twas I!
ALL. Die, traitor!
RICH. Hold, my conscience made me!
Withhold your wrath!

SOLO.—RICHARD.

Within this breast there beats a heart
Whose voice can't be gainsaid.
It bade me thy true rank impart,
And I at once obeyed.
I knew 'twould blight thy budding fate—
I knew 'twould cause thee anguish great—
But did I therefore hesitate?
No! I at once obeyed! Gent. take off swords

arms up ALL. Acclaim him who, when his true heart
Bade him young Robin's rank impart,
Immediately obeyed! Richard & Despard go up

Ladies form semicircle during symphony

SOLO.—ROSE (*addressing* ROBIN),

#
Farewell!
Thou had'st my heart—
'Twas quickly won!
But now we part—
Thy face I shun!
Farewell!

Go bend the knee
At Vice's shrine,
Of life with me
All hope resign.
Farewell!

Ladies & Gent. weep on one another's shoulder

R. G. SIR DESPARD.) Take me—I am thy bride!
ALL. Hurrah!

X BRIDESMAIDS. (kneeling) arms up

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot is tied;
Every day will bring some joy
That can never, never cloy!

Enter MARGARET, *who listens.*

me steps L

After Paradiddle chorus. Principals fall back thus

Des Rich Rose Robin Adam Han Jerah

During "Within this breast" Despard comes down right
Robin down L C Richard stares up after solo. Thus. Farewell &c

Richard
Despard Rose Robin Adam Margt in steps Han Jerah

Ladies form semicircle during symphony

Richard
Despard Rose Robin Adam Han Jerah

Despard Rose Richard Adam Han Robin Jerah

ROB. But until that takes place I must be conscientious— listen
ALL. He'll be conscientious until that takes place. turn
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Farewell! Ladies & Gents weep on one another's shoulder

R. (To SIR DESPARD.) Take me—I am thy bride!
ALL. Hurrah!

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Despard Margaret

Despard Marg Rose Rich Han Adam Gor Robin

Curtain Warning Bell

(For Happy the Lily)

Richard Rose

Dep. Marg Han Ad Gorah

Richard + Rose come down C as they sing their verse.
Towards end of verse - Des + Marg. go up C.
Rich + Rose turn to R + remain R

Richard Rose

Despard + Marg come down C for their Verse + turn to L corner (remaining there) as Han. Ad. + Gorah go up to C.
They come down for their verse forming line thus (over leaf)

SIR D. Excuse me, I'm a virtuous person now— Des passes her R
ROSE. That's why I wed you!
SIR D And I to Margaret must keep my vow!
MAR. Have I misread you?
Oh joy! with newly kindled rapture warmed,
I kneel before you! (*Kneels.*)
SIR I once disliked you; now that I've reformed,
How I adore you! (*They embrace.*)

BRIDESMAIDS. kneeling

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot is tied;
Every day will bring some joy
That can never, never cloy!

ROSE. Richard, of him I love bereft,
Through thy design,
Thou art the only one that's left,
So I am thine! (*They embrace.*)

BRIDESMAIDS.

Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!
Let the nuptial knot be tied!

4 Girls come down from Window

DUET.—ROSE *and* RICHARD.

Dance begins here with Principals once & under.

Oh, happy the lily
When kissed by the bee;
And, sipping tranquilly,
Quite happy is he;
And happy the filly
That neighs in her pride;
But happier than any
A pound to a penny,
A lover is, when he
Embraces his bride! Rose + Rich go R

{Chorus get to places for Dance through last few bars of Ensemble}

DUET.—SIR DESPARD *and* MARGARET

Oh, happy the flowers
That blossom in June,
And happy the bowers
That gain by the boon,
But happier by hours
The man of descent,
Who, folly regretting,
Is bent on forgetting
His bad baronetting,
And means to repent! Desp + Marg go L

Despard Margaret

Despard Marg. Rose Rich Hon Adam Gor Robin

Curtain Warning Bell

(For Happy the Lily)

Richard Rose

Dep. Marg. Hon Ad Gorah

Richard + Rose come down C, as they sing their verse.
Towards end of verse - Des + Marg. go up C.
Rich + Rose turn to R + remain R

Richard Rose

Despard + Marg come down C for their Verse + turn to L corner (remaining there) as Hon. Ad. + Gorah go up to C.
They come down for their verse joining line thus (over leaf)

SIR D. Excuse me, I'm a virtuous person now— Des pounces her R
ROSE. That's why I wed you!
SIR D And I to Margaret must keep my vow!
MAR. Have I misread you?
Oh joy! with newly kindled rapture warmed,
I kneel before you! (*Kneels.*)
SIR I once disliked you; now that I've reformed,
How I adore you! (*They embrace.*)

BRIDESMAIDS. Kneeling
Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!
When the nuptial knot is tied;
Every day will bring some joy
That can never, never cloy!

ROSE. Richard, of him I love bereft,
Through thy design,
Thou art the only one that's left,
So I am thine! (*They embrace.*)

BRIDESMAIDS.
Hail the Bridegroom—hail the Bride!
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And, sipping tranquilly,
Quite happy is he;
And happy the filly
That neighs in her pride;
But happier than any
A pound to a penny,
A lover is, when he
Embraces his bride! Rose + Rich go R

Dance begins here with Principals over + under.

Chorus get to places for Dance through last few bars of Ensemble.

DUET.—SIR DESPARD *and* MARGARET
Oh, happy the flowers
That blossom in June,
And happy the bowers
That gain by the boon,
But happier by hours
The man of descent,
Who, folly regretting,
Is bent on forgetting
His bad baronetting,
And means to repent! Des + Marg go L

Rich Rose Han Adam Zorah Des and Marg

For Robin verse they fall back thus

Adam Han Zorah Robin Rich Rose Marg Des

(Repeat Ensemble) in line Han Ad Zo Rob Rich Rose Marg Des

Robin joins wildly in dance with Zorah falling senseless at end.

At end of dance

Han Adam Zorah Rich Rose Des Marg

Robin

TRIO.—Hannah, Adam, *and* Zorah. Principals dance facing each other

Oh, happy the blossom
That blooms on the lea,
Likewise the opossom
That sits on a tree,
But when you come across 'em,
They cannot compare,
With those who are treading
The dance at a wedding,
While people are spreading
The best of good fare!

SOLO.—Robin.

Oh, wretched the debtor
Who's signing a deed!
And wretched the letter
That no one can read!
But very much better
Their lot it must be
Than that of the person
I'm making this verse on,
Whose head there's a curse on—
Alluding to me!

Dance facing Audience

Repeat ensemble with chorus. Dance in square

DANCE.

At the end of the dance Robin *falls senseless on the stage. Picture.*

Principals in places for Dance

Act Drop.

Chorus dance

Alternate two join & go up down twice - the others turn in their places.

Advance & retire

Join partners at back of stage & come down & back to places

Then face Audience & dance in places to the end.

Han Ad Rob Rose Marg Des

For dance

Principals dance

Under & over

To one another

Rob's

Facing Audience

Squares

Rich Rose Han Adam Zorah Deis Marg

For Robin verse they fall back thus

Adam Han Zorah Robin Rich Rose Marg Deis

(Repeat Ensemble) or line

Han Ad Zo Rob Rich Rose Marg Deis

Robin joins wildly in dance with Zorah - falling senseless at end.

At end of dance

Han Adam Zorah Rich Rose Deis Marg

Robin

TRIO.—HANNAH, ADAM, *and* ZORAH. Principals dance facing each other

Oh, happy the blossom
That blooms on the lea,
Likewise the opossom
That sits on a tree,
But when you come across 'em,
They cannot compare,
With those who are treading
The dance at a wedding,
While people are spreading
The best of good fare!

SOLO.—ROBIN.

Oh, wretched the debtor
Who's signing a deed!
And wretched the letter
That no one can read! Dance facing Audience
But very much better
Their lot it must be
Than that of the person
I'm making this verse on,
Whose head there's a curse on—
Alluding to me!

Repeat ensemble with chorus. Dance in square

DANCE.

At the end of the dance ROBIN *falls senseless on the stage. Picture.*

Principals in places for Dance

ACT DROP

Chorus dance

Alternate two join & go up down twice - the others turn in their places.

Advance & retire

Join partners at back of stage & come down & back to places

Then face Audience & dance in places to the end

Han Ad Zo Rose Marg

For dance

Principals dance under & over to one another Rob's facing Audience squares

Warning bell for curtain as overture begins.

Adam Robin

(1)
Robin Adam
Chorus ladies
Rose Jorah & Richard

ACT II.

SCENE. *Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle. The walls are covered with full length portraits of the Baronets of Ruddigore from the time of* JAMES I.—*the first being that of* SIR RUPERT, *alluded to in the legend; the last, that of the last deceased Baronet,* SIR RODERIC.

Enter ROBIN *and* ADAM *melodramatically. They are greatly altered in appearance,* ROBIN *wearing the haggard aspect of a guilty roué;* ADAM, *that of the wicked steward to such a man.* At every sixth step they both look back frightened. 1st time to the left 2nd to the right 3rd & 4th 20 one

DUET.—ROBIN *and* ADAM.

ROB. I once was as meek as a new-born lamb,
I'm now Sir Murgatroyd—ha! ha! softly
With greater precision,
(Without the elision)
Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—ha! ha! goes up stage

ADAM. And I, who was once his *valley-de-sham*,
As steward I'm now employed—ha! ha! very loudly. Rob starts
The dickens may take him—
I'll never forsake him!
As steward I'm now employed—ha! ha! Robin starts affecting that the noise proceeds from one of the pictures

BOTH. How dreadful when an innocent heart
Becomes, perforce, a bad young Bart.,
And still more hard on old Adam
His former faithful *valley-de-sham!* ha! ha!

ROB. This is a painful state of things, Old Adam!

ADAM. Painful, indeed! Ah, my poor master, when I swore that come what would, I would serve you in all things for ever, I little thought to what a pass it would bring me! The confidential adviser to the greatest villain unhung! Now, Sir, to business. What crime do you propose to commit to-day?

ROB. How should I know? As my confidential adviser, it's your duty to suggest something.

ADAM. Sir, I loathe the life you are leading, but a good old man's oath is paramount, and I obey. Richard Dauntless is here with pretty Rose Maybud, to ask your consent to their marriage. Poison their beer.

Warning bell for curtain as overture begins

Adam × Robin ×

(1)
Robin Adam
Chorus ladies
Rose Jorah & Richard

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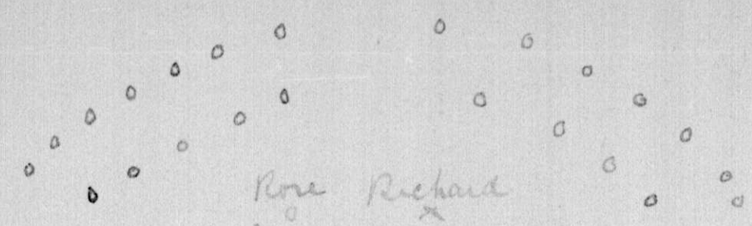
Adam Robin

Adam Exit R1E Robin Exit L1E

Ladies enter 12 by door at back
6 by door L2E
6 by door R2E
followed by Richard & Rose by door at back
The Ladies at back come straight down and are joined by the Ladies R & L and form four lines of six deep - and then by countermarch form two circles thus



In places by the beginning of Duet

Rose & Richard change places at the end of dance
Richard Rose

BRITISH

Rob. No—not that—I know I'm a bad Bart, but I'm not as bad a Bart as all that.

Adam. Well, there you are, you see! It's no use my making suggestions if you don't adopt them.

Rob. (*melodramatically.*) How would it be, do you think, were I to lure him here with cunning wile—bind him with good stout rope to yonder post—and then, by making hideous faces at him, curdle the heart-blood in his arteries, and freeze the very marrow in his bones? How say you, Adam, is not the scheme well planned?

Adam. It would be simply rude—nothing more. But soft—they come!

Adam *and* **Robin** *retire up as* **Richard** *and* **Rose** *enter, preceded by Chorus of Bridesmaids.*

DUET.—Richard and Rose.

Rich.
Happily coupled are we,
You see—
I am a jolly Jack Tar,
My star,
And you are the fairest,
The richest and rarest
Of innocent lasses you are,
By far—
Of innocent lasses you are!
Fanned by a favouring gale,
You'll sail
Over life's treacherous sea
With me,
And as for bad weather
We'll brave it together,
And you shall creep under my lee,
My wee!
And you shall creep under my lee!
For you are such a smart little craft—
Such a neat little, sweet little craft.
Such a bright little, tight little,
Slight little, light little,
Trim little, prim little craft!

Ladies dance Ladies dance

Places this this

Rose & Rich dance all turn round once

Chorus dance For she is such, &c. Ladies dance R & L

Rose.
My hopes will be blighted I fear,
My dear;
In a month you'll be going to sea,
Quite free,
And all of my wishes
You'll throw to the fishes
As though they were never to be;
Poor me!
As though they were never to be,

Adam Robin

Adam Exit R 1 E Robin Exit L 1 E

Ladies enter 12 by door at back
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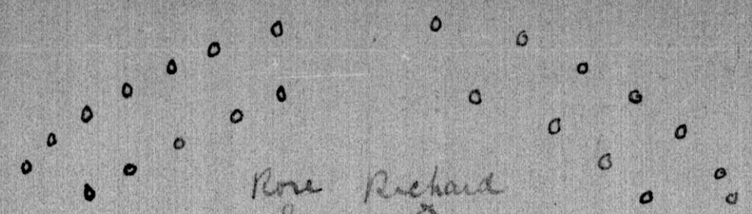

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You'll sail
Over life's treacherous sea
With me,
And as for bad weather
We'll brave it together,
And you shall creep under my lee,
My wee!
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My dear;
In a month you'll be going to sea,
Quite free,
And all of my wishes
You'll throw to the fishes
As though they were never to be;
Poor me!
As though they were never to be,

Richard Rose
x o

For Robin's entrance Ladies open out into two lines

Joyah Richard Rose Robin
o x o x

Open out as ~~[illegible]~~ Robin enters at back Ladies strike attitude of alarm Joyah enters R 1 E with flag

#Richard takes flag from Joyah R. Ladies kneel Rose with arms crossed on breast + seraphic smile Richard waves flag with left hand through his speech

Joyah Rich Rose Robin
o x o x

Joyah Rich Rose Robin
o x o x

(2)
Sir Ruthven
Chorus Gentlemen

And I shall be left all alone
To moan,
And weep at your cruel deceit,
Complete;
While you'll be asserting
Your freedom by flirting
With every woman you meet,
You cheat—
With every woman you meet!

Ladies dance as before

Though I am such a smart little craft—
Such a neat little, sweet little craft.
Such a bright little, tight little,
Slight little, light little,
Trim little, prim little craft!

{all do rowing action at the end}

CHORUS. Though she is such, &c.

Enter ROBIN. by door at back.

ROB. Soho! pretty one—in my power at last, eh? Know ye not that I have those within my call who, at my lightest bidding, would immure ye in an uncomfortable dungeon? (*Calling.*) What ho! within there!

Ladies kneel #

RICH. Hold—we are prepared for this (*producing a Union Jack*). Here is a flag that none dare defy (*all kneel*), and while this glorious rag floats over Rose Maybud's head, the man does not live who would dare to lay unlicensed hand upon her!

All get up slowly

ROB. Foiled—and by a Union Jack! But a time will come and then—

ROSE. Nay, let me plead with him (*to* ROBIN). Sir Ruthven, have pity. In my book of etiquette the case of a maiden about to be wedded to one who unexpectedly turns out to be a baronet with a curse on him, is not considered. Time was when you loved me madly. Prove that this was no selfish love by according your consent to my marriage with one who, if he be not you yourself, is the next best thing—your dearest friend!

BALLAD.—ROSE.

In bygone days I had thy love—
Thou hadst my heart.
But Fate, all human vows above,
Our lives did part!
By the old love thou hadst for me
By the fond heart that beat for thee—
By joys that never now can be,
Grant thou my prayer!

arms out

ALL (*kneeling*). Grant thou her prayer!

Richard Rose
x o

For Robin's entrance Ladies open out into two lines

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By the old love thou hadst for me
By the fond heart that beat for thee—
By joys that never now can be,
Grant thou my prayer!

arms out

ALL (*kneeling*). Grant thou her prayer!

Rich Robin Rose

Rich Rose Robe

Robin

Check lights through speech
at "Posterity" — Green mediums slowly on.

Check to total darkness through symphony at music cue. chorus give word "ready" go for Pictures to be drawn up and after two successive bars give words "Green lights" up"

Rob. (*recit*). Take her—I yield All get up

All. (*recit*). Oh rapture!

Chorus. Away to the parson we go—
Say we're solicitous very
That he will turn two into one—
Singing hey, derry down derry!

Rich. For she *is* such a smart little craft

Rose. Such a neat little, sweet little craft—

Rich. Such a bright little—

Rose. Tight little—

Rich. Slight little—

Rose. Light little—

Dance up & down stage & exit Both. Trim little, slim little craft! go to door at back

Chorus. For she *is* such a smart little craft, &c.

Exeunt all but Robin.

Rob. For a week I have fulfilled my accursed doom! I have duly committed a crime a-day! Not a great crime, I trust, but still ~~in the eyes of~~ one as strictly regulated as I used to be, a crime. But will my ghostly ancestors be satisfied with what I have done, or will they regard it as an unworthy subterfuge? (*Addressing Pictures*). Oh, my forefathers, wallowers in blood, there came at last a day when, sick of crime, you, each and every, vowed to sin no more, and so, in agony, called welcome Death to free you from your cloying guiltiness. Let the sweet psalm of that repentant hour soften your long-dead hearts, and tune your souls to mercy on your poor posterity! (*kneeling*).

Check lights

(*The stage darkens for a moment. It becomes light again, and the Pictures are seen to have become animated.*)

Check to darkness through symphony

CHORUS OF FAMILY PORTRAITS.

Pictures up + Green lights up during following two bars

Painted emblems of a race,
All accurst in days of yore,
Each from his accustomed place
Steps into the world once more

(*The Pictures step from their frames and march round the stage.*)

Baronet of Ruddigore, all point
Last of our accursèd line,
Down upon the oaken floor—
Down upon those knees of thine Robin kneels

Rich Robin Rose

Rich Rose Robin

Robin

Check lights through speech
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Rose. Light little—

Both. Trim little, slim little craft! — Dance up & down stage & exit — go to door at back

Chorus. For she *is* such a smart little craft, &c.

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(*The Pictures step from their frames and march round the stage.*)

Baronet of Ruddigore, — all point
Last of our accursed line,
Down upon the oaken floor—
Down upon those knees of thine — Robin kneels

Rod.

Robin

Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer,
Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,
Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper,
Sniffler, snuffler, wailer, weeper,
Earthworm, maggot, tadpole, weevil!
Set upon thy course of evil
Lest the King of Spectre-Land arms up
Set on thee his grisly hand! arms x lets down

(The spectre of Sir Roderic descends from his frame).

Robin goes to back of stage and reades as Sir Roderick comes down

SIR ROD. By the curse upon our race—

CHORUS. Dead and hearsèd
All accursèd!

SIR ROD. Each inheriting this place—

CHORUS. Sorrows shake it!
Devil take it!

SIR ROD. Must, perforce, or yea or nay—

CHORUS. Yea or naying
Be obeying!

SIR ROD. Do a deadly crime each day!

CHORUS. Fire and thunder,
We knocked under—
Some atrocious crime committed
Daily ere the world we quitted!

SIR ROD. Beware! beware! beware!

ROB. Gaunt vision, who art thou
That thus, with icy glare
And stern relentless brow,
Appearest, who knows how?

SIR ROD. I am the spectre of the late
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd,
Who comes to warn thee that thy fate
Thou cans't not now avoid.

getting up

ROB. Alas, poor ghost!

SIR ROD. The pity you
Express, for nothing goes:
We spectres are a jollier crew
Than you, perhaps, suppose!

CHORUS. Yes! yes!
We spectres are a jollier crew
Than you, perhaps, suppose!
Ha! ha!

come to circle

Rod.

Robin

Coward, poltroon, shaker, squeamer,
Blockhead, sluggard, dullard, dreamer,
Shirker, shuffler, crawler, creeper,
Sniffler, snuffler, wailer, weeper,
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Set on thee his grisly hand! arms a little down

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That thus, with icy glare
And stern relentless brow,
Appearest, who knows how?
SIR ROD. I am the spectre of the late
Sir Roderic Murgatroyd,
Who comes to warn thee that thy fate
Thou cans't not now avoid.
getting up ROB. Alas, poor ghost!
SIR ROD. The pity you
Express, for nothing goes:
We spectres are a jollier crew
Than you, perhaps, suppose!
CHORUS. Yes! yes!
We spectres are a jollier crew
(come to circle) Than you, perhaps, suppose!
Ha! ha!

Roderick

Rob
(seated on steps)

All arms swayed right & left on the word "noon"

At the end of song lines change to pale green.

Rod. Rob

Chorus fold arms through each verse

SONG.—Sir Roderic.

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowls, and the bat in the moonlight flies,
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the midnight skies—
When the footpads quail at the night-bird's wail, and black dogs bay the moon,
Then is the spectre's holiday—then is the ghosts' high noon!

Chorus. Ha! ha! arms thrown up at each ha! ha!
Then is the ghosts' high-noon! arms up at "noon"

Encore 2nd V

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees and the mists lie low on the fen,
From grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were women and men,
And away they go, with a mop and a mow, to the revel that ends too soon,
For cockcrow limits our holiday—the dead of the night's high noon!

Chorus. Ha! ha!!
The dead of the night's high-noon!

3rd V

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast to their churchyard beds take flight.
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps, and a grisly grim, "good-night";
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell rings forth its jolliest tune,
And ushers our next high holiday—the dead of the night's high-noon!

Chorus. Ha! ha! same bus for Chorus
The dead of the night's high-noon!

Rob. I recognize you now—you are the Picture that hangs at the end of the gallery.

Sir Rod. In a bad light I am.

Rob. Are you considered a good likeness?

Sir Rod. Pretty well. Flattering.

Rob. Because as a work of art you are poor.

Sir Rod. I am crude in colour, but I have only been painted ten years. In a couple of centuries I shall be an Old Master, and then you will be sorry you spoke lightly of me.

Rob. And may I ask why you have left your frames?

Sir Rod. It is our duty to see that our successors commit their daily crimes in a conscientious and workmanlike fashion. It is our duty to remind you that you are evading the conditions under which you are permitted to exist.

Rodericks

Rob. (seated on steps L.)

All arms swayed right & left on the word "noon"

At the end of song lines change to pale green.

Rod. Rob.

Chorus fold arms through each verse

SONG.—Sir Roderic.

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Rod Rob

Rod. Rob

Rob. Really I don't know what you'd have. I've only been a bad baronet a week, and I've committed a crime punctually every day

Sir Rod. Let us enquire into this. Monday?

Rob. Monday was a Bank Holiday.

Sir Rob. True. Tuesday?

Rob. On Tuesday I made a false income tax return. chorus - ha! ha!

All. Ha! ha!

1st Ghost. That's nothing.

2nd Ghost. Nothing at all.

3rd Ghost. Everybody does that.

4th Ghost. It's expected of you.

Sir Rod. Wednesday?

Rob. (*melodramatically*). On Wednesday, I forged a will.

Sir Rod. Whose will?

Rob. My own.

Sir Rod. My good sir, you can't forge your own will! Ghosts shake heads

Rob. Can't I though! I like that! I *did!* Besides, if a man can't forge his own will, whose will can he forge?

1st Ghost. There's something in that.

2nd Ghost. Yes, it seems reasonable.

3rd Ghost. At first sight it does.

4th Ghost. Fallacy somewhere, I fancy!

Rob. A man can do what he likes with his own?

Sir Rod. I suppose he can.

Rob. Well then, he can forge his own will, stoopid! On Thursday I shot a fox.

1st Ghost. Hear, hear!

Sir Rod. That's better (*addressing Ghosts*). Pass the fox, I think? (*They assent.*) Yes, pass the fox. Friday?

Rob. On Friday I forged a cheque.

Sir Rod. Whose cheque?

Rob. Old Adam's.

Sir Rod. But Old Adam hasn't a banker.

Rob. I didn't say I forged his banker—I said I forged his cheque. On Saturday I disinherited my only son.

Sir Rod. But you haven't got a son.

Rob. No—not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time. You see—by this arrangement—he'll be born ready disinherited.

Rod Rob

Rod. Rob

ROB. Really I don't know what you'd have. I've only been a bad baronet a week, and I've committed a crime punctually every day

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ROB. No—not yet. I disinherited him in advance, to save time. You see—by this arrangement—he'll be born ready disinherited.

Rod Rob

Rod Rob

SIR ROD. I see. But I don't think you can do that.

ROB. My good sir, if I can't disinherit my own unborn son, whose unborn son can I disinherit?

SIR ROD. Humph! These arguments sound very well, but I can't help thinking that, if they were reduced to syllogistic form, they wouldn't hold water. Now quite understand us. We are foggy, but we don't permit our fogginess to be presumed upon. Unless you undertake to—well, suppose we say, carry off a lady? (*addressing Ghosts.*) Those who are in favour of his carrying off a lady—(*all hold up their hands except a Bishop*). Those of the contrary opinion? (*Bishop holds up his hands*). Oh, you're never satisfied! Yes, unless you undertake to carry off a lady at once—I don't care what lady—any lady—choose your lady—you perish in inconceivable agonies.

all assent shake heads

ROB. Carry off a lady? Certainly not, on any account. I've the greatest respect for ladies, and I wouldn't do anything of the kind for worlds! No, no. I'm not that kind of baronet I assure you! If that's all you've got to say, you'd better go back to your frames.

SIR ROD. Very good—then let the agonies commence.

GHOSTS *make passes.* ROBIN *begins to writhe in agony.*

Rob Don't hurt yourself!

ROB. Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

SIR ROD. Painful, isn't it? It gets worse by degrees.

ROB. Oh—Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak

Oh dear me

SIR RODERIC *makes signs to* GHOSTS *who resume their attitudes.*

SIR ROD. Better?

ROB. Yes—better now! Whew!

SIR ROD. Well, do you consent?

ROB. Bu it's such an ungentlemanly thing to do!

SIR ROD. As you please. (*To Ghosts.*) Carry on!

ROB. Stop—I can't stand it! I agree! I promise! It shall be done

SIR ROD. To-day?

ROB. To-day!

SIR ROD. At once?

ROB. At once! I retract! I apologize! I had no idea it was anything like that!

CHORUS.

He yields! He answers to our call!
We do not ask for more.
A sturdy fellow, after all,
This latest Ruddigore!
All perish in unheard of woe
Who dare our wills defy;

Rod Rob

Rod Rob

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GHOSTS *make passes.* ROBIN *begins to writhe in agony.*

Rob. Don't tire yourself!

ROB. Oh! Oh! Don't do that! I can't stand it!

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ROB. Oh—Oh! Stop a bit! Stop it, will you? I want to speak

Oh leave me

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Who dare our wills defy;

X Times change to dark Greens

Check lights through chorus and after one silent bar at end chorus give words "ready" "go" and after two successive bars give words "White lights" "up"

Rob × Adam ×

Robin ×

(3) Sir Joshua Margaret

We want your pardon, ere we go,
For having agonized you so—
So pardon us—
So pardon us—
So pardon us—
Or die!

X

ROB. (in his knees) I pardon you!
I pardon you!

Times change to dark Green

ALL. He pardons us—
Hurrah!

(*The Ghosts return to their frames.*)

Check lights

CHORUS. Painted emblems of a race,
All accurst in days of yore
Each to his accustomed place
Steps unwillingly, once more!

White lights up

(*By this time the Ghosts have changed to pictures again.* ROBIN *is overcome by emotion.*)

Enter ADAM. R 2 E

ADAM. My poor master, you are not well—

"Old Adam"

ROB. Gideon Crawle, it won't do—I've seen 'em—all my ancestors—they're just gone. They say that I must do something desperate at once, or perish in horrible agonies. Go—go to yonder village—carry off a maiden—bring her here at once—anyone—I don't care which—

Your no idea what those agonies are like

ADAM. But—

ROB. Not a word, but obey! Fly!

[*Exit* ADAM. R 2 E

RECIT AND SONG.—ROBIN.

Away, Remorse!
Compunction, hence!
Go, Moral Force!
Go, Penitence!
To Virtue's plea
A long farewell—
Propriety,
I ring your knell!
Come guiltiness of deadliest hue,
Come desperate deeds of derring do!

Henceforth all the crimes that I find in the *Times*
I've promised to perpetrate daily;
To morrow I start, with a petrified heart,
On a regular course of Old Bailey.
There's confidence tricking, bad coin, pocket-picking,
And several other disgraces—

X Times change to dark Greens

Check lights through chorus and after one silent bar at end chorus give words "ready" "go" and after two successive bars give words "White lights" "up"

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Adam

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(3)

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We want your pardon, ere we go,
For having agonized you so—
So pardon us—
So pardon us—
So pardon us—
Or die!

X

ROB. (in sickness) I pardon you!
I pardon you!

Times change to Dark Green

ALL. He pardons us—
Hurrah!

(*The Ghosts return to their frames.*)

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And several other disgraces—

Robin
×

Margaret & Despard enter by door at back - and come down through Symphony & turn twice

Marg
O

Despard
×

1st Dance, stock forward & back - and then R & L half turn & picture - then round once on own ground

There's postage-stamp prigging, and then, thimble-rigging,
The three-card delusion at races!
Oh! a Baronet's rank is exceedingly nice,
But the title's uncommonly dear at the price!

2nd V

Ye well-to-do squires, who live in the shires,
Where petty distinctions are vital,
Who found Athenæums and local museums,
With views to a baronet's title—
Ye butchers and bakers and candlestick makers
Who sneer at all things that are tradey—
Whose middle-class lives are embarrassed by wives
Who long to parade as "My Lady,"
Oh! allow me to offer a word of advice,
The title's uncommonly dear at the price!

3rd V

Ye supple M.P.'s, who go down on your knees,
Your precious identity sinking,
And vote black or white as your leaders indite
(Which saves you the trouble of thinking),
For your country's good fame, her repute, or her shame,
You don't care the snuff of a candle— [name
But you're paid for your game when you're told that your
Will be graced by a baronet's handle—
Oh! allow me to give *you* a word of advice—
The title's uncommonly dear at the price! [*Exit* Robin. R 1 E

by door at back *Enter* Sir Despard *and* Margaret. *They are both dressed in sober black of formal cut, and present a strong contrast to their appearance in Act I.*

DUET.

Des. I once was a very abandoned person—
Mar. Making the most of evil chances.
Des. Nobody could conceive a worse 'un—
Mar. Even in all the old romances.
Des. I blush for my wild extravagances, dance once round
But be so kind
To bear in mind,
Mar We were the victims of circumstances! 1st (*Dance.*)
That is one of our blameless dances.

2nd V. Mar. I was an exceedingly odd young lady—
Des. Suffering much from spleen and vapours.
Mar. Clergymen thought my conduct shady—
Des. She didn't spend much upon linen-drapers.

Robin
×

Margaret & Despard enter by door at back - and come down through Symphony & turn twice

Marg Despard
o ×

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2nd V, Mar. I was one an exceedingly odd young lady—
Des. Suffering much from spleen and vapours.
Mar. Clergymen thought my conduct shady—
Des. She didn't spend much upon linen-drapers.

2nd Dance, pass umbrella to Marg – then take her right hand & turn her left, then round-back to back

3rd Dance. Forward & backward. Turn to picture centre Despard puts hat & umbrella down Marg stands up behind him on his hands, a la Fairy

X See curtain drawn at back

Despard x Marg o

MAR. It certainly entertained the gapers. turn once
My ways were strange
Beyond all range—

DES. And paragraphs got into all the papers.
2nd (*Dance.*)

DES. We only cut respectable capers.

Encore 3rd ↺

DES. I've given up all my wild proceedings.

MAR. My taste for a wandering life is waning.

DES. Now I'm a dab at penny readings.

MAR. They are not remarkably entertaining.

DES. A moderate livelihood we're gaining. turn once

MAR. In fact we rule
A National School.

DES. The duties are dull, but I'm not complaining.
3rd (*Dance.*)
This sort of thing takes a deal of training!

X DES. We have been married a week.

MAR. One happy, happy week!

DES. Our new life—

MAR. Is delightful indeed!

DES So calm!

MAR. So unimpassioned! (*wildly.*) Master, all this I owe to you! See, I am no longer wild and untidy. My hair is combed. My face is washed. My boots fit!

DES. Margaret, don't. Pray restrain yourself. Remember, you are now a district visitor.

MAR. A gentle district visitor!

DES. You are orderly, methodical, neat; you have your emotions well under control.

MAR. I have! (*wildly.*) Master, when I think of all you have done for me, I fall at your feet. I embrace your ankles. I ~~hug~~ your knees! (*Doing so.*) worship

DES. Hush. This is not well. This is calculated to provoke remark. Be composed, I beg!

MAR. Ah! you are angry with poor little Mad Margaret!

DES. No, not angry; but a district visitor should learn to eschew melodrama. Visit the poor, by all means, and give them tea and barley-water, but don't do it as if you were administering a bowl of deadly nightshade. It upsets them. Then when you ~~nurse~~ sick people, and find them not as well as could be expected, why go into hysterics? visit the

Desp. goes to steps L

MAR. Why not?

DES. Because it's too jumpy for a sick room.

2nd Dance, pass umbrella to Marg – then take her right hand & turn her left, then round – back to back

3rd Dance. Forward & backward. Turn to picture centre Despard puts hat & umbrella down Marg stands up behind him on his hands, a la Fairy

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Despard Marg
X O

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Desp. goes to steps L

MAR. Why not?

DES. Because it's too jumpy for a sick room.

BRITISH MUSEUM

MAR. How strange! Oh, Master! Master!—how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that—(*about to throw herself at his feet*).

DES. Now! (*warningly*).

MAR. Yes, I know, dear—it sha'n't occur again. (*He is seated—she sits on the ground by him*). Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's odd thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse—some word that teems with hidden meaning—like "Basingstoke"—it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! ~~Daft~~ Meg! Poor Peg! He! he! he!

DES. Poor child, she wanders! But soft—someone comes—Margaret—pray recollect yourself—Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

MAR. (*recovering herself*). Basingstoke it is!

DES. Then make it so.

Enter ROBIN. *He starts on seeing them.*

ROB. Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

MAR. Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and—

DES. Basingstoke!

MAR. (*suddenly demure*) Basingstoke it is!

DES. (*Aside*). Then make it so. (*Aloud*). My brother—I call you brother, still, despite your horrible profligacy—We have come to urge you to abandon the evil courses to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.

ROB. But I've done no wrong yet.

MAR. (*Wildly.*) No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

DES. Basingstoke.

MAR. (*Recovering herself*). Basingstoke it is.

DES. My brother—I still call you brother, you observe—you forget that you have been, in the eye of the law, a Bad Baronet of Ruddigore for ten years—and you are therefore responsible—in the eye of the law—for all the misdeeds committed by the unhappy gentleman who occupied your place.

ROB. I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

DES. Awful. Wasn't he? (*to* MARGARET).

ROB. And I've been going on like this for how long?

DES. Ten years! Think of all the atrocities you have committed—by attorney as it were—during that period. Remember how

Marg Despard
o x
kneeling seated

Robin Despard Marg
x x o

BRITISH MUSEUM

Robin Despard Marg
x x o

MAR. How strange! Oh, Master! Master!—how shall I express the all-absorbing gratitude that—(*about to throw herself at his feet*).

DES. Now! (*warningly*).

MAR. Yes, I know, dear—it sha'n't occur again. (*He is seated—she sits on the ground by him*). Shall I tell you one of poor Mad Margaret's odd thoughts? Well, then, when I am lying awake at night, and the pale moonlight streams through the latticed casement, strange fancies crowd upon my poor mad brain, and I sometimes think that if we could hit upon some word for you to use whenever I am about to relapse—some word that teems with hidden meaning—like "Basingstoke"—it might recall me to my saner self. For, after all, I am only Mad Margaret! ~~Daft Meg~~! Poor Peg! He! he! he!

like

Crazy

DES. Poor child, she wanders! But soft—someone comes—Margaret—pray recollect yourself—Basingstoke, I beg! Margaret, if you don't Basingstoke at once, I shall be seriously angry.

Bottle up

Margaret don't
would like help

MAR. (*recovering herself*). Basingstoke it is!

DES. Then make it so.

R 2 E *Enter* ROBIN. *He starts on seeing them.*

ROB. Despard! And his young wife! This visit is unexpected.

MAR. Shall I fly at him? Shall I tear him limb from limb? Shall I rend him asunder? Say but the word and—

DES. Basingstoke!

MAR. (*suddenly demure*) Basingstoke it is!

DES. (*Aside*). Then make it so. (*Aloud*). My brother—I call you brother, still, despite your horrible profligacy—We have come to urge you to abandon the evil courses to which you have committed yourself, and at any cost to become a pure and blameless ratepayer.

ROB. But I've done no wrong yet.

MAR. (*Wildly.*) No wrong! He has done no wrong! Did you hear that!

DES. Basingstoke.

MAR. (*Recovering herself*). Basingstoke it is.

DES. My brother—I still call you brother, you observe—you forget that you have been, in the eye of the law, a Bad Baronet of Ruddigore for ten years—and you are therefore responsible—in the eye of the law—for all the misdeeds committed by the unhappy gentleman who occupied your place.

Takes stage R.

ROB. I see! Bless my heart, I never thought of that! Was I very bad?

DES. Awful. Wasn't he? (*to* MARGARET).

ROB. And I've been going on like this for how long?

DES. Ten years! Think of all the atrocities you have committed—by attorney as it were—during that period. Remember how

you trifled with this poor child's affections—how you raised her hopes on high (don't cry my love—Basingstoke, you know), only to trample them in the dust when they were at the very zenith of their fulness. Oh fie, sir, fie—she trusted you!

ROB. Did she? What a scoundrel I must have been! There, there—don't cry, my dear (*to* MARGARET, *who is sobbing on* ROBIN'S *breast*), it's all right now. Birmingham you know—Birmingham—

MAR. (*sobbing.*) It's Ba—Ba—Basingstoke!

ROB. Basingstoke! of course it is—Basingstoke.

MAR. Then make it so!

ROB. There, there—it's all right—he's married you now—that is, *I've* married you (*turning to* DESPARD)—I say, which of us has married her?

DES. Oh, *I've* married her.

ROB. (*aside.*) Oh, I'm glad of that (*to* MARGARET). Yes, *he's* married you now (*passing her over to* DESPARD), and anything more disreputable than my conduct seems to have been I've never even heard of. But my mind is made up—I *will* defy my ancestors. I *will* refuse to obey their behests, thus, by courting death, atone in some degree for the infamy of my career!

MAR. I knew it—I knew it—God bless you—(*hysterically*).

DES. Basingstoke!

MAR. Basingstoke it is! (*Recovers herself*).

PATTER-TRIO.

ROBIN, DESPARD *and* MARGARET.

ROB. My eyes are fully open to my awful situation—
I shall go at once to Roderic and make him an oration.
I shall tell him I've recovered my forgotten moral senses,
And I don't care two-pence halfpenny for any consequences.
Now I do not want to perish by the sword or by the dagger,
But a martyr may indulge a little pardonable swagger,
And a word or two of compliment my vanity would flatter,
But I've got to die to-morrow, so it really doesn't matter!

DES. So it really doesn't matter—

MAR. So it really doesn't matter—

ALL. So it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

MAR. If I were not a little mad and generally silly
I should give you my advice upon the subject, willy nilly;
I should show you in a moment how to grapple with the question,
And you'd really be astonished at the force of my suggestion.

Robin Despard Marg

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Robin Adam

Robin Hannah

On the subject I shall write you a most valuable letter,
Full of excellent suggestions when I feel a little better,
But at present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter,
So I'll keep 'em to myself, for my opinion doesn't matter! goes L C

DES. Her opinion doesn't matter—

goes R ROB. Her opinion doesn't matter—

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gets U DES. If I had been so lucky as to have a steady brother
Who could talk to me as we are talking now to one another—
Who could give me good advice when he discovered I was erring,
(Which is just the very favour which on you I am conferring).
My story would have made a rather interesting idyll,
And I might have lived and died a very decent indiwiddle.
This particularly rapid, unintelligible patter
Isn't generally heard, and if it is it doesn't matter!

ROB. If it is it doesn't matter—

MAR. If it ain't it doesn't matter—

ALL. If it is it doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter!

Dance [*Exeunt* DESPARD *and* MARGARET. L 1 E

Enter ADAM. L 2 E

ADAM (*guiltily*). Master—the deed is done!

ROB. What deed?

ADAM. She is here—alone, unprotected—

ROB. Who?

ADAM. The maiden. I've carried her off—I had a hard task, for she fought like a tiger-cat!

ROB. Great heaven, I had forgotten her! I had hoped to have died unspotted by crime, but I am foiled again—and by a tiger-cat! Produce her—and leave us!

(ADAM *introduces* OLD HANNAH, *very much excited, and exit.*) L 2 E

ROB. Dame Hannah! This is—this is not what I expected.

here alone & unprotected

HAN. Well sir, and what would you with me? Oh, you have begun bravely—bravely indeed! Unappalled by the calm dignity of blameless womanhood, your minion has torn me from my spotless home, and dragged me, blindfold and shrieking, through hedges, over styles, and across a very difficult country, and left me, helpless and trembling at your mercy! Yet not helpless, coward sir, for approach one step—nay, but the twentieth part of one poor inch—and this poniard (*produces a very small dagger*) shall teach ye what it is to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter! unhiccuped producing a very large dagger

ROB. Madam, I am extremely sorry for this. It is not at all what intended—anything more correct—more deeply respectful than my intentions towards you, it would be impossible for anyone—however particular—to desire.

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See Picture at back covered

Hannah Rod Rob
o x x

Han Rod
o x

HAN. Bah, I am not to be tricked by smooth words, hypocrite! But be warned in time, for there are, without, a hundred gallant hearts whose trusty blades would hack him limb from limb who dared to lay unholy hands on old Stephen Trusty's daughter!

unlicensed

ROB. And this is what it is to embark upon a career of unlicensed pleasure!

(HANNAH, *who has taken a formidable dagger from one of the armed figures, throws her small dagger to* ROBIN.)

HAN. Harkye, miscreant, you have secured me, and I am your poor prisoner; but if you think I cannot take care of myself you are very much mistaken. Now then, it's one to one, and let the best man win!

throw him my small dagger

(*Making for him.*)

ROB. (*in an agony of terror.*) Don't! don't look at me like that! I can't bear it! Roderic! Uncle! Save me!

Curtain at back drawn

Roderic enters, from his picture. He comes down the stage.

ROD. What is the matter? Have you carried her off?

ROB. I have—she is there—look at her—she terrifies me! Come quite up and save me!

ROD. (*looking at* HANNAH.) Little Nannikin!

HAN. (*amazed.*) Roddy-doddy!

ROD. My own old love! Why how came *you* here?

HAN. This brute—he carried me off! Bodily! But I'll show him! (*about to rush at Robin.*)

ROD. Stop! (*to* ROB.) What do you mean by carrying off this lady? Are you aware that, once upon a time she was engaged to be married to me? I'm very angry—very angry indeed.

ROB. Now I hope this will be a lesson to you in future, not to—

ROD. Hold your tongue, sir.

ROB. Yes, uncle.

ROD. Have you given him any encouragement?

HAN. (*to* ROB.) Have I given you any encouragement? Frankly now, have I?

ROB. No. Frankly, you have not. Anything more scrupulously correct than your conduct, it would be impossible to desire.

ROD. You go away. [*Exit Robin.* LIE

ROB. Yes, uncle.

ROD. This is a strange meeting after so many years!

HAN. Very. I thought you were dead.

ROD. I am. I died ten years ago.

HAN. And are you pretty comfortable?

ROB. Pretty well—that is—yes, pretty well.

See Picture at back covered

Hannah Rod Rob
o x x

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Hannah Rod
o x

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x o

Rod Rob Hannah
x x o

Everyone Finale Opera

HAN. You don't deserve to be, for I loved you all the while, dear; and it made me dreadfully unhappy to hear of all your goings on, you bad, bad boy!

BALLAD.—HANNAH.

There grew a little flower
'Neath a great oak tree:
When the tempest 'gan to lower
Little heeded she:
No need had she to cower,
For she dreaded not its power—
She was happy in the bower
Of her great oak tree!
Sing hey,
Lackaday!
Let the tears fall free
For the pretty little flower and the great oak tree!

BOTH. Sing hey,
Lackaday, &c.

When she found that he was fickle,
Was that great oak tree,
She was in a pretty pickle,
As she well might be—
But his gallantries were mickle,
For Death followed with his sickle,
And her tears began to trickle
For her great oak tree!
Sing hey,
Lackaday! &c. Han x L

Said she, "He loved me never,
Did that great oak tree,
But I'm neither rich nor clever,
And so why should he?
But though fate our fortunes sever,
To be constant I'll endeavour,
Aye, for ever and for ever,
To my great oak tree!"
Sing hey,
Lackaday! &c.

Falls weeping on RODERIC'S *bosom.*

Enter ROBIN, by door at back *excitedly, followed by all the characters and* CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS. + soldiers + other characters

ROB. Stop a bit—both of you.

ROD. This intrusion is unmannerly.

Hannah Rod
o x

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HAN. I'm surprised at you.

ROD. I can't stop to apologise—an idea has just occurred to me. A Baronet of Ruddigore can only die through refusing to commit his daily crime.

ROD. No doubt.

ROB. Therefore, to refuse to commit a daily crime is tantamount to suicide!

ROD. It would seem so.

ROB. But suicide is, itself, a crime—and so, by your own showing, you ought never to have died at all!

ROD. I see—I understand! Then I'm practically alive!

ROB. Undoubtedly! (*Sir Roderic embraces Hannah.*) Rose, when you believed that I was a simple farmer, I believe you loved me?

ROSE. Madly, passionately!

ROB. But when I became a bad baronet, you very properly loved Richard instead?

ROSE. Passionately, madly!

ROB. But if I should turn out *not* to be a bad baronet after all, how would you love me then?

ROSE. Madly, passionately!

ROB. As before?

ROSE. Why, of course!

ROB. My darling! [*They embrace.*

RICH. Here, I say, belay

ROSE. Oh sir, belay, if it's absolutely necessary.

ROB. Belay? Certainly not!

FINALE.

ROB.
Having been a wicked baronet a week,
Once again a modest livelihood I seek,
Agricultural employment
Is to me a keen enjoyment,
For I'm naturally diffident and meek!

ROSE.
When a man has been a naughty baronet,
And expresses his repentance and regret,
You should help him, if you're able,
Like the mousie in the fable,
That's the teaching of my Book of Etiquette.

Rob you Adam Rich Rose Red Hannah

Ladies on steps
Ladies on steps

Ladies on steps
Ladies on steps

you Adam

Dept Mary Rose Rob Rich Red Han

X Dept Mary Rich You Rob Rose Red Han Adam

For finale Ladies form two lines behind Principals
And soldiers fall in behind the Ladies

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Curtain Warning

At "But happier ye" the Ladies & Gents form lines on either side - the Ladies remain on Stage in front of the Gentlemen on Platform in places as at commencement of finale - and at last note all hold out their arms affectionately to one another.

RICH. If you ask me why I do not pipe my eye,
Like an honest British sailor, I reply,
That with Zorah for my missis,
There'll be bread and cheese and kisses,
Which is just the sort of ration I enjye!

DES. & MAR. Prompted by a keen desire to evoke,
All the blessed calm of matrimony's yoke,
We shall toddle off to-morrow,
From this scene of sin and sorrow,
For to settle in the town of Basingstoke!

ALL. For happy the lily
That's kissed by the bee;
And, sipping tranquilly,
Quite happy is he;
And happy the filly
That neighs in her pride;
But happier than any,
A pound to a penny,
A lover is, when he
Embraces his bride!

CURTAIN

Henderson, Rait, & Spalding, Printers, 3 and 5 Marylebone Lane, London, W.

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At "But happier &c" the Ladies & Gent^n form lines on either side - the Ladies remain on Stage in front of the Gentlemen on Platform in places as at commencement of finale - and at last note all hold out their arms affectionately to one another.

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